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WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

L.

THERE was a frightful rivalry between Kitwyk and Ketwyk. Sauntering along the canal, you reached Kitwyk in about fifteen minutes. Municipal economy provided both villages with one burgomaster, and as he graced Kitwyk, along with the church, there was about it a certain aristocratic flavor which Ketwyk lacked.

On the other hand, Ketwyk boasted of the doctor and the apothecary in the person of Dr. Pynappel, and also of the great cheese establishment of Piepenbrink & Co.

Adventurous spirits of Ketwyk saved themselves from utter stagnation by occasional flights to Kitwyk — certain reckless ones had been observed in the porch of William the Silent, pensively devouring sour milk powdered with cinnamon and sugar, gazing toward forsaken Ketwyk, meanwhile, with a secret sense of homesickness.

Myneer Joris Piepenbrink of Ketwyk, the head of the great cheese house, was an elderly bachelor who dreaded to be married against his will. To prevent such a catastrophe his

nephew and heir, Jan Willem Piepenbrink, on pain of disinheritance, was instructed to rush in and make a third in every tête-à-tête.

When Myneer was safe from feminine wiles he could turn his whole ardent attention to his health.

One day Dr. Pynappel found him a quivering heap of anguish in his arm-chair, two pudgy hands out-thrust and his tongue feebly wagging.

"Can't find your pulse? D—— your pulse! Get married, and you'll forget you've got one!"

"No — no!" and Myneer actually sobbed.

"Exercise you must have!" So the doctor proposed music.

The doctor was a violoncello enthusiast; he described that delicious sawing motion of back and arms until Myneer was partly convinced. That very night the doctor sent over his third-best cello by the cook, and gave Myneer his first lesson with such success that for fifteen blissful minutes that worthy man forgot that he had a pulse. He took to the wailings of the violoncello with rapture, and melted over its strings two hours a day, to his increasing joy.

The next step was his presence, as a humble

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disciple, at the musical evenings of Mevrouww van Laan. For eighteen years she had played trios with the doctor and the burgomaster—not exactly trios either, for, as these worthy gentlemen played only the violoncello, they were naturally obliged to play the same part.

Twice a week they met, discoursing music more or less sweet, with rage in their hearts, for their intentions with regard to the lady were an open secret; yet after eighteen patient years the lady was still awaiting a declaration.

Time passed so quickly without any emotion to mark it as with a mile-stone, that if it had not been for young Jillis van Laan and the increasing breadth of her whom they both adored, it might to all intents and purposes have been the selfsame day when Dr. Pynappel and the burgomaster Mynheer Defregge met at the widow's brass knocker, each with a violoncello in a green baize bag under his arm, both coming with the philanthropic intention of cheering the recently bereaved widow with a little music.

At the open door they were greeted by unmerciful shrieks.

It was little Jillis, and little Jillis was evidently being cuffed. The fair widow descended with a flush on her cheek, and found her consolers stranded on two stiff chairs glaring defiance at each other. Neither gave way, and so the three played duets, which is ever a mistake.

In the course of years Jillis descended from the apartment in which she first howled, and was accepted below as a necessary evil. It was, to say the least, disconcerting to do any courting before that child. Perched on a high chair, she gazed at the two gentlemen with round blue eyes and an inquiring smile. But when for the first time Mevrouww van Laan abdicated the spindle-legged piano-stool and hoisted Jillis to the level of the yellow keys, the two amateurs declared it to be monstrous; but Mevrouww was not without a sense of injury because of those years of silence.

To play with that brat of a child—never!

But man is the creature of habit, and by and by they grew callous. The brat, dragged to the instrument by the tails of her flaxen hair, merged into a rosy-cheeked young maid, who one day was found to have grown up. On making this simultaneous discovery, the burgomaster appeared in a new coat, and the doctor in a new wig.

Immolated on the altar of music, Jillis presented to that divine art a perfectly vacant mind, untroubled by discords or harmonies, so that after a couple of hours' struggle she was enabled to emerge exhausted, to be sure, but good-natured, the harmonies having been mercifully stopped at her outer ear, leaving her to meditate on the problems dear to her—for instance,

the brewing of a cordial into which she poured all the romance of her placid heart.

"Parfait Amour" it was called, and it was a rich, rosy liquid, and, as was eminently proper, of a somewhat sluggish flow. On the surprising discovery that Jillis was grown up, the two adorers of Mevrouww were more than ever undecided about declaring their passion to her parent; each, indeed, felt a praiseworthy impulse to resign her to the other. It was just at this time that the doctor brought Mynheer Piepenbrink to the musical evenings, and Mynheer was in turn accompanied by his panacea against feminine wiles, Jan Willem. Should Mevrouww smile too warmly on Mynheer, he could find in Jan Willem's presence a moral support.

Jan Willem, who abhorred music with the one enthusiasm of his nature, was reconciled only at sight of that other victim, who, however, for the first time, not only ceased to yawn, but was blissfully conscious—though she turned to him only a bewildering, burnished surface of yellow braids—of a big young man, with pink-and-white cheeks and slow, surprised eyes. An unusual vivacity seized her. The last false note had hardly died away when she disappeared, and returned with a japanned tray on which glowed in a crystal decanter a rose-colored liquid—"Parfait Amour."

"Parfait Amour! Ah, yes—yes."

They all drank pensively, and smacked their lips, and the room was full of the aroma of almonds and wild roses, and Jan Willem, with an appreciative stare at Jillis, asked for more, and she blushed like a rose as she filled his glass, and he was almost reconciled to music.

Mynheer emerged from these entertainments with a triumphant feeling of having escaped from pitfalls, combined with a wild yearning to produce on his own instrument similar delicious strains. The soul of a music enthusiast of the fiercest sort, unsuspectedly slumbering within him, was roused. His hitherto placid soul was tormented by jealousy as he meditated on the superior merits of his two worthy friends. Mynheer was not only capable of emotion, but emotion that was colossal.

II.

WHEN old Rozenboom the sexton died, he left his Italian violoncello—the one sent him by Jonkheer van Loo, because of his unmerited sufferings—to his only daughter Jufrow Brigitte Rozenboom, who many and many a time had fled from its wailings with cotton in her ears. She was a romantic soul, but she disapproved of music, and so it was with the usual irony of fate that her legacy consisted of this precious instrument. Reckoned by the unfulfilled hopes of her heart, Jufrow Rozenboom was still six-



"FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS SHE HAD PLAYED TRIOS WITH THE DOCTOR AND THE BURGOMASTER."

teen. Oblivious to the tweaks of rheumatism, she tripped to the pump as in her girlhood.

In the leisure of doing a little dressmaking she wrote poetry, and over her peat-stove stood the plaster bust of Jacob Cats, the illustrious Dutch poet, crowned with a withered laurel wreath. Such is our low human nature, that it was rumored that the illustrious bard figured in private as a model upon whom the inspired lady tried those caps and bonnets that petrified Kitwyk of a Sunday.

Jufrow Brigitte lived in two rooms so narrow that had she fainted crosswise in them, she would inevitably have had to be pried out.

The only one in Kitwyk who firmly believed in the lady's poetry was Duffels, for she had in turn greeted nine infant Duffelses with an ode

of welcome. Duffels pined to show his gratitude, which hitherto had taken only the form of titbits of gossip; for the grateful man was the village barber, and his opportunities were many. He was a willing soul, with a propitiatory stoop, and he turned his hand to anything; condoled, congratulated, and even waited at table with great gentility in a cast-off coat of an easy fit, the tails of which—such were his elegance and activity!—floated lightly behind him. Then nine had abnormal appetites, increased by a steady wading in the green ditches in pursuit of frogs, and Duffels was horribly in debt.

There was Dr. Pynappel, whom he could hardly face because—you understand—of the nine. He had a stupendous cheese debt to Piepenbrink & Co., which he had in vain tried

to shave off, and he was under municipal displeasure because of a too sparing use of the town pump. His honor the mayor was pleased to declare the little Duffelses to be a disgrace to Kitwyk, so dirty were their faces. He had graciously emphasized this sentiment by hitting the pendant shirt in the rear of the nearest with his gold-headed cane. So Duffels was crushed by care, and thought it could be no worse; but he did not understand the little tricks of Fate, until Jufrow Rozenboom inherited the violoncello. This violoncello Dr. Pynappel grudged to its late owner, until he hated him with considerable enthusiasm. In a weak hour he confided his hopes and fears to Mynheer Piepenbrink. At the description of the instrument, Mynheer closed his little eyes in ecstasy; he was overcome by his first emotion, and it swept before it all considerations of the superior rights of the enamoured doctor. With a diplomacy for which no one would have given him credit, he sent in all secrecy to Duffels. A cheese debt of long standing should be forgiven Duffels if he would undertake to obtain for Mynheer that precious instrument.

Duffels was already burdened with two secret offers to Jufrow Rozenboom for her legacy, one in each wooden shoe for safety. The communication from Mynheer he confided to his blue-tasseled night-cap with a groan; for, try as he would, he could not make three aspirants and one violoncello come out right. The vengeance of two would certainly pursue him, and it was a question whether he preferred the wrath of the burgomaster, the doctor, or Mynheer Piepenbrink.

From behind her muslin curtains Jufrow Rozenboom overlooked the market-place and William the Silent. She was dusting Jacob Cats as Duffels shuffled in. She dropped his laurel wreath, and received the three missives. For one blissful moment the blameless lady dreamed, and then—oh, the perfidy of man!

She fell back limp against the plaster features of the illustrious bard. Three proposals, not for her hand, but for her violoncello!

Duffels turned discreetly away, while she hid her agitated features in the dust-cloth. From this retreat she announced her decision with considerable sharpness:

"Wart it, do they? Well, tell them that money won't buy it, Duffels."

III.

THE announcement that mere money could not prevail on the lady to part with her legacy was a blow. Mynheer Piepenbrink was simply crushed, and his indecision and longing grew to frightful proportions as rumor announced the increased activity of his rivals. Duffels was a very grateful man, and it seemed to him a crime

that so poetic a lady should have no opportunities to exercise on herself those talents. As he shaved Mynheer Piepenbrink one morning, he ventured a bold remark. Armed though he was with a razor, and safe from Mynheer's wrath, he turned pale.

"Of course whoever marries the lady marries, as it were, the violoncello."

There was an awful pause, then a ray of hope illuminated Mynheer's gloom. Could he persuade Jan Willem to marry the lady out of duty, and so—unhappily he had educated him with his own horror of anything feminine. Retribution!

Such was Mynheer's agitation that Duffels refused to shave him, so he resigned himself in silence to the razor.

"A violoncello will last for centuries," said Duffels, "while a woman—" He waved his razor lightly to typify the transitory nature of her career. "What remains? The violoncello." Jufrow Rozenboom had been heard to cough, and it was on the strength of that cough that the doctor decided to dare anything, Duffels said. As for the burgomaster, a previous matrimonial experience more than encouraged him. "What they can do, Mynheer can do," and he soaped him most tenderly.

"But she can't marry all three of us," groaned Mynheer.

"Mynheer, women are the greatest fools. They'll believe anything. Tell her you like her, and never mind the old fiddle. She'll marry you, and you'll have the violoncello, and you'll have been polite. For she has a real feeling heart, and it hurts her to have them come courting the violoncello. "When it is over he will be thankful," he consoled himself, "and after he is once married he won't know how she looks."

IV.

MYNHEER PIEPENBRINK was the victim of passion. In three weeks he faded to a yellow gray, and his cheeks hung flabby.

Duffels stood before him—a forsaken rusk soaked in a tall china cup; the only merry thing in the room was the alcohol flame under the tea-urn.

"You are sure you told her that under no circumstances can I possibly come courting?"

"Yes, Mynheer."

"But I am no nearer the violoncello," groaned the distracted man.

"When you are—are married."

"What will Jan Willem say—Jan Willem who was never to fall in love?"

"But Mynheer is not in love."

"That is true, Duffels."

"Mynheer pines for a violoncello, and the price, as it were, is an estimable lady who is so little attractive that really, Mynheer—"

"But what will Kitwyk and Ketwyk say?" moaned the agonized suitor.

"Mynheer, what does the doctor care, or the burgomaster! Has Mynheer not noticed their courting? Have they not publicly placed her pail under the pump?"

"O Lord! O Lord! I should just die of a wedding!"

"A wedding is not necessary." Mynheer stared aghast. "I mean she will go with Mynheer wherever he wishes to get married."

"Good Lord! that will be an elopement!"

"Oh, no, Mynheer; only a convenience at your age!"

The toils were closing about Mynheer.

"This will kill me, Duffels; and what will Jan Willem say?"

"It will be a warning to him, and that is something."

"But—but no courting!"

"There is no need, Mynheer."

"And—and if she insists on having me, she—she—must make all the arrangements herself."

"Yes, Mynheer."

"I—I can't be troubled; my—my pulse—why, I have n't any!" and he pulled a gold turnip out of his breeches pocket.

"Perhaps because Mynheer is feeling of the arm of his chair," Duffels suggested mildly; then, as a messenger of love, discreetly withdrew.

Those were terrible days for Duffels! Not only was he obliged to shave Kitwyk, but he had to go courting—and how masterly it was!

"He is dying to marry you, Jufrow," he declared rapturously. "He will go with you to the ends of the earth—truly he will. Only name the day."

"How he loves me!"

"Truly he does, strange as it may seem," he assented benevolently.

"O Joris, unselfish one!" Then she smiled inquiry on her humble friend. "Sweet are the messages you bring, Duffels; but why through you?"

"Tell her just what I feel; you will do it so much better than I should," he always says, Jufrow."

"But if we never see each other, how are we to—" She paused in modest confusion.

"To get married, Jufrow? Take him away, and marry him. All he needs is energy."

"Marry him? How, my faithful friend?"

"Leave it to me, Jufrow. I will bring him at the right time; all you need to do is to be ready."

v.

SUMMER glided into autumn; the marsh-grass turned dun color, and there was a hollow, cold twang to the thrum of the bullfrogs. The

good folks of Kitwyk acknowledged a change of season by substituting hot grog for cold.

An air of mystery brooded over the musical evenings of Mevrouuw van Laan. Young Jillics perpetrated her false notes with a new air of abstraction. Mevrouuw still slumbered unconscious while a big young man, planted in a stiff chair, his great feet creaking on the shiny floor, gazed with wide-open blue eyes at the nape of a white, round neck with its golden tendrils of curls.

Jan Willem did not put his ecstasy into words, but it helped him to survive the music, accompanied though it was by remorse as he gazed at his unconscious uncle. Did he already suspect, and was that the reason that of late he had grown so ill-tempered and haggard? One day he blurted out, "Jan Willem, keep your passions under control!" Jan Willem was about to confess all, but the worthy man had fled, and he was left to ponder on his traitorous design to introduce into their blameless masculine lives a young person with yellow hair and blue eyes. How to undermine the cast-iron principles of his excellent uncle!

He was not the only one who imperiled the good man's repose. Since the days of the Spanish inquisition, even in the days of the Spanish inquisition, Kitwyk took an afternoon nap from three to five; not even the terrors of the stake could alter that commendable custom, and the peaceful conscience of Kitwyk was manifested in one simultaneous snore. The most arrant gossip was then asleep, and it was with perfect security that Jufrow Rozenboom swayed toward the pump at fifteen minutes past three in company with her pail. A shadow fell across her path; she started and faltered, but it was only a stray donkey browsing placidly on the grass between the cobblestones. Another shadow—she was not mistaken. Before her stood a bottle-green apparition in yellow breeches and a red face. It was Mynheer Defregge, the burgomaster, in such agitation that, manlike, he turned his rage on the first object that acted as a safety-valve, which happened to be the innocent grazer, who, unconscious of offense, was pursuing his winding way among the grass tufts, which planted him directly between his worship and the lady, where he took a stubborn position. "Shoo!" cried Mynheer Defregge.

The donkey edged a trifle out of the way, and so they met; and it was seventeen minutes past three.

"Duffels gave me your message, Mynheer."

"Have you made up your mind, Jufrow?"

The lady clasped her hands and looked toward heaven. "It is a great responsibility, Mynheer. I have no one to advise me. Other young persons have a mother; I—I—have only a heartless brother."

"You have a great-uncle on your mother's side." Mynheer Defregge was always painfully exact. Here the donkey, whether from sympathy, or because he thought the afflicted lady was hiding something especially juicy in the way of grass, butted against her. "Get out of the way!" roared his honor. "Jufrow, you have a most miraculous chance! You are not young nor beautiful nor rich,"—a light in the lady's pensive gaze might have warned a less exact man. "Myneher Piepenbrink wishes to marry you—then, in Heaven's name, marry him! But you would be ashamed to enter his house

or I'm not Burgomaster of Kitwyk!" And down he thumped his cane, so that the donkey fled in nervous alarm, and the lady was left alone to pump two or three gallons of water over her feet in the sweet perplexity of her thoughts.

VI.

THREE days after, Duffels, with his shaving-tools, appeared before Mynheer, who gazed at him with lack-luster eyes. "And—and—well, Duffels—what?"

"She says she is willing to follow Mynheer to the ends of the earth."

A despairing groan was the only answer to this passionate message.

"And—and you are quite sure there is no other way, Duffels?"

Duffels pinned a towel about the unfortunate gentleman, and lathered away in silence.

"But I—I can't arrange anything; I won't."

"Leave it all to me, Mynheer."

"And, Duffels, tell her—O Lord! O Lord!—that the violoncello must go too; for if I don't see it I shall lose courage. And—and you say she likes me?"

"Adores you, Mynheer."

"Don't put your shaving-brush in my mouth! Tell her that she must not be—be affectionate. I should die if she were. If I could only take Jan Willem along!" Duffels shook his head with an air of injured propriety, and Mynheer, with a heart-rending groan, resigned himself to the inevitable.

Three days after, the yellow chaise in the barnyard of William the Silent, the only representative of a vehicle of leisure in Kitwyk, except the hearse and an ancient glass coach, was roused from an inactivity of a quarter of a century, and scrubbed. A speckled horse with four stiff legs was decoyed into the traces by a measure of hay, and before he had finished his repast he found himself a prisoner.

That afternoon, with his last independent breath, Mynheer Piepenbrink gasped, "If that violoncello is not where I can see it, I shall not go." This message, in a sweet disguise, was borne to the lady.

"But, Duffels, if he loves me, why care about such a trifle?" she urged.

"Let him have his way if you want him."

"But, Duffels, my—my trunk."

"There is only room for the violoncello." Duffels was losing patience.

So Jufrow Rozenboom resigned her wardrobe in favor of her lover.

It was a chilly autumn night, and the moon glided in and out of a curdled sky. The lane toward Ten Brink was piled high with fallen leaves, and the air was chilly with cold and de-



JILLIS.

with empty hands. Bless you! money makes no woman less desirable. A gay plumage has made fair many an old bird." This metaphor seemed to strike the lady unfavorably.

"Your proposal is not the only one," she retorted, bridling.

"So there have been others, have there? Well, blexem! I'll double 'em, and we'll see what he says to that; for have it I will, Jufrow,

gay. An unenthusiastic horse trundled a vehicle over the soggy leaves. The chariot pounded slowly along, and the speckled horse, with open pink nostrils, communed with himself, head downward. He was flying toward happiness at the rate of two miles an hour, and that with so pleasing a motion that Duffels, astride his back, was snoring peacefully with the consciousness of having brought a good matter to a satisfactory conclusion.

The carriage was vastly like a sedan-chair on wheels, with a window on each side and one in front, against which loomed the tail of the speckled steed and the rear of the sleeping Duffels. A silhouette of landscape, windmills, sail-boats, and ghostly houses lumbered heavily by, and sometimes the moon peeped in with ladylike discretion. A dark figure cowered in one corner, while the occupant of the other swayed gently toward it.

"Mynheer Joris—my own—will you not speak?"

"No—no," a strangled voice piped in anguish.

"Eccentric dear!" the lady murmured with heroic suavity.

Mynheer Piepenbrink cast his eyes in despair on the ponderous case of the violoncello between them. "Don't—don't you come any nearer! Little Peter and Paul!" In his anguish he overturned the violoncello, which fell heavily into his arms. He clasped it in a passionate embrace. "One little look at it, Jufrow; only one."

"Is it not sufficient to look at the case, Joris dear?" she faltered.

"Why did I ever come!" cried the afflicted gentleman. "Good Lord, help me!" he groaned, and just then, as if divine Providence had nothing else to do than to answer Mynheer's petitions, there ensued a convulsion of nature, the chariot of William the Silent staggered, reeled, and the next moment plunged into an infernal abyss.

The mottled horse, of course, gave no explanation of the disaster. Duffels was the first to recover himself. He had trusted too much to the instinct of this worthy steed and the harmony and method of its progress; he had not taken into consideration the tantalizing tufts of grass along the road bordering a ditch, muddy, but fortunately low of water. Uncontrolled by the slumbering Duffels, the excellent quadruped nibbled his way too near the edge, with the above result.

Mynheer, having assured himself that he was still alive, groped out of the ditch, and with the help of Duffels rescued the lady.

They had fallen two feet into the ditch, but for all the purposes of a tragedy it might just as well have been two hundred.

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"O Joris, you are not dead!" and she laid her battered bonnet on his unresponsive shoulder.

Mynheer placed his fair burden on the edge of the ditch with more emphasis than affection.

"Good Lord!" he cried suddenly with something akin to emotion, "where is the violoncello?"

The moon having taken this opportunity to withdraw, the scene was shrouded in gloom, enlivened only by the sobs of the lady and the crunching of the cause of the disaster, as he cropped the grass on the bank.

For fifteen minutes Mynheer struggled with a tinder-box; then, aided by Duffels's lamp, he discovered the beloved form in the ditch, into which, unmindful of danger, he descended.

Jufrow Rozenboom, on the brink, sat as if petrified, until out of the gloom emerged one short, stout figure bearing another. The first was the heroic Joris, the other the precious instrument. He laid it tenderly on the bank.

"If it should have been hurt! O Lord! Open it, Jufrow!"

"Not now!" she gasped. "I—I—know I am going to faint!"

But pity and Mynheer were strangers; he watched her with a cold and fishy eye. "Open it at once, Jufrow!" But Jufrow Rozenboom only moaned and rocked to and fro. "Open it, or I'll—"

The lady shrieked; Mynheer grasped the case weakened by disaster; the battered lock gave way; the moon came out of the clouds; deadly silence; then "Donder and blexem! What in the devil's name do you call this?" and he pulled out just the sweetest sprigged delaine—her wedding-gown, poor dear! It hung all limp from his hand, and upside down; but his heart was unmoved. "And this?" and out he tore a lovely green coal-scuttle, wreathed, like a young Hope, in pink roses.

The afflicted lady shrieked again as her wardrobe sank at her feet.

"Where is the violoncello, madam?"

"Joris!"—and the lady wrung her hands—"I wanted to be a credit to you on our wedding-day!"

Here Duffels interposed with an ingratiating smile. "If Mynheer will help raise the carriage we will go on."

"Where is the violoncello, madam?"

She sobbed dismally.

"Where is it?"

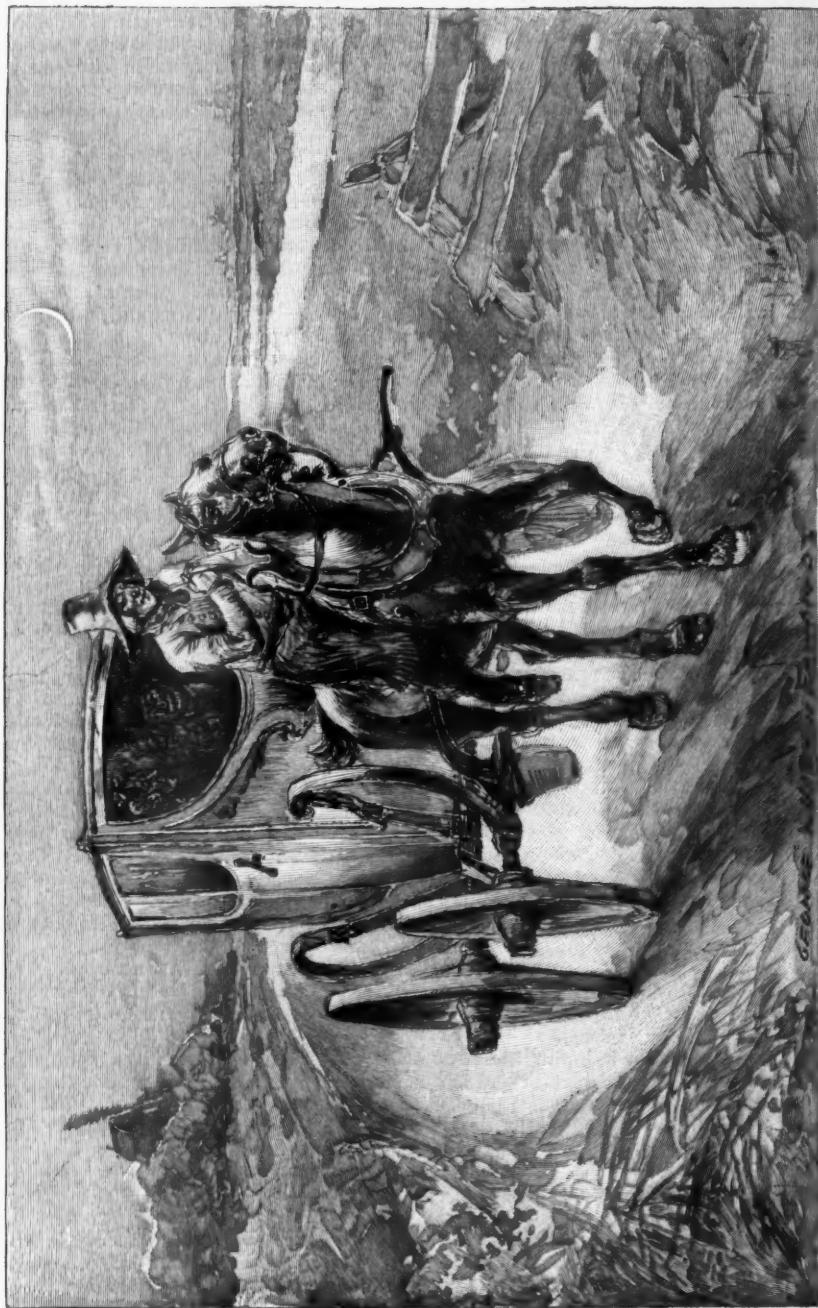
"O Joris—I—I—it's—sold!"

"Sold!"

"I—I was so sure you'd want me to look nice, and it just bought the sprigged delaine and the bonnet."

Duffels righted the carriage, and backed the unwilling steed into the traces.

"Shall we go, Mynheer?"



THEY JOGGED ALONG.

ENGRAVED BY P. H. WELLINGTON.

"Go where?"
 "To Sippken."
 "What for?"
 "Why, to be married, Mynheer."
 "What! I married! I married without the violoncello! Never!"

"O Joris, you have no idea how well I look in that dress!" Jufrow Rozenboom moaned.

"I married!" he interrupted cruelly. "Why, but for this blessed accident I should have been sacrificed. I married! I'll be d—— if I will!" And without another word Mynheer turned his back upon his shattered hopes, and with heroic purpose he proceeded to trudge home the two weary miles he had come.

VII.

How Duffels returned with the forsaken lady is not stated. The mottled steed, with his knees rasped, and the vehicle were found at midnight hitched to William the Silent.

Long before dawn Jan Willem was roused by a feeble knock at the front door. He listened with commendable prudence for half an hour, then descended in company with a blunderbuss.

"Jan Willem, it is I, Uncle Piepenbrink."

A faint but familiar voice. Jan Willem grasped his musket, and applied his eye to the keyhole, but saw only what afterward proved to be Uncle Piepenbrink's eye. With heroic firmness he opened the door just a crack, the muzzle of the blunderbuss well out, and staggered back at sight of his own eminently respectable relative standing before him, footsore and dirty.

"Uncle, where have you been?"

"To the devil!" the misguided man all but sobbed.

"When—when did you go?" and Jan Willem followed him up-stairs.

"At fifteen minutes past seven last night."

"Why, then, you don't know—then you have n't seen—"

Uncle Piepenbrink was already staring as at an apparition. It was not the red feather-bed which petrified him, nor the leather arm-chair, nor his carpet slippers, nor the familiar row of clay pipes, but, supported by a chair, languishing against the bed, there stood a violoncello!

Myneer gasped. Then he spoke:

"What does it mean?"

It was the Rozenboom violoncello. The next moment he held it in his arms.

Jan Willem gazed at the floor with a vague smile. "I wished to give you a little surprise, uncle. I found out how much you wanted it."

Myneer took a frightened breath, as one who has been perambulating on the brink of a precipice.

"I thought if I should give you a little pleasure you might—you might—"

"And it is from you, Jan Willem? And I am to have this precious instrument—without her? The Lord be thanked!"

Jan Willem turned pale.

"Oh, no—no—not without her! That is just what I wished to explain, uncle. For, don't you see, I love her, and she loves me, and I thought—that is, she thought—"

"Love her? Got you in her clutches, too? But why was she so ready to fly with me?"

"To fly with you?" and Jan Willem stared, aghast.

"Jan Willem, be warned! At fifteen minutes past seven last night she and I were in the chaise of William the Silent, and she would have been Mevrouww Piepenbrink by this time had it not been for circumstances over which, thank God, we had no control."

"Jillis—you and Jillis? Never!" and Jan Willem choked with something approaching rage.

"In the devil's name! I and what? Little Jillis van Laan? Why, the boy's just mad! Blexem! I see! I see! There is no need of being jealous, Jan Willem, for—well!—it was—some one else!"

"Uncle, where have you been?"

Been indeed!

His narrow escape intoxicated him; he was almost lively.

"Been courting, have you? And I was to be bribed, you rogue? Jillis's plan, I'll wager. But surprises are dangerous, Jan Willem. But for a special act of Providence you would have had an aunt, to-day,"—he heaved a sigh of gratitude,—"and, after all, a niece is nothing compared to an aunt. So take my blessing, Jan Willem, and close the door,"—which he did in painful perplexity.

Ten minutes after, buried under a mountainous feather-bed, Myneer forgot the disasters out of which he had so heroically rescued himself.

Myneer never divulged the solitary romance of his placid career, but he cherished it in secret. Having so nearly sacrificed himself for one of the fine arts, in future he considered himself with reason as the patron of all the fine arts as encouraged in Kitwyk. The artist who was intrusted with the new sign-board for William the Silent also painted the portrait of Myneer playing the Rozenboom violoncello. Henceforth he played with new feeling which even deceived himself, as if there were a blighted something within him which found its fittest expression when he wailed across the strings long and sad and flat.

Anna Eichberg King.



AN EMBASSY
TO
PROVENCE.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER, SÒCI DÒU FELIBRIGE,

Author of "Stories of Old New Spain," "The Uncle of an Angel," "Color Studies," etc.,

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

PART SECOND.

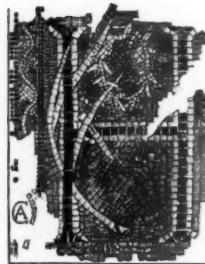
I.

AVING been swayed by considerations partly diplomatic and partly personal, the Embassy had gone from America to Provence by a route which gave it no opportunity, so to speak, for changing cars. Diplomatically, the hope was entertained that by thus ignoring all other nations and principalities a more favorable impression would be made upon the high poetic powers to which it was accredited. Personally, the danger was recognized that if the Embassy — being by nature errant — were given large opportunities to stray, years might elapse before it arrived at its destination; to say nothing of the possibility that it might never get there at all.

Under constraint of these convictions our course had been shaped. On a gray morning in April we had taken ship at New York, and had glided out through the gray mists which enveloped the harbor into the gray waste of the Atlantic. Gray weather clung to us. Mist overhung the land when at last we sighted it, and Cape St. Vincent and Cape Trafalgar loomed large through a cold haze; when we

passed the Rock, the base whereof was hidden in a mass of cloud, that considerable excrecence upon the face of nature seemed to have started adrift in the upper regions of the air; mist clung about the lower levels of the east coast of Spain, hiding the foundations of the snow-capped mountains, and leaving only their gleaming crests defined against the cold sky; even the Gulf of Lyons was chill and gray. And at the end of all this, in a flood of May sunshine, Marseilles — in its glow and glory of warm color — burst upon us like a rainbow-bomb.

From Marseilles to Avignon, by the *rapide*, the journey is made in precisely two hours. The time consumed by the Embassy, however, in its passage between these points was three months and four days. I mention this fact in order to exhibit in a favorable light our wisdom in choosing a direct route across the Atlantic. Had our landing been made at any port on the northern coast of Europe, with the consequent beguiling opportunities for lateral travel which then would have opened to us, I am confident that even now we would be working our way southward amidst enticing winds and luring currents toward our still far distant goal. It was only our firmness in resisting at the very outset all these attractive possibilities



that in the end brought us to Avignon in what, I think, was a reasonably short space of time.

Aside, however, from the predilection of the Embassy for devious rather than direct ways, there were large considerations of policy which made advisable a slow advance from Marseilles northward. For the adequate discharge of our mission, it was very necessary, before presenting our credentials and opening official relations with the poets of Provence, that we should enlarge our knowledge of themselves, their literature, and their land. In truth, our fund of ignorance touching all these matters vastly exceeded our fund of information—a lack of equipment for which I should be disposed to apologize were it not so entirely in keeping with all the traditions of American diplomacy.

Our whole store of knowledge was no more than a mere pinch of fundamental facts: that about the end of the third decade of the present century a poet named Joseph Roumanille had revived Provençal as a literary language; that to this prophet had come, as a disciple, Frédéric Mistral, who presently developed into a conquering and convincing apostle of the new poetic faith; that to these two had been gathered five other poets; that the seven, all dwelling in or near Avignon, had united—about the middle of the century—in founding a brotherhood of Provençal poets to which they gave the name of the *Félibrige*; that, in the course of years, this brotherhood had come to be a great society with branches, or affiliated organizations, in various parts of France and even in Spain. But of the poetry which these poets had written we knew nothing at first hand. We had not seen, even, either of the English versions of Mistral's "*Mireio*"—the one by Miss Harriet W. Preston, the other by Mr. Charles Grant. In short, the position of the Embassy toward Provençal literature was as finely unprejudiced as the most exhaustive ignorance could bring to pass:

II.

ON the other hand, the Embassy did possess a considerable store of knowledge in regard to the group of Avignon poets personally; and all of it tended to induce a prejudice of a most kindly sort.

Eleven years before our mission was undertaken, the American troubadour whom we represented had made a poet's pilgrimage to Avignon, and had been taken promptly to his brother poets' hearts. How unexpected and how delightful had been his experience best may be exhibited by a citation from the record made at the time by the historian to the expedition—who thus wrote, under date of the 8th and 10th of April, 1879:

"We have made a great discovery—a 'nest' of Provençal poets, all living and writing here at Avignon. Our own poet spent the morning with them yesterday, and came home bringing an armful of their books; from which, last evening, H— read us some of the translations, which are very charming. One of the poets is Mr. Bonaparte Wyse, an Irishman and a cousin of Napoleon III. He makes this his home for a part of the year, and writes the poetry of Provence. . . .

"We had a most interesting day yesterday. The little company of poets ('*félibres*') have united in doing honor to our poet and H—. They came, brought by Mr. Wyse, their interpreter, to invite us to a '*felibrjado*'—a meeting, a dinner, speeches, poems, songs, everything delightful. We had been to Vaucluse for the afternoon—on our way home passing Mont Ventour with its snowy peaks, and the hills with their olive-trees and cypress dark against a pale golden sky. It was evening when we reached the hotel and found them all waiting for us in the little square dining-room.

"Mr. Wyse presided at dinner, with H— and the Boy beside him: H— wearing a bunch of starry blue periwinkle, the flower of Provence, in her hair. Opposite to them sat M. Roumanille (founder of the School), with our poet beside him; and for my neighbor I had M. Mathieu, the oldest of the poets. Two young men were on the other side: M. Gras, and another whose name I do not recall. Each one has a device and a name by which he is known among the '*félibres*'—one a 'cricket,' another a 'butterfly.'

"After dinner a cup of Château-neuf was passed, and every one in turn made a speech and gave a toast. We were loaded to embarrassment with compliments, and our own modest little speeches—through Mr. Wyse's interpretation—were transformed into flowers of sentiment. The Boy, to his delight, saw very near him a dish of his favorite sponge-cakes—of which he sometimes had been allowed two as a special favor and treat, and to which he had given the name of 'biffies.' Kind old M. Mathieu helped him to these without limit—as H— and I, happening to look at the dish, and seeing its great diminishment, suddenly perceived to our consternation.

"The dinner over, they led us up a dark old stairway into a long hall, dimly lighted, at one end of which a little candle-lit table was laid with coffee and delicious crystal-like cordials. The hall had been, years ago, a meeting-place of the Knights Templar; and there were still signs remaining of a little chapel there, set apart. Indeed, it all was like a little bit of the middle ages. After we had had our coffee, they gave us their songs and poems: one of the younger

men stood up while he sang a sort of troubadour march to battle, his voice ringing through the great dim hall. M. Roumanille recited some Christmas verses, full of fine solemn tones; M. Mathieu, a little poem with the refrain *Catoun! Catoun!*—keeping time with his own airy gestures and waves of the hand as graceful as the lines. Mr. Wyse gave us some translations of Walt Whitman into Provençal verse. Madame Roumanille, too, repeated a poem for us—and our own Poet brought some verses which he had written at Vaucluse that afternoon and which H—— read in their French translation. They gave us some choruses. Many of their voices were rich and musical. Then H—— repeated for them those lines of Keats, beginning:

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt
mirth!

and although they could not understand the words they felt their wonderful melody.

“It was very late when we went home through the quiet streets, escorted by two or three of our entertainers—one of them carrying the Boy. He had been safely tucked away in a bed at the hotel after dinner, and did not wake except—his head on his own little pillow—to say once (still dreaming of poets and sponge-cakes), ‘Nuff biffies!’”

Upon our troubadour’s store of delightful memories (only a part of which are referred to in the foregoing citation of history) we had drawn so often and so freely that these Provençal poets had come to be to us—while as yet our very existence was unknown to them—our own familiar friends. Time and again we had fancied ourselves knocking at one or another of their doors in Avignon; and thereafter, as we entered, receiving the welcome which we knew would be given us so warmly because of our coming as the vicars of one whom they knew and loved.

And yet, being landed at Marseilles, close to these friendly doors which we were sure would be standing wide for us the moment that our status as ambassadors was known, we deliberately chose to make our approach to Avignon by methods so slow, and by courses so roundabout, that we spent three months upon a journey that could have been made in less than that many hours.

III.

OUR tarrying, as I have said, was the outcome of our intuitive perception of the requirements of diplomacy. Those whom we so longed

to know were not mere ordinary men: they were poets. For us to cast ourselves upon them ignorant of their poetry would be a grave courtesy; almost an affront. Common politeness, no less than our own interest, commanded that we should seek in their writings for that understanding of their tone of thought, their purposes, their aspirations, which would enable us to meet them upon a common ground. And we realized that hand in hand with this study of their literature should go a study of their fellow-countrymen and of the land in which they lived. For which several reasons we perceived that the case of the Embassy was one that required slowness in order to assure speed.

At Marseilles, in the very first book-shop that we entered, the very first book that we bought was Roumanille’s “Oubreto en Vers.” It was to Roumanille, the Capoulié, the head, of the Félibres, that the Embassy specifically was accredited. Therefore was it fitting that our first purchase should be the volume in which his first poems are included—the sparks of pure fire which kindled anew the flame of Provençal literature in modern times.

The poems were in Provençal only. There was no French translation. Fortunately the Ambassador—possessing an equipment of Spanish, Italian, and French, together with a certain skill in Latin—found the conquest of this language easy; and the Ambassador profited by her gift of tongues to become acquainted with the spirit of Roumanille’s verse. It was a most genuine poetry, and popular in the better sense of that injured word. With few exceptions, the themes were of a sort which country-side folk readily would comprehend; commonplace subjects made relishing, and at the same time shifted wholly away from the commonplace, by delicate turns of poetic sentiment or an infusion of genial humor or a sharp thrust of homely wit. Very many of the poems were homilies; but so gaily or so tenderly disguised that each went fairly to its mark without arousing any of that just resentment which is apt to annul the benefits supposed to be conferred by homilies of the usual sort. It was easy to see in these poems how and why Roumanille had laid hold upon the hearts of his countrymen. We ourselves, though losing much of their rich flavor of local allusion, yielded instantly to the blending of grace, freshness, humor, manliness, naïveté, which gave them so peculiarly original a charm.

In the same book-shop we found another volume of poems which greatly stirred us: “Lou Roumancero Prouvençau” of Félix Gras. In our then ignorance, we barely knew this poet’s name. But we had read no farther than “Lou Papo d’Avignoun” and “Lou baroun



ROUMANILLE.

de Magalouno" when our minds were made up that here was a singer of ballads whose tongue was tipped with fire. They whirled upon us, these ballads, and conquered our admiration at a blow. We knew by instinct—what time and greater knowledge have shown to be the truth—that of all the Provençal poets whom we soon were to encounter none would set our heartstrings more keenly a-thrilling than did this fiery ballad-maker, Monsieur Gras.

It was in another book-shop, the friendly establishment of Monsieur Boys,—a shop pervaded by that delightful smell of mustiness which, being peculiar to old books, sets every bookman's soul on the alert for the finding of treasures,—that we came upon Mr. Grant's unrhymed English version of "Mirèio"; and so were able (having already bought the edi-

tion in which is the author's parallel translation into French) to essay the reading of Mistral's first poem with the double advantage of his own French version and of this literal English key.

English and Provençal, be it remarked, are more closely allied in genius than are Provençal and French. They have in common an honest directness, a sonorous melody, a positive strength; and even many almost identical words—for which reasons Provençal may be resolved into English with a close approach to literal exactness, and with little loss of the essence of the original phrase. Mr. Grant's translation of "Mirèio," it must be confessed, is not a brilliant illustration of these facts; but in Miss Preston's rhymed English version of the poem (at that time unknown to us) many

felicitous passages show how successfully the soul and the body of the original may be transferred into English verse.

But these considerations of the verbal mechanism of translation came later. When we first read "Mirèio" we thought only of the poem itself: a perfectly simple story of country life which Mistral's genius has exalted to the plane of the heroic; an idyl which rises from height to height until it becomes a tragedy; a strain of pure melody throughout. Having read it—and after it "Nerto," "La Réino Jano," "Calendau," and the exquisite shorter poems, "Lis Isclo d'Or"—we were at no loss to understand why Mistral is called Master by his brethren of the Félibres.

Still another book did we find in a Marseilles book-shop, which so substantially increased our store of necessary knowledge that I desire to place formally on record here my gratitude to its author: Monsieur Paul Mariéton. This book, "La Terre Provençale," is a treasury of information concerning the Félibres and all their works and ways; a blending of kindly personal gossip—so frank and so confidential that those about whom the author writes rise up in the flesh before the reader's eyes—with a mass of accurate information about what these celebrities in the world of letters have accomplished, and about the beautiful land in which they live.

I did not venture to hope, while I was reading this book with so much satisfaction, that in the fullness of a fortunate time its author would become my friend; and I certainly did not imagine (though this also has come to pass) that my life would be made a torment to me by receiving from Monsieur Mariéton letters in a handwriting so bewilderingly chaotic that to read them requires in every instance a special inspiration from on high.

And so, through the weeks and the months which followed our landing at Marseilles, we added constantly to our stock of books and to our store of literary knowledge; while from various points of vantage—Montpellier, Arles, Aiguesmortes, Tarascon, Beaucaire, Nîmes—we softly spied upon the land. Through all this time we found growing within us a stronger and yet stronger love for a people and a literature whereof the common characteristics are graciousness, and manliness, and absolute sincerity, and warmth of heart. And all was so satisfying and so entrancing that the three months and four days during which we were upon our journey from Marseilles to Avignon seemed to us no more than a single bright spring morning: wherefore, as we sank to rest that night amidst the excessive gilding and red velvet of the Hôtel de l'Europe, we counted the evening of our coming to Avignon—as it

truly might have been had we gone direct from our ship to the train—but the evening of our first day in France.

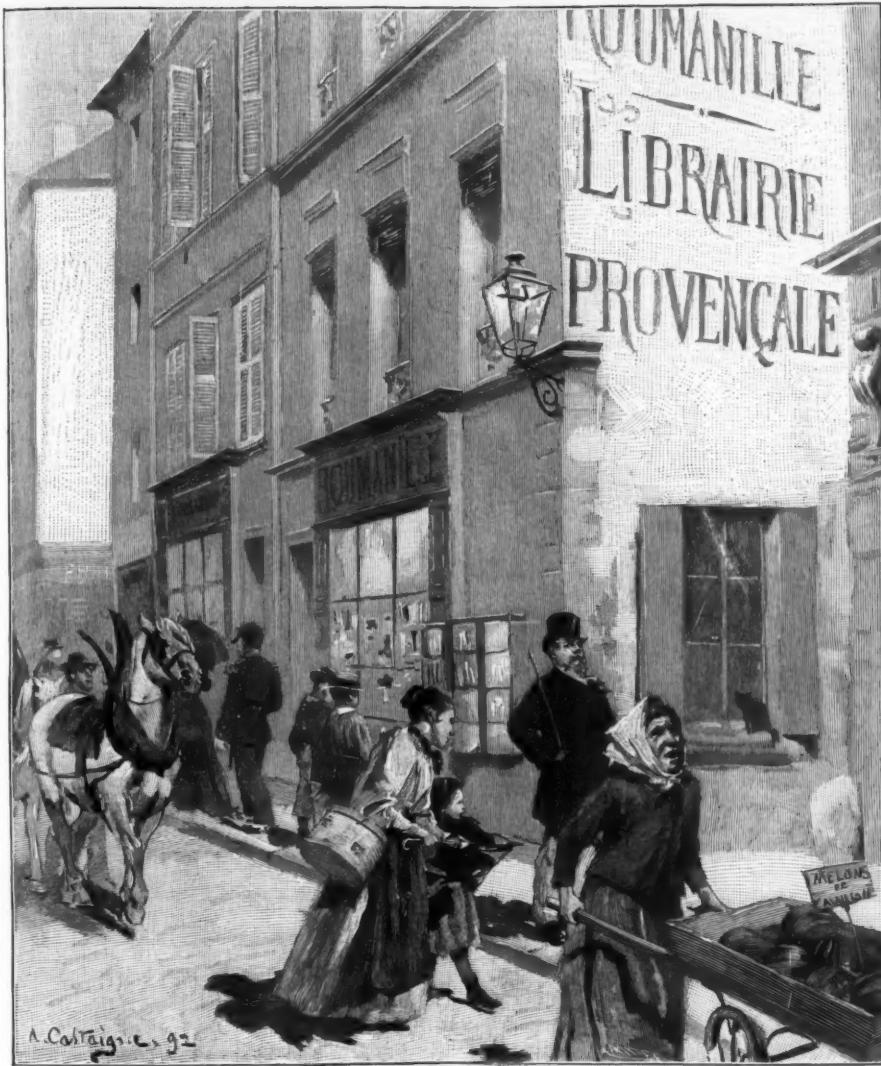
IV.

Our hearts were beating many more than the normal number of beats to the minute when we set forth to deliver to the Capoulié of the Félibres the credentials of our Embassy.

These credentials—therein following primitive Mexican customs—were wholly pictorial. They consisted simply of four photographs: of the American troubadour whom we represented; of his dame; of their children; of their great dog. My instructions were to present these empowering documents to Roumanille, in his official capacity as Capoulié of the Félibres, and to tell him that with them came the love of those to whom love had been given by the poets of Provence eleven years before. And I was to add that in America still were cherished warm and grateful memories of those glad evenings in the old house (the abiding-place of the Templars in Queen Jano's time) where the poet Anselme Mathieu in most unbusinesslike fashion carried on the business of hotel-keeping: when the corks flew out in mellow cannonading from old bottles of precious Château neuf du Pape, wine consecrate to the félibriens festivals; when all the poets wrote poems to their brother from afar; when the ancient vaulted hall of the Templars rang with the echoes of iambic laughter, and with the choruses of Provençal songs.

Knowing that English was a sealed language to Roumanille, I ventured to add to my pictorial credentials some written words which had the appearance of being English verse. The sentiments embodied in these supposititious verses would stand translation into French prose creditably; and I had the more confidence in their kindly reception because the Ambassadress had encompassed them with a decorative border of olive-branches, amidst which were blazoned the arms of Avignon and of our own country together with the emblem of the Félibres, a *cigale*. This illusive manuscript being inclosed in the official-looking envelop which contained the authoritative photographs, the Embassy moved out in good order from its too-magnificent quarters, and with a becoming dignity advanced upon Roumanille's book-shop in the Rue St. Agricol.

From the Hôtel de l'Europe to the Rue St. Agricol is a walk of but five minutes. As we rounded the corner from the Rue Joseph Vernet, we saw our Mecca before us—plainly marked by a sign on which was the legend in tall yellow letters: "Roumanille. Librairie .



SHOP OF ROUMANILLE.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

Provençale." Here, together, Roumanille had both his shop and his home. Directly across the street was the church of St. Agricol, wherein, in reverent faith, this good old man worshiped through so many years.

The door of the shop stood open. We entered into a bookman's paradise. The room, large and lofty, was packed with books from floor to ceiling; books were spread out upon tables; books were on nearly every chair; boxes of books and piles of books encumbered the

floor. In the midst of this bibliographic jungle, at a desk everywhere littered with books and papers, sat Roumanille himself: a sturdy, thick-set man of medium height; gray hair; beard and mustache clipped short and grizzled almost to white; fresh complexion; kindly light-brown eyes twinkling humorously under bushy gray brows; a racy and at the same time a very sweet and winning smile.

He rose slowly, and in accepting the package, and in listening to the message that ac-



PORTRAIT OF Mlle. ROUMANILLE. QUEEN OF THE FELIBRES, 1885-1892.

accompanied it (which message the Ambassador prudently delivered through the medium of the Ambassadress), he manifested so marked a hesitation as to strengthen our already aroused fears that the Embassy might be rejected by the Power to which it came. Later, when cordial relations were fully established, he explained matters. What with the appearance of the Ambassador (who by some twist of atavism has reverted to the type of his ancestors of three hundred years ago, dwellers in almost this very part of France), and the fluent French of the Ambassadress, his mind was all at sea. There seemed to be no reasonable connection between the messengers, who apparently were his own country-folk, and the message that they brought from friends who certainly belonged in a distant part of the world. Not until the message had been repeated and explained a little, and the opening of the package had discovered the well-known faces, was the whole matter clear to him. And then what a welcome we received!

Madame Roumanille was summoned, and their daughters Mademoiselle Thérèse and Mademoiselle Jeanne, to take part in welcoming the representatives of the friends who had come and gone eleven years before—but who were remembered as freshly and warmly as though their visit had been upon the previous day.

From the shop we were led through the dining-room to the salon—a large room at the back of the house, facing south and flooded with sunshine, which gained individuality from delightful old-fashioned furniture, interesting pictures and curious antique bric-à-brac, and a Provençal tambourine and pipe hung upon the wall. Instantly our photographic credentials were ranged along the front of the piano-forte, and the whole family burst forth into eager exclamations and questionings.

"It is Monsieur and Madame to the very life! Just as they were eleven years ago!"

"And the children—how lovely they are! There was only one then. Can it be that it was this one—this tall boy? Impossible! He was but a baby. We gave him cakes!"

"And the gentle young lady who was with them—so quiet and so sweet. Why is not her photograph with these?"

"Heavens! How huge a dog! A St. Bernard—is it not so?"

"Ah, if only it were not their pictures, but themselves!"

Naturally, it was the elders whose talk was reminiscent and comparative. When the American troubadour came with his train to Avignon Mademoiselle Thérèse was but a slip of a girl, and Mademoiselle Jeanne was but a baby of two years old. But we found a pleasant proof

of how well the visit had been kept alive in the elders' hearts, and of how much it must have been talked about, in the fact that the little Jeanne was quite sure that she herself remembered it all very well!

No one can refuse to credit the people of the south of France with warm hearts. But it is customary with travelers of a certain sort—possessors of acrid souls incased in thin-blooded bodies—to seek an apology for their own genuine coldness by aspersing this genuine warmth with such terms as "impulsiveness" and "emotional effervescence," and by broadly denying that its source is more than a momentary blaze. Let such as these observe that we found that day in Avignon still burning warmly and steadily a fire of friendship lighted at a chance meeting and fed only by half a dozen letters in eleven years!

v.

WHEN these kindly souls in part had satisfied their eager desire for news of the American troubadour and of those belonging to him, they diverted their interest in a hospitable fashion to his ambassadors, and with a genuine heartiness pressed us with questions concerning ourselves.

They were delighted when we told them that we had preferred to shun Paris, and to come directly from America to their own beautiful city of Marseilles; and more delighted to find that our plan for a whole summer of travel was a circuit of not much more than a hundred miles in Languedoc and Provence. As to our method of traveling,—in the shabby little carriage drawn by the infinitely lazy little mare,—they set our minds at rest in a moment by protesting that it was nothing less than ideal. And then they listened with great sympathy to the narrative of our small adventures by the way since our departure from Nîmes. When we came to our entanglement in Vers, and the vast commotion with which our cyclonic passage had filled that very little town, dear old Roumanille fairly held fast to his comfortably fat sides and laughed until his cheeks were a-stream with tears. It was better, he vowed, than any farce!

When we touched upon the more serious side of our undertaking, our desire to study the new literature that in these latter days had blossomed so vigorously in Provence, their interest took a correspondingly serious turn; and the pleasure that our purpose gave them obviously was deep and grave.

Roumanille was gratified when we told him that his "Oubreto en Vers" was the cornerstone of our Provençal library; the book that we had bought first of all. Speaking of it naturally brought to our minds the other volume that we had bought in the same shop and on the same day, and in very emphatic terms we



ON THE ISLE DE LA BARTHELASSE.

expressed our admiration for "Lou Roumancero Prouvençau," and for its author, Monsieur Félix Gras. Before our eulogy was half concluded the entire family broke in upon us in chorus.

"*Mon frère!*" from Madame.

"*Mon beau-frère!*" from Roumanille.

"*Mon oncle!*" from the girls together.

Mademoiselle Jeanne sprang up and brought us a photograph of this dear uncle. "Ah!" she said, "you must hear him sing his poems—then you will know what they really are!"

This discovery that we had in France, as well as in America, a common center of affection brought our hearts still more closely together: it was almost as though we had discovered—as was not impossible—a relationship of blood.

In truth, all this warm friendliness stirred me curiously. More and more the feeling was pressed in upon me that I was returning—after a long, long absence—to my own people and my own home. A like feeling surprised me when I first drifted across our southwestern border and found myself among the semi-Latinos of Mexico; but the feeling was far stronger—from the very moment of my landing in Marseilles—among these my kinsfolk of the Midi. Truly, I was of them. The old tie of blood was revived strenuously by the new tie of affection. For all the two centuries and a half of separation, in coming back to them I was coming home.

VI.

In the evening of this happy day these new friends of ours—who already seemed to be such old friends—carried us with them to the pleasure-place dear to every soul in Avignon, but especially dear to the Félibres: the Isle de la Barthelasse.

Through the narrow streets we walked together: Roumanille bubbling over with wit; Madame abounding in kindness; the demoiselles like merry little birds. They apologized (quite as though it were a personal matter) because there was no moon—and we assured them that no apology was necessary; that we were more than satisfied with the mellow radiance of the Provence stars.

The Isle de la Barthelasse extends along nearly the whole front of Avignon in the middle of the Rhone. From the high causeway crossing it (and so uniting the suspension bridges which here span the divided river) pathways descend to the low, wooded island, but little above the level of the rapid stream. In among the trees is a restaurant; and in front of it, directly upon the river-side, are ranged many little semicircular booths of wat-

ted cane—mere shelters against the wind, which lie fairly open toward the water and have no roofs but the sky. Into one of these Roumanille led us—that we elders might have coffee and cognac together, while the demoiselles drank syrup and water as became their fewer years.

It is the gayest and sweetest place for merrymaking, this Isle de la Barthelasse, that ever a poet found. Our booth, and all the booths about us, shone bright with the light of candles guarded by tall, bell-shaped glass shades; among the trees gleamed lanterns, lighting up the winding paths. At our very feet was the dashing river. Half seen in the starlight, across the tumbling and swirling dark water that here and there was touched with gleams of reflected light, were the walls and the houses of the ancient city. There was a constant undertone of sound made up of the rustling of the wind in the branches above us, and the gay chatter of the river with its banks, and the gurgle and hissing of little breaking waves; above this confused murmur, there came floating to us across the water strains of music from a military band playing on the Promenade de l'Oulle; all around us was a rattle of talk and a quiver of laughter; and, as the spirit moved them, one or another of our light-hearted neighbors, or a whole group of them together, would burst forth into song. It was as though an opera had broken its bonds of unreality and had become real.

In keeping with our joyous surroundings, Roumanille's talk was of the festivals of the Félibres; and mainly of the great annual festival, whereof the patroness is the blessed Sainte Estelle, whose symbol is the star of seven rays. On this notable occasion the four great divisions of the organization—corresponding with the four great dialects of the Langue d'Oc—are convened at one or another of the towns of southern France for the celebration of floral games; which games are competitions in belles-lettres, and derive their name from the fact that the prize awarded to the victor is a gold or silver flower. They have come tripping down lightly through six centuries, these games, being a direct survival of troubadour times.

At the banquet which follows the literary tournament, the sentiment of amity and comradeship which is the corner-stone of the organization is emphasized by the ceremony of the loving-cup. Holding aloft the silver vessel—the gift of the Félibres of Catalonia to the Félibres of Provence—the Capoulié sings the Song of the Cup, whereof the words are by Mistral and the setting a ringing old Provençal air, and the chorus is taken up by all the joyous company; after which the cup is passed from lip to lip and hand to hand.



ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

A FESTIVAL OF THE FÉLIBRES—“TO MISTRAL.”

With due deference to the mystic influence of their star of seven rays, the Félibres celebrate each recurring seventh annual festival with increased dignity and splendor. Then great prizes are contended for; and the winner of the chief prize wins also the right to name the Queen whose reign is to continue during the ensuing seven years. The requirements of the royal office are youth, beauty, and faith in the ascendancy of the Provence poets' star. It was at Montpellier, in 1878, that the first queen was chosen: the bride of the then Capoulié, Mistral. The second, Mademoiselle Thérèse Roumanille, was chosen at Hyères, in 1885. We bowed to this sovereign, as Roumanille spoke, in recognition of the accuracy with which in her case the conditions precedent to poetic royalty had been observed.

But these light-hearted poets do not limit themselves in the matter of festivals to times

and seasons. The joy that is within them may bubble up into a festival at any moment; and when their spirits thus are moved, a gay company, presided over by seven ladies and by seven poets, is convened—as Boccaccio might have ordered it—in the pleasure of some grassy and well-shaded park.

"Nor is even this much of formality necessary," said Roumanille in conclusion. "It is a festival when two or three of us, or half a dozen of us, are met together—as we are met together now. Behold! Madame, here, is a Félibresse, and I, I am the Capoulié, the head of all. As for Thérèse, she is our queen. What more would you have?"

And so, without knowing it—there on the Isle de la Barthelasse, in the midst of the dashing Rhone waters, in sight of the twinkling lights of Avignon—we had taken part in our first félibrien festival!

(To be continued.)

Thomas A. Janvier.



SILENCE.

DEAR, there has grown between us day by day
 A silence like the breathless pause of night,
 And all our words have seemed to speed away
 As birds that soar to glories out of sight.
 Now, while my lonely heart cries out for you,
 With lips that move with prayers unsaid I go;
 I shield my eyes lest they should dumbly sue—
 And yet, sometimes, I almost think you know.

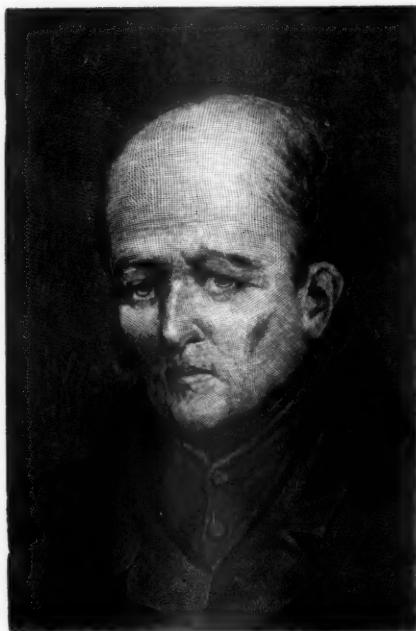
I will not speak! See how the cliff drops down
 To meet the sea, and leaves us here above:
 So, now, one step our finite selves would drown
 In depths as infinite of boundless love.
 The silent sun his heart of glory veils
 Where clouds reveal him by their rosy glow;
 I speak not, though your fair cheek blooms and pales—
 And yet, I wonder if perhaps you know.

The trees behind us thrill with faint alarms
 Where small wood-creatures from their fellows start;
 The shadows creep and steal like loving arms,
 And clasp us closely to the twilight's heart;
 The wind breathes gently as a child asleep;
 The waves with dreamy kisses stir below;
 The tender hush about us grows more deep—
 Yet, in the silence, love, at last you know.

Maria Bowen Chapin.

NAPOLEON'S DEPORTATION TO ELBA.

BY THE OFFICER IN CHARGE.



PAINTED BY THOMAS USSHER.

ENGRAVED BY H. VELTON.

ADMIRAL SIR THOMAS USSHER, R. N., K. C. B.

THOMAS USSHER, who was born in Dublin in 1779, was a descendant of one of the Neville family who settled in Ireland in the reign of King John, and assumed the name of Ussher to perpetuate the name of the office he held at court.

Entering the navy at the age of twelve years, as midshipman on board the *Squirrel*, Thomas Ussher was nominated acting lieutenant of the *Minotaur*, seventy-four guns, in 1796. In a boat-engagement, April, 1798, he was shot through the right thigh. Thinking his wound was mortal, he directed his party to retire, and then fainted from loss of blood. The French, to their honor, treated him and his fellow-sufferers with the kindest attention. For many months Mr. Ussher was obliged to use crutches; but in June, 1799, with the *Pelican*'s cutter and twelve men, he attacked a French privateer, *Le Trompeur*, of five guns and seventy men, lying in a river at San Domingo. Although the

odds were so fearfully against him, *Le Trompeur* was boarded, captured, and destroyed. Altogether, while attached to the *Pelican*, Mr. Ussher was in upward of twenty boat-engagements. September, 1800, he returned to England, and was obliged to retire for a time on half-pay, as his wounds had threatened to produce lockjaw. April, 1804, he was appointed to the command of the brig *Colpoys*, attached to the blockading force under Admiral Cornwallis off Brest. The fleet having been blown off the coast for a time, the admiral was in doubt as to whether the enemy had left the port. On hearing of this, Mr. Ussher, of his own accord, stood close inshore after dark, and, lowering his gig, a four-oared boat, actually entered the harbor, discovered and rowed along the whole French line, and obtained an exact knowledge of the enemy's force. Arriving abreast of the French admiral's ship, he was descried, and pursued by three boats, from which he escaped, as well as from the boats of brigs lying in Camaret Bay. The *Colpoys* joined the admiral next day with the signal flying, "The enemy same as when last encountered." The wound in his thigh having broken out afresh, accompanied by alarming symptoms, Mr. Ussher was obliged to resign command of the *Colpoys*, but was almost immediately promoted to the command of the *Redwing*, a sloop of eighteen guns, his claims having been backed by testimonials from Earl St. Vincent and Admirals Cornwallis and Graves. His conduct at Aviles had already obtained for him a sword valued at fifty guineas from the Patriotic Society, and he had the satisfaction of receiving from the crew of the *Colpoys* a similar token of "respect and esteem." April 20, 1806, he was engaged in a spirited affair with a division of gunboats and several batteries, and from this time until August 19, in one way or another, he was in constant collision with the enemy, continuing to display the same zeal, skill, and enterprise which had already raised his reputation so high, and led Lord Collingwood to observe that "he was entitled to whatever regard the admiralty might be pleased to show him." During the winter of 1814 Captain Ussher was again stationed off Toulon, and in the following April occurred the interesting events narrated in the following pages. He died June 6, 1848.

W. H. Ussher.



N the month of August, 1813, I was stationed in the *Undaunted*, frigate, in the Gulf of Lyons, with the *Redwing*, Sir John Sinclair, and the *Espoir*, the Hon. Captain Spencer, under my orders. The latter, who had joined me some time before, had brought me letters and papers from England in which were various reports of the reverses of the French army, and of the probable downfall of the Emperor Napoleon, with many speculations and surmises thereupon, and hinting at the possibility of his attempting to make his escape to America. The "Courier" even went so far as to insert in its columns a minute description of the Emperor's person, in case the attempt should be made. Singularly enough, I cut out the paragraph in question, and wafered it on the bookcase in my cabin, jokingly observing to the other captains, who happened to be dining with me about that time, that they had better take a copy of it, as he might possibly come our way; little imagining, at the time I made this observation, that a few short months would see him at the very same table at which we were then sitting. The *Redwing* and the *Espoir* afterward returned to England, and I remained through the winter cruising off the coast of France.

On April 24, 1814, about ten o'clock at night, being five or six leagues from the city of Marseilles, in company with the *Euryalus*, Captain Charles Napier, then under my orders, my attention was attracted by a brilliant light in the direction of, and seemingly coming from, the town, which I conjectured was an illumination for some important event. I began to think that the "Courier" might prove, after all, to be a true prophet.

Every sail was then set on both ships, and every exertion was made to work up the bay. At daybreak we were close off the land. All was apparently quiet in the batteries, and not a flag flying; nor were the telegraphs at work, which was uniformly the case on the approach of the enemy. Everything betokened that some great change had taken place.

The morning was serene and beautiful, with a light wind from the southward. Eager to know what had happened, but above all anxious to hear (for who that has once experienced the horrors and miseries of war can wish for its continuance?) that peace had been restored, I sailed in toward the island of Porquerolles, which protects the anchorage of the bay of Marseilles. To guard against a surprise, however, should such be attempted, I took the precaution of clearing the ship for action, and made signal to the *Euryalus* to

shorten sail, that in the event of the batteries opening unexpectedly upon the *Undaunted*, my friend Captain Napier, by whose judgment and gallant conduct I had on other occasions profited, might render me any assistance, in the event of my being disabled. We now showed our colors, and hoisted at the main a flag of truce, and the royal standard of the Bourbons, which the ship's tailor had made during the night. This flag had not been displayed on the French coast for a quarter of a century. Thus equipped, we were allowed to approach within gunshot, when we observed men coming into the battery, and almost immediately a shot struck us on the main-deck. Finding it was not their intention to allow us to proceed, I gave orders to wear ship, and hauled down the flag of truce and standard. While wearing, a second shot was fired, which dropped under the counter. This unusual and unwarrantable departure from the rules of civilized warfare I resolved to notice in the only way such attacks ought to be noticed, and determined at once, in the promptest and most energetic way, to convince our assailants that under no circumstances was the British flag to be insulted with impunity. I therefore again wore round, and, arriving within point-blank shot of the battery, poured in a broadside that swept it completely, and in five minutes not a man was to be seen near the guns. It was entirely abandoned.

I now made sail for a second battery, and by signal directed the *Euryalus* to close, intending to anchor off the town. Shortly afterward, observing a boat with a flag of truce standing out of the harbor, I shortened sail to receive it. On coming alongside, I found she had on board the mayor and municipal officers of Marseilles, who had come from the town to apologize for the conduct pursued by the batteries, intimating that it was an unauthorized act of some of the men. They informed me of the abdication of Napoleon, and of the formation of a provisional government at Paris; I congratulated them on the change. I assured these gentlemen that with regard to the conduct of the batteries I could have no hesitation in forgiving all that had passed, and only hoped that I might be as easily forgiven for the part I had taken; that to prove my confidence in the honor and loyalty of their city, I should anchor my ship abreast of it, a proposition of which they did not seem very much to approve. I then made sail, with the *Euryalus* in company, and dropped anchor in the mouth of the harbor, that I might be the better able to take advantage of any circumstances that might occur. Captain Napier and I then proceeded in the barge of the *Euryalus* toward the land. We found a dense crowd collected at the landing-place, who, as we stopped to

inquire for the *pratique* officers, rushed into the water, and, seizing the bow of the boat, hauled me by main force on shore.

Never did I witness such a scene as now presented itself, as, almost choked by the embraces of old and young, we were hoisted on their shoulders, and hurried along, we knew not whither. I certainly did not envy the situation of my friend Captain Napier, whom I saw most lovingly embraced by an old lady with one eye, from whom he endeavored in vain to extricate himself, not using, I must say, the gentlest terms our language affords. In this way we arrived at the *hôtel de ville*, amid loud cries of "*Vive les Anglais!*" We were here received by our friends who had come with the flag of truce in the morning, but who were evidently not prepared for such a visit from us now. Indeed, under other circumstances we should not have been justified in appearing there as we did. Conscious, however, that we had no infectious disease on board, and as we had not visited any part of the Mediterranean where the plague prevailed, we endeavored to quiet their fears, and to satisfy them that no danger was to be apprehended from our visit.

However, this infringement of their sanitary laws, the observance of which they consider so essential to their safety, they appeared to feel deeply, though I gave them every assurance of the healthy state of the ships. Besides, as I observed, it was no act of ours, but had been forced upon us by themselves, and under circumstances which we could not very well control. They said there was no previous instance of their sanitary laws having been violated, except by Napoleon when he landed from Egypt. They then invited us, with true French politeness, into the *maison de ville*, remarking at the same time how much their city had suffered in the reign of Louis XIV. from the dreadful plague. A magnificent picture by David, showing some of the horrors of that visitation, hung in one of the principal rooms of the building.

They now politely requested us to wait upon the general in command. We found that officer attending high mass at the cathedral, and it is hardly possible to describe his astonishment, and the excitement caused by seeing two British naval officers, in their uniforms, in the midst of the congregation. I went up to the general, who received me with much apparent cordiality, and with considerable tact (for we were at that time the greater "lion" of the two) invited us to join the procession (I think it was that of the Virgin), for which preparations had been made, and which was about to set out from the church where we then were.

The streets through which we passed were

excessively crowded, so much so that it was with the utmost difficulty the procession could make its way at all. The predominance of old people and children among the crowd was remarkable. Commenting upon this to some of the municipal officers, I was told that this was caused by the conscription, which had swept off without distinction (like another plague) all the young men who were capable of bearing arms, causing indescribable misery not only here, but everywhere throughout France. Happy, indeed, were these poor people at seeing us among them, the harbingers of peace, which many of them had so long and ardently desired. That this was the prevailing feeling among them their whole demeanor amply testified, as with loud vociferations of "*Vive les Anglais!*" they plainly told us that we were not unwelcome visitors.

On arriving near the general's house, we were invited to take some refreshments, which we did; but the populace outside were very impatient, and were not satisfied until we again appeared among them. I now began to reflect on the singular and difficult circumstances in which I was placed, and the responsibility I was incurring, being positively without any information on which I could rely as to the state of affairs outside of Marseilles. Nevertheless, as I knew the ships were prepared for any emergency that might happen, and in the hand of Lieutenant Hastings, my first lieutenant, in whose zeal and gallantry I had the greatest possible confidence, I did not think there was much cause for apprehension, come what might. I had an idea, indeed, that this enthusiasm would not last.

In the midst of all this rejoicing, I received a communication from the commandant of the town, informing me that he had been instructed by his superior, the governor of Toulon, and commander-in-chief of the district, to order us to our ships, and to allow of no further communication, excepting by flags of truce. I replied to this somewhat insolent mandate by declaring my determination to remain where I was, telling the commandant pretty plainly that I should not comply with the orders. I knew my strength, and that the ships, by their position, had the entire command of the town.

The governor then intimated that he would march 3000 men against the town; for this also I was prepared. During this angry discussion, Colonel Campbell, the English commissioner, arrived, bringing with him the following very important note:

MARSEILLES, April 25, 1814. 8 P. M.

SIR: I have the honor to acquaint you that Lord Viscount Castlereagh, His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has charged me with a mission to accompany the

late chief of the French government, Napoleon Bonaparte, to the isle of Elba, to whose secure asylum in that island it is the wish of His Royal Highness, the Prince Regent, to afford every facility and protection. Having afterward written to his Lordship that Napoleon had requested that a British ship-of-war might be given to him as a convoy to the French corvette, and at his option for embarkation, in case of preferring it, his Lordship wrote to me as follows:

"Dated Paris, April 18.

"My instructions furnish you with authority to call upon His Majesty's officers, by sea and land, to give all due fidelity and assistance to the execution of the service with which you are entrusted. I cannot foresee that any enemy can molest the French corvette on board of which it is proposed Napoleon shall proceed to his destination. If, however, he shall continue to desire it, you are authorized to call upon any of His Majesty's cruisers (so far as the public service may not be prejudiced) to see him safe to the island of Elba. You will not, however, suffer this arrangement to be a cause of delay."

Napoleon has since his departure from Fontainebleau toward St. Tropez pressed me to proceed here for this object, which I beg leave to submit to your consideration, hoping that, as the desire to proceed immediately to his destination is in unison with that of the Allied Powers, which would be defeated by delay, in referring to the admiral commanding His Britannic Majesty's fleet, you will find yourself at liberty to proceed to St. Tropez with His Majesty's ship under your command. I have the honor to be, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

NEIL CAMPBELL, Col.

Attached to the Mission of H. E. General Viscount Cathcart.

To CAPTAIN USSHER,
Senior Officer of His Britannic Majesty's ships
off Marseilles.

I immediately waited upon Colonel Campbell, who informed me that he had left Napoleon on the road, pursuing his journey to St. Tropez, from which place it had been arranged he was to embark, accompanied by the envoys of the allied sovereigns. I immediately made arrangements for quitting the harbor of Marseilles, and on the following morning (April 26) set sail for St. Tropez, leaving Captain Napier in command of the station.

On arriving off St. Tropez, we hoisted a red flag at the main, that being the distinguishing signal agreed upon with Colonel Campbell at Marseilles. A boat immediately came out of the harbor with a lieutenant from the French frigate *Dryade* (commanded by the Comte de Montcabri), which was lying there with the corvette *Victorieuse*. The Comte sent his lieutenant to inform me that the Emperor Napoleon had abdicated, and that the Comte de Montcabri had orders from the provisional

Government to remain at St. Tropez with the *Victorieuse* for the purpose of conducting the Emperor to the island of Elba, the sovereignty of which island had been guaranteed to him by the allied sovereigns (it now struck me that the red flag at the main was considered in war a signal of defiance). At this moment a boat came alongside with an Austrian officer, Major Sinclair, despatched from Fréjus by Colonel Campbell, to inform me that at the particular request of the Emperor the commissioners of the allied sovereigns had thought proper to change the place of embarkation, and requesting me to proceed to Fréjus.

Fréjus is an open roadstead five or six leagues to the north of St. Tropez. Here it was that Napoleon landed on his return from Egypt. On arriving at the anchorage, I received a note from Colonel Campbell, informing me that horses had been sent down from the town, and an orderly sergeant placed at my disposal, to carry on any communications with the town, which lies on a height three or four miles from the anchorage. I took advantage of this conveyance, and immediately waited on Colonel Campbell, who, although suffering severely from his wounds, immediately accompanied me to the "Chapeau Rouge," a small *auberge*, or hotel (and, I believe, the only one in Fréjus), where Napoleon was lodged. Whatever my previous feelings might have been toward this the most powerful and constant enemy my country ever had to contend with, I am proud to confess that all resentment and uncharitable feeling vanished quickly, and I felt all the delicacy of the situation in which circumstances the most extraordinary had placed me. His faithful follower in adversity, Comte Bertrand, was in attendance, and, having announced Colonel Campbell and myself, immediately presented us to the Emperor.

Napoleon was dressed in the regiments of the Old Guard, and wore the star of the Legion of Honor. He walked forward to meet us, with a book open in his hand, to which he occasionally referred when asking me questions about Elba and the voyage thither. He received us with great condescension and politeness; his manner was dignified, but he appeared to feel his fallen state. Having asked me several questions regarding my ship, he invited us to dine with him, upon which we retired. Shortly afterwards I was waited upon by Comte Bertrand, who presented us with lists of the baggage, carriages, horses, etc., belonging to the Emperor. I immediately made arrangements for receiving them, and then demanded an interview with the several envoys of the allied sovereigns, feeling that, being placed in a position of such peculiar responsibility and delicacy, it was necessary to hear from them the instruc-

tions they had received from their respective sovereigns, that I might shape my conduct accordingly, and particularly that I might learn from them what ceremony was to be observed at Napoleon's embarkation, and on arriving on board the *Undaunted*, as I was desirous to treat him with that generosity toward a fallen enemy which is ever congenial to the spirit and feelings of Englishmen. They informed me that their instructions were precise and positive, and that he was styled by the *treaty of Fontainebleau*, *Emperor and Sovereign of the island of Elba*. I still entertained doubts as to the propriety of receiving him with a royal salute, but Colonel Campbell, in order to remove every doubt on the subject, showed me Lord Castle-reagh's instructions to him, which were conclusive.

I now gave orders to embark the Emperor's baggage, carriages, horses, etc. The *Dryade* and the *Victorieuse* soon after arrived in the roads, and anchored. On landing, the Comte de Montcabri expressed his surprise to my first lieutenant on seeing the baggage going on board. But on being presented to the Emperor shortly after, and learning his intention of embarking on board the *Undaunted*, he returned to his ship, and sailed out of the bay, in company with the *Victorieuse*. The *Victorieuse*, I was given to understand, was to have remained at Elba in the Emperor's service.

The party at table consisted of Prince Schoovalof, Russian envoy; Baron Koller, Austrian envoy; Comte Truxos, Prussian envoy, and our envoy, Colonel Campbell; Comte Clam, aide-de-camp to Prince Schwarzenberg; Comte Bertrand, Drouot, and I. The Emperor did not appear at all reserved, but, on the contrary, entered freely into conversation, and kept it up with great animation. He appeared to show marked attention to Baron Koller, who sat on his right hand. Talking of his intention of building a large fleet, he referred to the Dutch navy, of which he had formed a very mean opinion; he said that he had improved their navy by sending able naval architects to Holland, and that he had built some fine ships there. The *Austerlitz*, he said, was one of the finest ships in the world. In speaking of her, he addressed himself to Prince Schoovalof, who did not seem to like the reference. The Emperor said the only use he could make of the old Dutch men-of-war was to fit them to carry horses to Ireland. He talked of the Elbe; said the importance of this river was but little known, that the finest timber for ship-building could be brought there at a small expense from Poland, etc.

I slept this night at Fréjus, and was awakened at four in the morning by two of the principal inhabitants, who came into my room to implore me to embark the Emperor as quickly

as possible, intelligence having been received that the army of Italy, lately under the command of Eugène Beauharnais, was broken up; that the soldiers were entering France in large bodies, and were as devoted as ever to their chief. These gentlemen were afraid the Emperor might put himself at their head. I told them I had no more to do with embarking the Emperor than they had, and requested them to make known their fears and misgivings to the envoys, who, I dare say, were as little pleased as I was at being awakened at so unreasonable an hour.

It was, indeed, pretty evident that Napoleon was in no hurry to quit the shores of France, and appeared to have some motive for remaining. The envoys became rather uneasy, and requested me to endeavor to prevail upon him to embark that day. In order to meet their wishes, I demanded an interview, and pointed out to the Emperor the uncertainty of winds, and the difficulty I should have in landing in the boats should the wind change to the southward and drive in a swell upon the beach, which, from the present appearance of the weather, would in all probability happen before many hours; in which case, I should be obliged, for the safety of His Majesty's ship, to put to sea again. I then took leave, and went on board, and at ten o'clock received the following note from Colonel Campbell:

DEAR USSHER: The Emperor is not very well. He wishes to delay embarking for a few hours, if you think it will be possible then. That you may not be in suspense, he begs you will leave one of your officers here, who can make a signal to your ship when it is necessary to prepare, and he will also send previous warning. I think you had better come up or send, and we can fix a signal, such as a white sheet, at the end of the street. The bearer has orders to place at your disposal a hussar and a horse whenever you wish to go up or down. Let me know your wishes by bearer. You will find me at General Koller's. Yours truly,

N. CAMPBELL.

Napoleon, finding that it was my determination to put to sea, saw the necessity of yielding to circumstances. Bertrand was accordingly directed to have the carriages ready at seven o'clock. I waited on the Emperor at a quarter before seven to inform him that my barge was at the beach. I remained alone with him in his room at the town until the carriage which was to convey him to the boat was announced. He walked up and down the room, apparently in deep thought. There was a loud noise in the street, upon which I remarked that a French mob was the worst of all mobs (I hardly know why I made this remark).

"Yes," he replied, "they are fickle people"; and added, "They are like a weathercock."

At this moment Count Bertrand announced the carriages. He immediately put on his sword, which was lying on the table, and said, "*Allons, Capitaine.*" I turned from him to see if my sword was loose in the scabbard, fancying I might have occasion to use it. The folding-doors, which opened on a pretty large landing-place, were now thrown open, when there appeared a number of most respectable-looking people, the ladies in full dress, waiting to see him. They were perfectly silent, but bowed most respectfully to the Emperor, who went up to a very pretty young woman in the midst of the group, and asked her, in a courteous tone, if she were married, and how many children she had.

He scarcely waited for a reply, but, bowing to each individual as he descended the staircase, stepped into his carriage, desiring Baron Koller, Comte Bertrand, and me, to accompany him. The carriage immediately drove off at full speed to the beach, followed by the carriages of the envoys. The scene was deeply interesting. It was a bright moonlight night, with little wind; a regiment of cavalry was drawn up in a line upon the beach and among the trees. As the carriage approached, the bugles sounded, which, with the neighing of the horses, and the noise of the people assembled to bid adieu to their fallen chief, was to me in the highest degree interesting.

The Emperor, having left the carriage, embraced Prince Schoovalof, who, with Comte Truxos, took leave, and returned to Paris, and, taking my arm, immediately proceeded toward the barge, which was waiting to receive us. Lieutenant Smith (nephew of Sir Sidney Smith, who, it is well known, had been for some time confined in the Temple with Captain Wright) was, by a strange coincidence, the officer in command of the boat. He came forward and assisted the Emperor along the gang-plank into the boat. The *Undaunted* lay close in, with her topsails hoisted, lying to. On arriving alongside, I immediately went up the side to receive the Emperor on the quarter-deck. He took his hat off and bowed to the officers, who were all assembled on the deck. Soon afterward he went forward to the forecastle among the people, and I found him there conversing with those among them who understood a little French. Nothing seemed to escape his observation; the first thing which attracted his notice was the number of boats (I think we had eleven). Having made all sail, and fired a royal salute, I accompanied him to my cabin, and showed him my cot, which I had ordered to be prepared for him. He smiled when I said I had no better accommo-

dation for him, and said that everything was very comfortable, and he was sure he would sleep soundly. We now made all sail, and shaped our course for Elba. At four, his usual hour, he was up and had a cup of strong coffee (his constant custom), and at seven came on deck, and seemed not in the least affected by the motion of the ship. At this moment we were exchanging numbers with the *Malta*, standing toward Genoa, and I telegraphed that I had the Emperor on board. The wind having changed to the southeast, I hauled on the larboard tack toward Corsica. At ten we breakfasted; Comte Bertrand, Comte Drouot, Baron Koller, Colonel Campbell, Comte Clam, and the officer of the morning watch were present. Napoleon was in very good spirits, and seemed very desirous to show that, though he had ambition, England was not without her share also. He said that ever since the time of Cromwell we had set up extraordinary pretensions, and arrogated to ourselves the dominion of the sea; that after the peace of Amiens Lord Sidmouth wished to renew the former treaty of commerce, which had been made by Vergennes after the American war; but that he, anxious to encourage the industry of France, had expressed his readiness to enter into a treaty, not like the former, which it was clear, from the portfolio of Versailles, must be injurious to the interests of France, but on terms of perfect reciprocity—viz., that if France took so many millions of English goods, England should take as many millions of French produce in return. Lord Sidmouth said:

"This is totally new. I cannot make a treaty on these conditions."

"Very well. I cannot force you into a treaty of commerce any more than you can force me, and we must remain as we are, without commercial intercourse."

"Then," said Lord Sidmouth, "there will be war; for unless the people of England have the advantages of commerce secured to them, which they have been accustomed to, they will force me to declare war."

"As you please. It is my duty to study the just interests of France, and I shall not enter into any treaty of commerce on other principles than those I have stated."

He stated that although England made Malta the pretext, all the world knew that was not the real cause of the rupture; that he was sincere in his desire for peace, as a proof of which he sent his expedition to San Domingo. When it was remarked by Colonel Campbell that England did not think him sincere, from his refusing a treaty of commerce, and sending consuls to Ireland, with engineers to examine the harbors, he laughed, and said that was not necessary, for every harbor in England and

Ireland was well known to him. Bertrand remarked that every ambassador was a spy.

Napoleon said that the Americans admitted the justness of his principles of commerce. Formerly they brought over some millions of tobacco and cotton, took specie in return, and then went empty to England, where they furnished themselves with British manufactures. He refused to admit their tobacco and cotton unless they took from France an equivalent in French produce; they yielded to his system as being just. He added that now England had it all her own way, that there was no power which could successfully oppose her system, and that she might now impose on France any treaty she pleased. "The Bourbons, poor devils [here he checked himself], are great lords who are contented with having back their estates and castles; but if the French people become dissatisfied with that [the treaty], and find that there is not the encouragement for their manufactures in the interior of the country that there should be, they [the Bourbons] will be driven out in six months. Marseilles, Nantes, Bordeaux, and the coast are not troubled by that, for they always have the same commerce; but in the interior it is another thing. I well know what the feeling is for me at Terrare [?], Lyons, and those places which have manufactures, and which I have encouraged."¹

He said that Spain was the natural friend of France and enemy of Great Britain; that it was the interest of Spain to unite with France in support of their commerce and foreign possessions; that it was a disgrace to Spain to allow us to hold Gibraltar. It was only necessary to bombard it night and day for a year, and it must eventually fall. He asked if we still held Cintra. He did not invade Spain, he said, to put one of his family on the throne, but to revolutionize her; to make her a kingdom in right; to abolish the inquisition, feudal rights, and the inordinate privileges of certain classes. He spoke also of our attacking Spain without a declaration of war, and without cause, and seizing the frigates bringing home treasure. Some one remarked that we knew Spain intended to make common cause with him as soon as the treasure should arrive. He said he did not want it; all he had was five millions (francs) per month.

On my asking a question regarding the Walcheren expedition, he said he could not hold Walcheren with less than 14,000 men, half of whom would be lost annually by disease; and as he had such means in the neighborhood of

Antwerp, it could at any time be attacked, and by means of superiority of numbers must fall; that the expedition against it was on too great a scale and too long preparing, as it gave him time. He added that he wrote from Vienna that an expedition was going to Antwerp; he thought that a *coup de main* with 10,000 men and with his preparation would have succeeded; laughed at our ignorance in suffering so much time to be lost, and in settling down before Flushing (whereby we lost a large proportion of our army through disease) instead of advancing rapidly on Antwerp; and seemed astonished at our Government's selecting such a commander-in-chief for so important an expedition.

After breakfasting, Napoleon read for some hours, and came on deck about two o'clock, remaining two or three hours, occasionally remarking what was going forward, as the men were employed in the ordinary duties of the ship, mending sails, drawing yarns, exercising the guns, etc.

After dinner, he referred to a map of Toulon Harbor, and went over the whole of the operations against Lord Hood and General O'Hara (he commanded the artillery there, as major). All the other officers, he said, were for a regular siege. He gave in a memoir proposing to drive off the fleet from the inner harbor, which, if successful, would place the garrison of Toulon in danger; that it was upon this occasion he felt the superiority of the new tactics. He related an anecdote of one of the representatives of the people ordering his battery to fire, and unmasking it too soon.

This evening a small Genoese trading-vessel passed near us. I ordered her to be examined, and, as Napoleon was anxious to know the news, I desired the captain to be sent on board. Napoleon was on the quarter-deck; he wore a great-coat and round hat. As he expressed a wish to question the captain, I sent him to the Emperor on the after part of the quarter-deck, and afterward ordered him down to my cabin. "Your captain," said he, "is the most extraordinary man I ever met; he put all sorts of questions to me, and, without giving me time to reply, repeated the same questions to me rapidly a second time." When I told him to whom he had been speaking, he appeared all astonishment, and instantly ran on deck, hoping to see him again; but Napoleon, to his great disappointment, had already gone below. When I told Napoleon the man had remarked the rapidity with which he put questions to him

¹ "Les Bourbons, pauvres diables [here he checked himself], ils sont des grands seigneurs qui se contentent d'avoir leurs terres et leurs châteaux, mais si le peuple français devient mécontent de cela, et trouve qu'il n'y a pas l'encouragement pour leurs manufactures dans l'intérieur qu'il devrait avoir,

ils seront chassés dans six mois. Marseille, Nantes, Bordeaux, et la côte ne se soucient pas de cela, car ils ont toujours le même commerce, mais dans l'intérieur c'est autre chose. Je sais bien comment l'esprit était pour moi à Terrare, Lyon, et ces endroits qui ont des manufactures, et que j'ai encouragés."

twice over, he said it was the only way to get at the truth from such fellows.

One morning when Napoleon was on deck, I ordered the ship to be tacked, and we stood toward the Ligurian coast. The weather was very clear as we approached the land. We had a fine view of the Alps. He leaned on my arm and gazed at them with great earnestness for nearly half an hour; his eye appeared quite fixed. I remarked that he had passed those mountains on a former occasion under very different circumstances. He merely said that it was very true.

The wind was now increasing to a gale. He asked me, laughing, if there was any danger, which was evidently meant to annoy Baron Koller, who was near him, and who had no great faith in the safety of ships, and whom he constantly joked on his bad sailorship, as the Baron suffered dreadfully from seasickness. He made some observations to me as to our men's allowance of provisions, and seemed surprised that they had cocoa and sugar, and asked how long they had had that indulgence. I told him they were indebted to him for it; that the Continental system had done this good for sailors, that as we could not send our cocoa and sugar to the Continent, the Government had made that addition to the allowance of the men. We now tacked, and stood over toward the Corsican shore, passing a small vessel that he was very anxious for me to hail for news. I told him we could not get near enough for that purpose, as she was to windward, crossing us on the opposite tack. We were then at table; he whispered to me to fire at her and bring her down. I expressed my surprise at his request, as it would *denationalise* her (referring to his Milan decree). He pinched my ear, and laughed, remarking that the Treaty of Utrecht directs that when vessels are boarded it shall be done out of gunshot. It was on this occasion, he said, that England was not prepared for the steps he took in retaliation, upon her blockading an entire line of coast from the river Elbe to Brest; it was that which forced him to take possession of Holland. America behaved with spirit, he said; adding that he thought their state correspondence was very well managed, and contained much sound reasoning. I asked him if he issued his famous Milan decree for the purpose of forcing America to quarrel with us. He said he was angry with America for suffering her flag to be denationalized.¹ He spoke long on this subject, and said that America had justice on her side; he rather expected America to invade Mexico. He said the expedition against Copenhagen was most unjust, and from every point of view bad policy; and that, after all, we only took a few vessels that were of no use to us; that the gross injustice

of attacking a weaker nation, without a cause and without a declaration of war, did us infinite harm. I observed that it was at that time believed that their fleet was sold to him.

In speaking of Toulon, he remarked that he found great inconvenience in being obliged to complete the provisions and stores after the ships went out of the inner harbors, as it gave information of his intentions to British cruisers. To avoid this, he sent the *Rivoli* out from Venice on a camel,² with her guns, stores, and provisions on board. He meant to form an establishment for building men-of-war at Bouc, near the mouth of the Rhone, instead of at Toulon, the timber of which was to be brought there by a canal from the Rhone, and that he intended to make Toulon a port of equipment. In speaking of Cherbourg, he described the basin cut out of the solid rock, with docks for ships, executed by his orders, and drew with a pencil on a plan I have of the town a line of fortifications erected for its defense against any expedition from England, which it seemed he expected. The entrance is mined at each side. The Empress Marie Louise visited Cherbourg (when he was in Dresden) at the completion of the works last year. He said he had in his possession what would be invaluable to England, and spoke of the weak and strong points of the empire. Some remarks arising from this observation, he said: "France is nothing without Antwerp; for, while Brest and Toulon are blockaded, a fleet can be equipped there, wood being brought from Poland." He never would consent to give it up, having sworn at his coronation not to diminish France. He had the Elbe sounded and surveyed carefully, and found that it was as favorable as the Scheldt for great naval establishments near Hamburg.

He told me his plans for the navy were on a gigantic scale; he would have had three hundred sail of the line. I observed that it was impossible for him to man half the number. He said the naval conscription, with the enlistment of foreigners which he could have from all parts of Europe, would supply men enough for the whole of the navy; that the Zuyder Zee is particularly well fitted for exercising conscripts. Having expressed some doubts as to the merits of his conscript sailors, he said I was mistaken, and asked my opinion of the Toulon fleet, which I had had frequent opportunities of seeing maneuver in the presence of our fleet. He begged I would tell him frankly what I thought of it.

The conscripts were trained or exercised for two years in schooners and small craft, and his

¹ All this is exactly as in original.—W. H. U.

² A water-tight structure placed beneath a ship to raise it in the water, in order to assist its passage over a shoal or bar.—EDITOR.

best officers and seamen were appointed to command them. They were constantly at sea, either to protect the coasting trade or for exercising. He had not calculated on their becoming perfect seamen by these means, but had intended to send squadrons out to the East and West Indies, not for the purpose of attacking the colonies, but for perfecting the men, and annoying, at the same time, the commerce of England. He calculated upon losing some ships, but said he could spare them; that they would be well paid for.

While on this subject, he surprised me by explaining to Baron Koller, and that very well, a very nice point of seamanship—viz., that of keeping a ship clear of her anchor in a tide-way. He admired much the regularity with which the duty of the ship was carried on, everything being so well timed, and, above all, the respect observed by different ranks of officers to one another and to the quarter-deck. He thought this most essential to good discipline, and was not surprised that we were so tenacious of the slightest deviation from it. He said that he endeavored to introduce this into the French navy, but could not drive it into the heads of his captains.

The wind still continuing to the eastward, with a heavy sea, we stood in to get well within the Corsican shore. Having carried away the leech-ropes of the fore- and maintopsails, we repaired them aloft, close reefed them, and sent down topgallant-yards and royalmasts. There now being every appearance of bad weather, I mentioned my intention, if the gale increased, of anchoring at Bastia. Napoleon seemed most desirous that we should anchor at Ajaccio. I explained to him that it was much out of our course. He proposed Calvi, with which he was perfectly acquainted, mentioning the depth of water, with other remarks on the harbor, etc., which convinced me that he would have made us an excellent pilot had we touched there.

This evening we fell in and exchanged numbers with the *Berwick*, *Aigle*, and *Alcmene*, with a convoy. I invited Sir John Lewis and Captain Coghlan to dine with me. When they came on board I presented them to Napoleon; he asked them various questions about their ships, their sailing and other qualities. Captain Coghlan was not a little surprised by his asking him if he were not an Irishman and a Roman Catholic. All this night we carried sail to get inshore, the *Aigle* and *Alcmene* keeping company. At daylight we saw the town of Calvi bearing south. Napoleon was on deck earlier than usual; he seemed in high spirits, looked most earnestly at the shore, asking the officers questions relative to landing-places, etc. As we closed with the shore the wind moderated. During the bad weather Napoleon re-

mained constantly on deck, and was not in the least affected by the motion of the ship. This was not the case, however, with his attendants, who suffered a good deal.

The wind now coming off the land, we hauled close inshore. Napoleon took great delight in examining it with his glass, and told us many anecdotes of his younger days. We rounded a bold, rocky cape, within two or three cables' lengths, and Napoleon, addressing himself to Baron Koller, said he thought a walk on shore would do them good, and proposed landing to explore the cliffs. The Baron whispered that he knew him too well to trust him on such an excursion, and begged me not to listen to his suggestion.

We now hauled in toward the Gulf of St. Florent, fired a gun, and brought to a felucca from Genoa, who informed us that Sir Edward Pellew, the commander-in-chief, and fleet were lying there. We then shaped our course for Cape Corso, which we passed in the night. In the morning we tacked, and stood toward Capraja Isle, and, observing colors flying at the castle, stood close in and hove to. A deputation came off from the island, requesting me to take possession of it, and informing me that there was a French garrison in the castle. I accordingly sent Lieutenant Smith with a party of seamen to hoist the British colors for its protection. Napoleon held a long conversation with the members of the deputation, who expressed the utmost surprise at finding their Emperor on board an English man-of-war. Having now made all sail, and shaped our course for Elba, Napoleon became very impatient to see it, and asked if we had every sail set. I told him we had set all that could be of any use. He said, "Were you in chase of an enemy's frigate, should you make more sail?" I looked, and, seeing that the starboard topgallant stunsail was not set, observed that if I were in chase of an enemy I should certainly carry it. He replied, that if it could be of use in that case, it might be so now. I mention this anecdote to show what a close observer he was; in fact, nothing escaped him. When the man stationed at the masthead hailed the deck that Elba was right ahead, he became exceedingly impatient, went forward to the forecastle, and as soon as the land could be seen from the deck was very particular in inquiring what colors were flying on the batteries. He seemed to doubt the garrison's having given in their adhesion to the Bourbons, and, it appears, not without some reason, as they had, in fact, done so only during the preceding forty-eight hours; so that, if we had had a fair wind, I should have found the island in the hands of the enemy, and consequently must have taken my charge to the commander-in-chief, who

would, no doubt, have ordered us to England. On nearing Elba, General Drouot, Comte Clam (aide-de-camp to Prince Schwarzenberg), and Lieutenant Hastings, the first lieutenant of the *Undaunted*, were sent ashore, commissioned by Napoleon to take possession of the island. Colonel Campbell accompanied them. They were conducted to the house of General Dalheme, who had received orders from the provisional Government only two days before, in consequence of which he and his troops had given in their adhesion to Louis XVIII., and had hoisted the white flag. The general expressed his desire to do whatever should be agreeable to the Emperor.

May 3, 1814. One part of Drouot's instructions from Napoleon mentioned his desire to receive the names of all officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates who would wish to enter into his service. He desired also a deputation of the principal inhabitants to come off to him. About 8 P. M. we anchored at the entrance to the harbor, and soon after the deputation waited upon Napoleon. There had been originally about 3000 troops, but the desertion and the discharge of discontented foreigners had reduced the number to about 700. The island had been in a state of revolt for several weeks, in consequence of which the troops were shut up in the fortifications which surrounded the town of Porto Ferrajo.

During the night an Austrian officer was sent off in one of my boats to Piombino, to invite a renewal of communication and to obtain news, etc. This was done by a letter from the commissioners to the commandant, who, however, politely declined communication with us, at the same time stating that he had written to his superior for his permission to do so.

May 4. Napoleon was on deck at daylight, and talked for two hours with the harbor-master, who had come on board to take charge of the ship as pilot, questioning him minutely about the anchorage, fortifications, etc. At six we weighed anchor, and made sail into the harbor; anchored at half-past six at the Mole Head, hoisted out all the boats, and sent some of the baggage on shore. At eight the Emperor asked me for a boat, as he intended to take a walk on the opposite side of the bay, and requested me to go with him. He wore a great-coat and a round hat. Comte Bertrand, Colonel Campbell, and Colonel Vincent (chief engineer) went with us; Baron Koller declined doing so. When half-way ashore Napoleon remarked that he was without a sword, and soon afterward asked if the peasants of Tuscany were addicted to assassination. We walked for about two hours. The peasants, taking us for Englishmen, cried, "Viva!" which seemed to displease him.

We returned on board to breakfast. He afterward fixed upon a flag for Elba, requesting me to remain while he did so. He had a book with all the ancient and modern flags of Tuscany; he asked my opinion of that which he had chosen. It was a white flag with a red band running diagonally through it, with three bees on the band (the bees were in his arms as emperor of France). He then requested me to allow the ship's tailor to make two, one of them to be hoisted on the batteries at one o'clock. At 2 P. M. the barge was manned; he begged me to show him the way down the side of the vessel, which I did, and was soon followed by the Emperor, Baron Koller, Comte Bertrand, and Comte Clam. The yards being manned, we fired a royal salute, as did two French corvettes which were lying in the harbor at that time. The ship was surrounded by boats with the principal inhabitants and bands of music on board; the air resounded with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur! Vive Napoleon!" On landing, he was received by the prefect, the clergy, and all the authorities, and the keys were presented to him on a plate, upon which he made a complimentary speech to the prefect, the people welcoming him with loud acclamations.

We proceeded to the church through a double file of soldiers, and thence to the hôtel de ville, where the principal inhabitants were assembled, with several of whom he conversed. Remarking an old soldier in the crowd (he was a sergeant, I believe, and wore the order of the Legion of Honor), he called him to him, and recollecting having given him that decoration on the field of battle at Eylau. The old soldier shed tears; the idea of being remembered by his Emperor fairly overcame him. He felt, I doubt not, that it was the proudest day of his life. Napoleon afterward mounted a horse, and, attended by a dozen persons, visited some of the outworks, having, before leaving the ship, invited me to dine with him at seven o'clock. I ordered all my wine and stock to be handed to him for his use, the island being destitute of provisions of that sort.

May 5. At 4 A. M., I was awakened by shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" and by drums beating; Napoleon was already up, and going on foot over the fortifications, magazines, and store-houses. At ten he returned to breakfast, and at two mounted his horse, and I accompanied him two leagues into the country. He examined various country-houses, and gave money to all the poor we met on the road. At seven he returned to dinner. I should remark that, before leaving the *Undaunted*, Napoleon requested that a party of fifty marines might accompany him, and remain on shore; but this he afterward changed to an officer

and two sergeants, one of whom, O'Gorum (one of the bravest and best soldiers I ever met, and to whom the Emperor had taken a great fancy), he selected to sleep on a mattress outside the door of his bedchamber, with his clothes and sword on. A *vale de chambre* slept on another mattress in the same place, and if Napoleon lay down during the day, the sergeant remained in the antechamber.

May 6, at 6 A. M., we crossed the bay in my barge, and found horses waiting for us. We rode to Rion to see the famous iron mountains. We visited several mines, and likewise a temple built by the ancients, and dedicated by them to Jupiter. The road to the latter is highly romantic and beautiful, but is difficult of access, being situated on the summit of a steep and lofty mountain. This obliged us to dismount, and we walked through a thick covert of beautiful trees and shrubs till we arrived at the temple. We saw also a small museum very nicely kept, which contained many fine specimens of the ores of the adjoining mines, two or three of which Napoleon presented to me. He expressed a wish to see the principal mine, and, when everything was prepared, asked Baron Koller, me, and one or two of the party to accompany him. The others politely declined; I, however, accepted his invitation. Two guides with torches accompanied us.

When we arrived at the middle of what appeared to be an immense cavern, the guides suddenly struck the ground with their torches, and all the cave became instantly and splendidly illuminated. At the moment I expected an explosion; Napoleon may have thought so too, but he very coolly took a pinch of snuff, and desired me to follow him.

At Rion the "Te Deum" was chanted, I suppose for the first time, as the officiating priest did not seem to understand his business. In passing through Rion a salute was fired, and Napoleon was received with loud acclamations of "Vive l'Empereur!" The people seemed very anxious to see him; several old women presented petitions, and numbers pressed forward to kiss his hand. At five we embarked in the barge, and crossed the harbor to Porto Ferrajo. At seven we sat down to dinner. He spoke of his intention of taking possession of Pianosa, a small island without inhabitants, about ten miles from Elba. He said "All Europe will say that I have already made a conquest."¹ Already he had plans in agitation for conveying water from the mountains to the city. It appears always to have been considered by him of the first importance to have a supply of good water for the inhabitants of towns, and upon this occasion it was evidently the first thing that occupied his mind, having, almost imme-

diate after arrival, requested me to go with him in the barge in search of water.

One day, exploring for this purpose, he remarked the boats of the *Undaunted* getting water in a small creek; he said he was quite sure that good water was to be found there. I asked him why he thought so. He said: "Depend upon it, sailors know where to find the best. There are no better judges." We landed at this place, as he desired to taste the water. Jack made the rim of his hat into what is called a "cocked hat," and filled it with water. Napoleon was amused at the contrivance, tasted the water, and pronounced it excellent. The channelling of the streets he also thought of the greatest importance, and requested me to allow the carpenter of the ship to go to him (having learned he was a tolerably good engineer), that he might consult him about forcing the sea water by means of pumps to the summit of the hill. I believe he afterward abandoned his sea-water plan, which would have been attended with great expense. He had plans also for a palace and a country-house, and a house for Princess Pauline, stables, a lazaretto, and a quarantine ground. About the latter he asked my opinion.

May 7. Napoleon was employed visiting the town and fortifications. After breakfast he again embarked in the barge, and visited the different storehouses round the harbor. In making excursions into the country he was accompanied by a dozen officers and the captain of the *gendarmerie*; and one of the *fourriers de palais* always went before, and sometimes a party of *gendarmes à pied*.

After taking our places in the barge, some of the party keeping their hats off, he desired them to put them on, remarking, "We are together here as soldiers."² The fishing for the tunny is carried on here by one of the richest inhabitants, who from poverty has amassed a large fortune; he employs a great number of the poor, and has considerable influence. The removal of his stores to a very inferior building, to make way for a stable for the Emperor's horses, is likely to give great offense.

May 8. The *Curacao*, Captain Towers, arrived here with Mr. Locker, secretary to Sir Edward Pellew, commander-in-chief. He requested an audience to present to the Emperor a copy of the treaty of peace. Napoleon received Mr. Locker very graciously, and seemed to read the treaty with deep interest; Baron Koller, Comte Bertrand, Drouot, General Dalheme, Colonel Campbell, Captain Towers, and I were present. Having read and folded it, he returned it to Mr. Locker,

¹ "Toute l'Europe dira que j'ai déjà fait une conquête."

² "Nous sommes ici ensemble en soldats."

expressing his obligations to the commander-in-chief.

May 9. Baron Koller, having demanded an audience, took leave of the Emperor, and embarked in the *Curaçoa* for Genoa. This day I accompanied Napoleon to Longone, where we lunched amid repeated cries of "Vive l'Empereur!"

Longone is a place of considerable strength; the works are regular, the bay is small, but there is a safe anchorage within. Many old people presented petitions, and girls brought flowers, which he accepted with much condescension, talking to all, but particularly to those that were pretty. A young lad fell on his knees before him, either to ask charity or merely as a mark of respect; he turned to Colonel Campbell and said, "Ah! I know the Italians well; it is the education of the monks. One does not see that among the northern people."¹ On proceeding a little farther we met two well-dressed young women, who saluted him with compliments. One of them, the youngest, told him with great ease and gaiety that she had been invited to the ball at Longone two days before, but as the Emperor did not attend it, as was expected, she had remained at home.

Instead of returning by the same road, he turned off by goat-paths, to examine the coast, humming Italian airs, which he does very often, and seemed quite in spirits. He expressed his fondness for music, and remarked that this reminded him of passing Mont St. Bernard, and of a conversation he had had with a young peasant upon that occasion. The man, he said, not knowing who he was, spoke freely of the happiness of those who possessed a good house and a number of cattle, etc. He made him enumerate his greatest wants and desires, and afterward sent for him and gave him all that he had described; "That cost me 60,000 francs."²

May 10. Napoleon rode to the top of the highest hill above Porto Ferrajo, whence we could perceive the sea from four different points, and apparently not an English mile in a straight line in any direction from the spot where we stood. After surveying it for some time, he turned round and laughed, "Eh, my isle is very small."³ On the top of this hill is a small chapel, and a house where a hermit had resided until his death. Some one remarked that it would require more than common devotion to induce persons to attend service there. "Yes, yes; the priest can say as much nonsense as he wishes."⁴

¹ "Ah! je connais bien les Italiens; c'est education des moines. On ne voit pas cela parmi le peuple du nord."

² "Cela m'a couté 60,000 francs."

³ "Eh, mon île est bien petite."

On the evening of the ninth, after his return from Longone, he entered upon the subject of the armies and their operations at the close of the last campaign, and continued it for half an hour, until he rose from table. After passing into the presence-chamber, the conversation again turned on the campaign, his own policy, the Bourbons, etc., and he continued talking with great animation till midnight, remaining on his legs for three hours. He described the operations against the allies as always in his favor while the numbers were in any sort of proportion; that in one affair against the Prussians, who were infinitely the best, he had only 700 infantry *en tirailleurs*, with 2000 cavalry and three battalions of his guards in reserve, against double their number. The instant these old soldiers showed themselves, the affair was decided.

He praised General Blücher: "The old devil has always attacked me with the same vigor; if he was beaten, an instant afterward he was ready again for the combat."⁵ He then described his last march from Arcis to Brienne; said that he knew Schwarzenberg would not stand to fight him, and that he hoped to destroy half his army. Upon his retreat, he had already taken an immense quantity of baggage and guns. When it was reported to him that the enemy had crossed the Aube to Vitry, he was induced to halt; he would not, however, credit it till General Gérard assured him that he saw 20,000 infantry. He was overjoyed at this assurance, and immediately returned to St. Dizier, where he attacked Wintzingerode's cavalry, which he considered the advanced-guard of Schwarzenberg's army; drove them before him a whole day, like sheep, at full gallop, took 1500 or 2000 prisoners, and some light pieces of artillery, but, to his surprise, did not see any army, and again halted. His best information led him to believe that they had returned to Troyes. Accordingly he marched in that direction, and then ascertained, after a loss of three days, that the armies of Schwarzenberg and Blücher had marched upon Paris. He then ordered forced marches, and went forward himself (with his suite and carriages) on horseback night and day. Never were he and his friends more gay and confident. He knew, he said, all the workmen of Paris would fight for him. What could the allies do with such a force? The national guards had only to barricade the streets with casks, and it would be impossible for the enemy to advance before he arrived to their assistance. At 8 A. M., a few

⁴ "Oui, oui; le prêtre peut dire autant des bêtises qu'il veut."

⁵ "Le vieux diable m'a toujours attaqué avec la même vigueur; s'il était battu, un instant après il se recontrait prêt pour le combat."

leagues from Paris, he met a column of stragglers, who stared at him, and he at them. "What does this mean?"¹ he demanded. They stopped and seemed stupefied: "What! it is the Emperor!"² They informed him that they had retreated through Paris; he was still confident of success. His army burned with desire to attack the enemy and to drive them out of the capital. He knew very well what Schwarzenberg would risk, and the composition of the allied army compared with his own; that Schwarzenberg never would hazard a general battle with Paris in his rear, but would take a defensive position on the other side. He himself would have engaged the enemy at various points for two or three hours, then have marched with his 30 battalions of guards and 80 pieces of cannon, himself at the head, upon one part of their force. Nothing could have withstood that; and although his inferiority of numbers would not have enabled him to hope for a complete victory, yet he should have succeeded in killing a great number of the enemy and in forcing them to abandon Paris and its neighborhood. What he would afterward have done must have depended on various circumstances. Who could have supposed that the senate would have dishonored themselves by assembling under the force of 20,000 foreign bayonets (a timidity unexampled in history), and that a man who owed everything to him—who had been his aide-de-camp, and attached to him for twenty years—would have betrayed him! Still, it was only a fraction which ruled Paris under the influence of the enemy's force; the rest of the nation was for him. The army would, almost to a man, have continued to fight for him, but with so great an inferiority in point of numbers that it would have been certain destruction to many of his friends and a war for years. He preferred, therefore, to sacrifice his own rights.

It was not for the sake of a crown that he had continued the war; it was for the glory of France, and not for the sake of plans which he saw no prospect of realizing. He had wished to make France the first nation in the world; now it was at an end. "I have abdicated; at present I am a dead man!"³ He repeated the latter phrase several times. In remarking on his confidence in his own troops and the Old Guard, and on the want of union among the allies, he referred to Colonel Campbell to say candidly if it were not so. Colonel Campbell told him it was; that he had never seen any

considerable portion of the French army, but every one spoke of the Emperor and his Old Guard as if there was something more than human about them. Napoleon said that the inferiority which he conceived of Schwarzenberg's army was justly founded—it had no confidence in itself or in its allies; each party thought he did too much, and his allies too little, and that they were half-beaten before they closed with the French. He sneered at Marmont's anxiety for his life: "Was there ever anything so artless as that capitulation?"⁴ Marmont wished to protect his person, but deserted, leaving him and the whole of his comrades open to the surprise of the enemy; for it was his corps which covered the whole front. The night previous Marmont said to him, "I answer for my corps d'armée."⁵ So he might. The officers and soldiers were enraged when they found what had been done—8000 infantry, 3000 cavalry, and 60 pieces of cannon. "Voilà l'histoire!" He animadverted on Marmont's conduct before Paris, saying, "Whoever heard of such a thing—two hundred pieces of artillery in the Champs de Mars and only sixty on the heights of Montmartre!" General Dalheme asked if he had not fought with vigor.

This was nearly all that passed at that time. After accompanying him into another room, he resumed the conversation, enlarging upon the general state of his army and the policy of France. He seemed to repent his abdication, and said that had he known that it was owing only to the treachery of Augereau that his army fell back behind Lyons, he would have united his own to it even after Marmont's capitulation. He animadverted strongly upon the conduct of Augereau, yet he met him with all the kindness of a friend. The first idea of his defection struck him after separating from him on the road between Valence and Lyons. The spirit of the troops was such that he durst not remain among them, for on his arrival many old soldiers and officers came up to him weeping, and said they had been betrayed by Augereau, and requested Napoleon to put himself at their head. He had an army of 30,000 fine men, many of them from the army of Spain, which ought to have kept its ground against the Austrians. He again spoke of Marmont's defection, saying that it was reported to him in the morning, but that he did not believe it; that he rode out and met Berthier, who confirmed it from an undoubted source. He referred to the armistice between Lord Castlereagh and Talleyrand, saying that he thought the allies were pursuing a bad policy with regard to France by reducing her so much, for it would wound the pride of every man there. They might have left her much more power without any risk of seeing

1 "Qu'est-ce que c'est que cela?"

2 "Quoi! c'est l'Empereur!"

3 "J'ai abdiqué; à présent je suis un homme mort!"

4 "Fut-il jamais rien si naïf que cette capitulation?"

5 "Pour mon corps d'armée j'en réponds."

her again on an equality with several other powers.

France had no longer any fleet or colonies; a peace would not restore ships or San Domingo. Poland no longer existed, nor Venice; these went to aggrandize Russia and Austria. Spain, which is the natural enemy of Great Britain, more so than of France, was incapable of doing anything as an ally. If to these sacrifices were added that of a disadvantageous treaty of commerce with Great Britain, the people of France would not remain tranquil under it, "not even six months after the foreign powers have quitted Paris."¹ He then remarked that a month had already elapsed, and the King of France had not yet come over to the people who had placed him on the throne. He said England now would do as she pleased; the other powers were nothing in comparison. "For twenty years at least no power can make war against England, and she will do as she wishes."² Holland would be entirely subservient to her. The armistice gave no information as to the ships at Antwerp or in the Texel. "The brave Verhuel continues to defend himself."³ (This admiral commanded the ships at Antwerp.) He then enumerated the ships he had in each of the ports, saying that in three or four years he would have had three hundred sail of the line—"What a difference for France!"⁴ with many other remarks in the same strain.

Colonel Campbell remarked, "But we do not know why your Majesty wishes to annihilate us." He laughed and replied, "If I had been minister of England, I would have tried to make her the greatest power in the world."⁵ Napoleon frequently spoke of the invasion of England; that he never intended to attempt it without a superiority of fleet to protect the flotilla. This superiority would have been attained for a few days by leading ours out to the West Indies, and suddenly returning. If the French fleet arrived in the Channel three or four days before ours, it would be sufficient. The flotilla would immediately push out, accompanied by the fleet, and the landing might take place on any part of the coast, as he would march direct to London. He preferred the coast of Kent, but that must have depended on wind and weather; he would have placed himself at the disposal of naval officers and pilots, to land the troops wherever they thought they could do so with the greatest security and in the least time. He had 1,000,000 men, and each of the flotilla had boats to land them; artillery and cavalry would soon have followed,

and the whole could have reached London in three days. He armed the flotilla merely to lead us to suppose that he intended it to fight its way across the Channel; it was only to deceive us. It was observed that we expected to be treated with great severity in case of his succeeding, and he was asked what he would have done had he arrived in London. He said it was a difficult question to answer; for a people with spirit and energy, like the English, was not to be subdued even by taking the capital. He would certainly have separated Ireland from Great Britain, and the occupying of the capital would have been a death-blow to our funds, credit, and commerce. He asked me to say frankly whether we were not alarmed at his preparation for invading England.

He entered into a long conversation with Comte Drouot, who was with Admiral Villeneuve in the action with Sir Robert Calder, and said that Villeneuve was not wanting either in zeal or talents, but was impressed with a great idea of the British navy. After the action, he was entreated by all the officers to pursue the British squadron and to renew the action. Napoleon said that about the end of the campaign of 1804, before England had seized the Spanish galleons, and before he had obtained from Spain an entire and frank coöperation, having then no auxiliary but the Dutch, he wished to run the Toulon fleet through the Straits, unite it to six sail of the line at Rochefort, and to the Brest fleet, which consisted of twenty-three sail of the line, and with this combined force to appear before Boulogne, there to be joined by the Dutch fleet, thus securing the passage and landing of his troops. He said he was diverted from his intentions by the Austrians.

At the death of Admiral De la Touche-Tréville, one of his ablest admirals, Villeneuve was appointed commander-in-chief at Toulon, and hoisted his flag on the *Bucentaure*. His squadron consisted of four 80-gun ships, eight 74-gun ships, six frigates, and 7000 troops. On March 30, 1805, Admiral Villeneuve sailed from Toulon, and on April 7 was before Cartagena, waiting a reinforcement of six Spanish sail of the line. These ships not being ready, he pursued his course about the middle of April, appeared before Gibraltar, and chased Sir John Orde, who, with five sail of the line, was before Cadiz.

Admiral Villeneuve was joined by a seventy-four and two corvettes, and by Admiral Gravina with six sail of the line and 2000 troops,

¹ "Pas même six mois après que les puissances étrangères quittèrent Paris."

² "Pour vingt années au moins aucune puissance ne peut faire guerre contre l'Angleterre, et elle fera ce qu'elle veut."

³ "Le brave Verhuel se défend toujours."

⁴ "Quelle différence pour la France."

⁵ "Si j'avais été ministre d'Angleterre, j'aurais tâché d'en faire la plus grande puissance du monde."

making eighteen sail of the line in all. May 9, Villeneuve opened his sealed orders, and gave Admiral Gravina his instructions, which were to separate with his squadron, reinforce the garrison of Porto Rico and Havana, and rejoin him at a prescribed rendezvous. Villeneuve anchored at Martinique on May 14, and heard that Admiral Missiessy had just left the West Indies. Missiessy sailed from Rochefort June 11, his squadron consisting of six sail of the line, three frigates, and 3000 troops, his flag-ship being the *Majestueux*.

Napoleon said he was visiting the fortresses on the Rhine when he wrote the orders for these expeditions — the first to reinforce Martinique and Guadalupe, and to take Dominica and St. Lucia; the second to take Surinam and its dependencies, and to strengthen San Domingo; the third to St. Helena. It was before he quitted Milan to visit the departments of the East that he learned of the return of the Rochefort squadron. He blamed the precipitation with which Dominica had been abandoned. He saw in this fortunate cruise the advantage he had gained; he felicitated himself in having concealed the secret of the destination of Villeneuve; still, he was uneasy about Nelson. In his despatch written at the moment of his departure from Milan he said: "It is uncertain what Nelson intends doing. It is very possible that the English, having sent a strong squadron to the East Indies, have ordered Nelson to America. I am, however, of the opinion that he is still in Europe; the most natural supposition is that he has returned to England to refit, and to turn his men over to other vessels, as some of his ships need docking." He impressed on the mind of the Minister of Marine the importance he attached to Villeneuve's having the means of victualing the fleet at Ferrol. He said, with respect to the Rochefort squadron, that the English would no doubt send a squadron after them. "One must not calculate upon what it is the duty of the admiralty to do, with 100,000 men at Boulogne, seven sail of the line in the Texel, with an army of 30,000 men and a fleet of twenty-two sail of the line at Brest. It may happen that Villeneuve will return suddenly; but he might also direct his course to India or to Jamaica. What responsibility, then, weighs on the heads of the ministry if they allow months to pass without sending a force to protect the colonies! It is scarcely probable that England can at any time assemble sixty-five sail of the line. Word must be sent to Villeneuve the moment he arrives at Ferrol, as nothing gives greater courage and clears the ideas so well as knowing the position of the enemy."

"It is true that the English have 111 sail of the line, of which three are guard-ships, and sixteen prison-ships and hospitals. There remain, then,

ninety-two, out of which twenty are undergoing repairs (that is, not ready for sea); there remain seventy-two, the disposition of which is, probably, eight or ten in India, three or four at Jamaica, three or four at Barbadoes, making fourteen or eighteen, leaving fifty-four or fifty-eight with which it is necessary to blockade Cadiz, Ferrol, and Brest, and to follow Villeneuve and Missiessy. The following is the state of our force: Twenty-two at Brest, fifteen at Cadiz, twelve at Ferrol, twenty with Villeneuve, one at Lorient, five with Missiessy — total seventy-five. The fifteen at Cadiz occupy only five English; deduct ten from seventy-five, there remain sixty-five which could be united. It is scarcely possible that the English at any time can assemble sixty-five."

Villeneuve, having sailed to the West Indies, was pursued by Nelson. He left the anchorage at Martinique on May 21, captured a convoy off Barbadoes, and another off the Azores, fell in with and captured a privateer, with a rich prize, a galleon. He was afterward reinforced by Admiral Magon de Clos-Doré, with two sail of the line, and received from him instructions to proceed to Ferrol, where he could be reinforced by five sail of the line under the command of Rear-Admiral Gourdon, and six sail of the line (Spaniards, under the command of Grandelina), and a third squadron under the command of Rear-Admiral Lallemand, consisting of five sail of the line (formerly under the command of Missiessy). It was with this fleet of about forty sail of the line that Villeneuve, driving away Admiral Cornwallis from Brest, would necessarily open the passage for Admiral Gauthaeume, who had twenty-two sail of the line, and form at the entrance to the Channel sixty-two sail of the line, six 3-deckers, nine 80-gun ships, and forty-seven seventy-fours, for the purpose of covering the 2283 transports of which the flotilla consisted. Such was Napoleon's plan, the execution of which was defeated by Villeneuve, who after the action with Sir Robert Calder, went into Vigo, landed his wounded, and, leaving three sail of the line there, ran into Corunna, where he was reinforced by six sail of the line (French), and ten sail of the line (Spanish), making thirty-one sail of the line.

Napoleon was at Boulogne at that time, and learned from England the situations of the different squadrons. He ordered Gauthaeume to anchor at Brest, and to be ready to join Villeneuve with the twenty-two sail of the line, three of them 3-deckers. August 21 Gauthaeume anchored in the bay. August 10, the wind being easterly, Villeneuve, having been reinforced by the French and Spanish squadrons under Gourdon, Gravina, and Grandelina, anchored in the bay of Anas, near Ferrol, and put to sea. The 13th, nothing being then in sight,

he first steered northwest, suddenly changed his course to the south, out of sight of land, cruised four days off St. Vincent, and entered Cadiz the 21st, the very day that he was expected at Brest. Lord Collingwood was before Cadiz with four sail of the line; was surprised, and narrowly escaped.

While this was going on, Admiral Lallemand, with four sail of the line, was cruising in the Bay of Biscay. His orders were to cruise to a certain period, then to wait in a particular latitude for orders, and, if none reached him, to proceed to Vigo, the 13th, in order to reinforce Villeneuve. He executed his orders punctually, and anchored on the 16th, two days after Villeneuve had sailed, who, although he expected this reinforcement, had left no orders for Lallemand, compromising by this extraordinary conduct the safety of the squadron. Lallemand, finding no orders, put to sea again, and cruised till December 24. He took a 50-gun ship, a sloop of war, and anchored at Rochefort the 24th of December. Napoleon was at Boulogne when he learned from England the certainty of Villeneuve's arrival at Cadiz. He was furious, saying, "It is treason."

Villeneuve, before leaving Ferrol, said that he was going to Brest, and even wrote to Lallemand, who was to meet him at Vigo. Notwithstanding that he expected this squadron at Vigo, he passed the harbor without sending in. Napoleon ordered the Minister of Marine to make a report of these proceedings.

May 26. Napoleon had been so long expecting his troops, baggage, horses, etc., that he began at length to show signs of impatience, and to suspect the good faith of the French government; but when I informed him that our transports were engaged, and might shortly be expected at Elba, he seemed satisfied, complimented us on our generosity, and added that had he known that our ships were to bring his troops, he should not have had a moment's uneasiness. I dined with Napoleon the following day. While at table a servant announced one of my officers, who wished to see me. It was an officer whom I had stationed at a signal fort that I had established on a commanding height. He reported seven sail in the northwest quarter, standing toward the island. I had no doubt from the number of vessels, and the course that they were taking, that they were the long-expected transports.

Napoleon almost immediately rose from the table, and I accompanied him to his garden, which with his house occupies the highest part of the works, and has a commanding view of the sea toward Italy and the coast of France. Full of anxiety, he stopped at the end of every turn, and looked eagerly for

the vessels. We walked till it was quite dark; he was very communicative, and his conversation highly interesting. It was now near midnight. I told him that with a good night-glass I should be able to see them; for with the breeze they had they could not be very far from the island. He brought me a very fine night-glass, made by Donaldson, which enabled me to see the vessels distinctly. They were lying to. He was much pleased, and in the highest spirits wished me good night.

At four in the morning he was out again giving orders. I was awakened by the beating of drums and cries of "Vive l'Empereur." He ordered the harbor-master and pilots out to the transports, made arrangements for the comfort of his troops, and provided stables for one hundred horses. At about seven o'clock the troops were landed, and paraded before Napoleon, who addressed every officer and private. They appeared delighted at seeing their Emperor again. Among the officers were several Poles, remarkably fine young men. At eight o'clock I ordered half the crew of the *Undaunted* to be sent on board the transports, and by four o'clock the whole of the baggage, carriages, horses, etc., was landed, and the transports were ready for sea. During the entire operation Napoleon remained on the quay under an excessively hot sun.

When I informed him that everything was landed, and that the transports were ready for sea, he expressed surprise, and said, pointing to some Italian sailors, "Those fellows would have been eight days doing what your men have done in so many hours; besides, they would have broken my horses' legs, not one of which has received a scratch." General Cambronne, who came in command of the troops, remained in conversation with Napoleon the whole time. At four the Emperor mounted his horse and rode into the country, and returned to dinner at seven. At half-past seven he rose from the table, and I accompanied him to his garden, where we walked till half-past eleven. It was during this conversation that I told him it was generally thought in England that he intended to rebuild Jerusalem, and that which gave rise to the supposition was his convoking of the sanhedrim of the Jews at Paris. He laughed, and said the sanhedrim was convoked for other purposes; it collected Jews who came from all parts of Europe, but particularly from Poland, and from them he obtained information of the state of Poland. He added that they gave him much useful information, that they were well informed as to the real state of the country on every point, and possessed all the information he wanted, and which he was able to turn to account, and found to be perfectly correct. Great numbers came to

Paris on that occasion, among them several Jews from England.

In talking of his marshals, he seemed to regret that he had not allowed some of them to retire. He said they wanted retirement. He ought to have promoted a batch of young men, who would have been attached to him, like Masséna. He considered Gouvion St. Cyr one of his best soldiers. He said Ney was a man who lived on fire, that he would go into the cannon's mouth for him if he were ordered; but he was not a man of talent or education. Marmont was a good soldier, but a weak man. Soult was a talented and good soldier. Bernadotte, he said, had behaved ill on one occasion, and should have been tried by a court-martial; he did not interfere or influence in any way his election by the Swedes. He had a high opinion of Junot, who stood at his side while he was writing a despatch on a drum-head, on the field of battle, during which time a shot passed, tearing up the earth about them. Junot remarked that it was very apropos, as he needed sand to dry his ink.

The following morning I requested an interview before taking leave, on my sailing from Elba to join the commander-in-chief at Genoa. He was alone at the time. He seemed affected, and requested me to prolong my stay at Elba, and asked me if the wind was fair for Genoa. He said, "You are the first Englishman I have been acquainted with," and spoke in a flattering manner of England. He said he felt under great obligations to Sir Edward Pellew, and requested that I would assure him of his gratitude for the attentions shown him; that he hoped, when the war with America was terminated, I would pay him a visit. I told him I had that morning breakfasted with the Comte de Montcabri on board the frigate *Dryade*; that he informed me that the Prince of Essling had had a dispute with Sir Edward Pellew, and that the French government had, in consequence, some intention of removing him from the command at Toulon. He remarked that he was one of his best marshals, a man of superior talent; but that his health was bad in consequence of bursting a blood-vessel. I

1 "Adieu, Capitaine, comptez sur moi. Adieu!"

said it was understood that he was so much displeased with the conduct of the Prince of Essling in the Peninsula that he had ordered him to Barèges. He replied that I was greatly mistaken, that at the time referred to the Prince's health was very delicate, and his physicians recommended him to go to Nice, the place of his birth, and that after his recovery he was given the command of Toulon, which was just then vacant. I requested the Emperor to allow me to present Lieutenant Bailey, the agent of transports, who had been appointed to embark his guards, etc., at Savona. He thanked Lieutenant Bailey for the attention paid to his troops, and for the care which had been taken of his horses, and remarked how extraordinary it was that no accident had happened to them (there were ninety-three) either in the embarkation or disembarkation, and complimented him highly on his skill and attention, adding that our sailors exceeded even the opinion he had long since formed of them.

During this conversation Napoleon gave a remarkable proof of his retentive memory, and of his information on subjects connected with naval matters. Lieutenant Bailey informed him that after the guards had embarked, a violent gale of wind arose, with a heavy sea, which at one time threatened the destruction of the transports, and that he considered Savona a dangerous anchorage. Napoleon remarked that if he had gone to a small bay (I think it was Vado) near Savona, he might have lain there in perfect safety. He requested me to inform the commander-in-chief how much he was satisfied with Lieutenant Bailey's kind and skilful conduct. He then thanked me for my attention to himself, and, embracing me *à la Française*, said, "Adieu, Captain! rely on me. Adieu!"¹ He seemed much affected.

In closing this, I may say that I have endeavored throughout to execute faithfully and zealously the somewhat difficult mission with which I have been charged, but at the same time with that deference and respect for the feelings of Napoleon which have appeared to me no less due to his misfortunes than to his exalted station and splendid talents.

THOMAS USSHER, *Captain R. N.*



LIST OF PERSONS ACCOMPANYING THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON TO THE ISLAND OF ELBA.

General Koller	Austrian Envoys.	M. Sotain	Master of the Ceremonies.
Comte Clam		M. Purron	Officer of the Ceremonies.
Colonel Campbell	English Envoy.	M. Rousset	Chief Cook.
Comte Bertrand	Grand Marshal of the Palace.	M. Lafosse	Chief Baker.
Comte Druot	General of Division and A. D. C. to the Emperor.	M. Gaillard	
Baron Germanowki	Major of the L. H. Guards.	M. Archambault	
Chevalier Foureau	First Physician to the Emperor.	M. Poillett	Valets.
Chevalier Baillon	Groom of the Bedchamber.	M. Berthault	
Chevalier Deschamps		M. Villenaïne	
Chevalier Pérusse	Treasurer.	Dennis	Keeper of the Wardrobe.
M. Gatte	Apothecary.	Gandron	
M. Callin	Comptroller to the Household.	Mathiers	Domestics.
M. Rothery	Secretary to the Grand Marshal.	Rousseau	
M. Gueval	Clerk to the Comptroller.	Armaudrau	Rider.
M. Pelard		Noverve	Body-servant.
M. Hubert	Valets de Chambre.	Besson	Grooms of the State.
		Renaud	
		Chauvin	
		Sentini	Couriers.

NOTE. When Colonel Campbell arrived at Marseilles on April 25, he informed me that, having been appointed by Lord Castlereagh to accompany Napoleon to Elba, he arrived at Fontainebleau on the 16th, at nine o'clock in the morning. He met there Comte Bertrand, who expressed the Emperor's anxiety to proceed to his destination, and his wish to change the place of embarkation from St. Tropez to Piombino, as there could be no certainty of his being received by the commandant of Elba, and by going to Piombino that would be previously ascertained. If refused, he might be driven off the island by tempest while waiting permission to land. He expressed the hope that Colonel Campbell would remain at Elba until his affairs were settled; otherwise an Algerine corsair might land and do what he pleased. He seemed much satisfied when Colonel Campbell told him that he had Lord Castlereagh's instructions to remain there for some time, if necessary for the security of Napoleon. After breakfast Comte Flahaut informed the commissioners that the Emperor would see them after he had attended mass. The commissioners were introduced in the following order: Russian guard, Prince Schoovalof, who remained five minutes; Austrian general, Baron Koller, the same time; Comte Truxo, Colonel Campbell, quarter of an hour. Napoleon asked Campbell about his wounds and service, where his family resided, and seemed very affable. Colonel Campbell received from Paris a copy of the order from General Dupont, Minister of War, to the commandant at Elba, to give up the island to Napoleon, taking away the guns, stores, etc. This displeased Napoleon exceedingly; he had a conversation with General Koller on the subject, and requested him to send his aide-de-camp with a note relating to it to Paris, wishing to know how he was to protect himself against any corsair, and saying that

if this conduct was continued he would go to England. A note was presented to the commissioners by Comte Bertrand, who added verbally that the Emperor would not disembark unless the guns were left for security and defense.

April 20. The horses were ordered at 9 A. M. The Emperor desired to see General Koller. He spoke warmly against the separation from his wife and child, also of the order for withdrawing the guns from Elba, saying he had nothing to do with the provisional government; his treaty was with the allied sovereigns, and to them he looked for every act. He was not yet destitute of means to continue the war, but it was not his wish to do so. General Koller endeavored to persuade him that the treaty would be fulfilled with honor. He then sent for Colonel Campbell, and began a conversation similar to the one on the 16th, speaking of service, wounds, etc., the system and discipline of the British army, necessity of corporal punishment, though he thought it should seldom be applied. He was much satisfied at Lord Castlereagh's placing a British man-of-war at his disposal, if he wished it, for convoy or passage, and complimented the nation. He then said he was ready. The Duke of Bassano, General Belliard, Arnano, and four or five others (his aides-de-camp), with about twenty other officers, were in the ante-chamber. On entering the first room there were only General Belliard and Arnano, an aide-de-camp suddenly shut the door, so it is presumed he was taking a particular leave of them; the door then opened, and the aide-de-camp called out, "The Emperor." He passed with a salute and smile, descended into the court, addressed his guards, embraced General Petit and the colors, entered his carriage, and drove off.

April 21. Slept at Brienne in a large hotel, a good supper being provided. The Emperor supped with General Bertrand.

April 22. Slept at Nevers. Cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" In the morning he sent for Colonel Campbell. The table was laid; so he desired the servant to lay another cover, and invited the colonel to stay and breakfast. General Bertrand also joined them. Napoleon asked Colonel Campbell who commanded in the Mediterranean. He said he did not know for certain, but believed Sir Sidney Smith was one of the admirals. When Comte Bertrand sat down, he said, laughing: "Que pensez-vous, Sidney Smith amiral dans la Méditerranée?"¹ He then related Smith's having thrown several thousand shot from his ships on them without killing a man (this was at Acre). It was his great source, for he paid much for every shot brought in by the men. "Il m'envoya des parlementaires comme un second Marlborough."²

April 23. Before the journey this morning, he requested Colonel Campbell to go on, in order to expedite the British man-of-war, and also to write to Admiral Emeriau at Toulon to expedite the French corvette. He sent off to Auxerre to order his heavy baggage, with

the escort of 600 guards and horses, to go by land to Piombino; but if that was objected to, to go by Lyons, and to drop down the Rhone. Colonel Campbell proceeded on by Lyons and Aix, when he learned that I was at anchor in the bay of Marseilles, where he arrived the evening of the 25th. The morning of the 26th the commissioners communicated to Comte Bertrand the facilities which had been obtained in regard to the several difficulties presented respecting a director of posts for the horses, and a British man-of-war for convoy or conveyance, and a copy of the order given by General Dupont.

After the formation of the provisional government, a person was asked by Napoleon what he thought of his situation, and whether he thought there were any measures to be taken. He replied in the negative. Napoleon asked what he would do in a similar situation; his questioner said he would blow out his brains. The Emperor reflected a moment. "Oui, je puis faire cela, mais ceux qui me veulent du bien ne pourraient pas en profiter, et ceux qui me veulent du mal, cela leur ferait plaisir."³

Thomas Ussher, R. N.

1 "What do you think, Sidney Smith admiral in the Mediterranean?"

2 "He sent me parlementaires like a second Marlborough." ("Parlementaire" means "the bearer of a flag of truce.")

3 "Yes, I can do that, but those who wish me well could not profit by it, and those who wish me harm would be pleased."

JAMAICA.

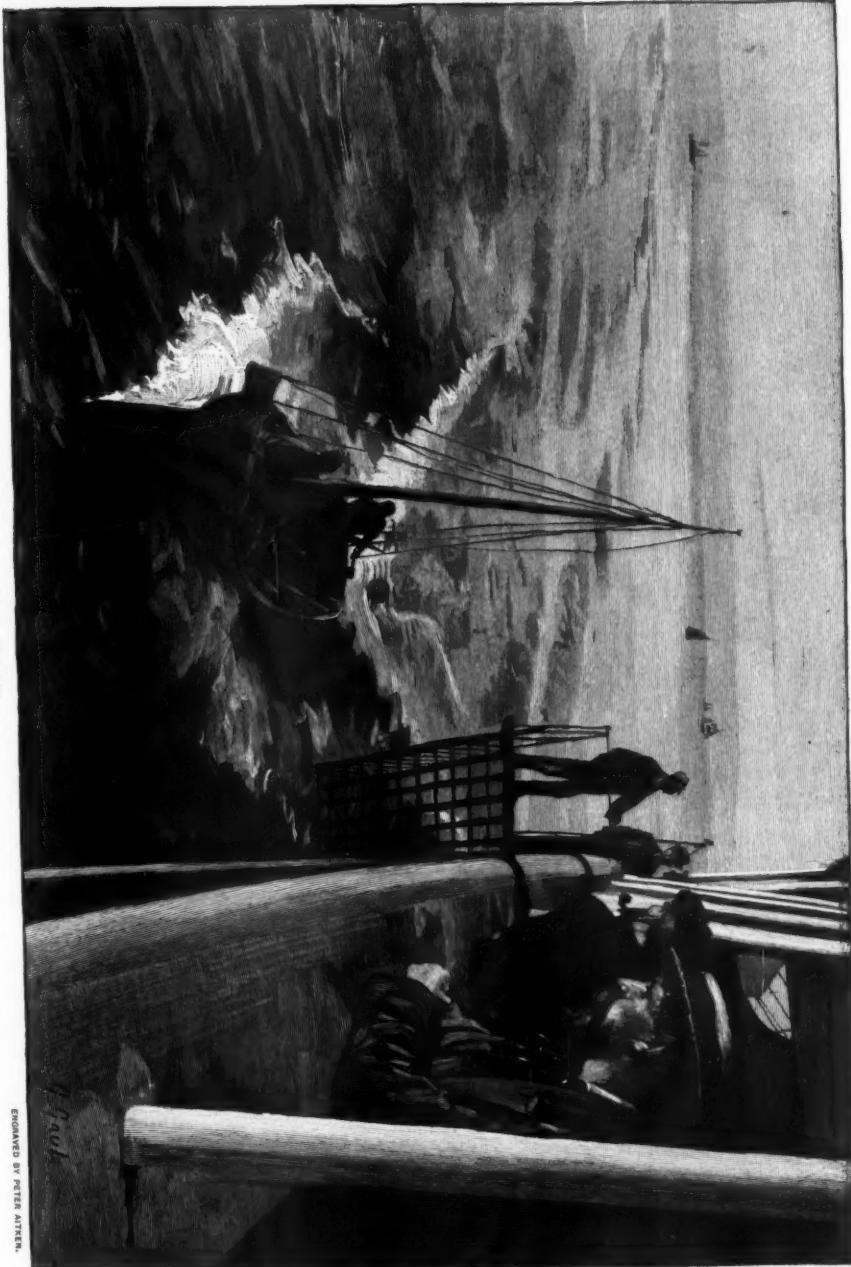
WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.



E were bound for the tropics. No more overcoats, no more cold. We had been told that in three days' sail from New York we would be on deck in summer clothing. Could it be true? Then we were on the deck of the steamer *Aquan*, fruitier and freighter, at one of the Brooklyn wharves, the wind howling through the rigging, battling the boards on the side of the wharf building, reddening our noses, and obliging us to stamp up and down to keep alive. There was no steam turned on in the cabin, and it was as cold below as it was on deck. Every one was disconsolate. We turned on our heels to find, if possible, a warm place up by the boilers. It was of no use. We went between decks, and found a dark gangway where we walked up and down. At least we were out of the biting wind there, but the darkness was very oppressive, and the odors were not wholesome; so, after a time, we went on deck, and found all excitement. They were casting off the lines, men were hurrying

here and there, officers were shouting, bells ringing, whistles blowing, and we thought we heard the propeller beginning to turn. It was so; we were off. Slowly we passed the end of the pier, and glided out into the open water, by the Battery, and by the forts on the island. The captain quietly remarked that we had better go and eat a good dinner while we were able.

At the table we found about thirty fellow-passengers, but only three ladies among them. That middle-aged gentleman, Major —, was an American consul. He had been home to recover his health, and was going back now in good trim to try it again. Beside him was Mr. G —, second in charge of the works of the Nicaragua Canal Company. Yonder gentleman on the right was a miner from California, who was going down to see what there was in that gold-mining hurrah in Central America. That young man with the prominent nose and retreating forehead was known as Captain M —. He was not a captain, though,—only a salesman of cash-registers,—but was called captain as a mark of esteem, because he was



THE PILOT.

ENGRAVED BY PETER ATKINS.

able to advise the captain as to the vessel's management when required, and was always ready and willing to do so. We felt very fortunate in having him on board, and no uneasiness as to the successful termination of the voyage; but little did we know how fortunate we were. Only the next trip the fine little steamer ran on a coral reef, and became a wreck. The Warner Miller party were on board, and every one knows the particulars of the affair. Had they been as fortunate as we in having the Captain, the accident might not have occurred.

At that table was my room-mate. He was going to attend to the putting together of some cars at Kingston for the manufacturers. The cars were on the deck, and made the vessel, as some of the old travelers thought, a little too top-heavy to be comfortable; and they were right, as was afterward proved. That stout gentleman was going to inspect his cocoanut-walks in the Southern seas, and expected to be met by one of his schooners at Jamaica.

The meal served was really a good one; and in spite of the fact that the vessel was beginning to roll pretty heavily, we finished our meal, and retired to the smoking-room for our after-dinner cigarettes.

The cabins were by this time comfortably warmed. Dinner, coffee, and cigars had done the work well, and every one was at peace with all the world, and began to take a little interest in his neighbor. A general conversation soon sprang up, and the ice of a first meeting was broken.

Soon, however, all but the old salts retired, one at a time, as the ever-increasing motion began to tell. Some we did not see again until we reached Jamaica. A bull-pup, going out to the Padanca River with his master, rolled off the seat on which he had been sleeping, and after one or two more attempts finally took to the floor for good, but looking as though he did not understand it.

Every one's attention was fixed on the vessel's gallant fight against the storm and on the keeping of his seat. The cuspidores and the pup had a lively time keeping out of one another's way. In spite of the fact that we were in pretty rough water, the little steamer never groaned or creaked once, and gained the admiration of every one. The captain remained on the bridge, and we trustfully talked, smoked, and thought of the

Shrieking of the mindless wind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet,

until some one reminded us that it was New Year's eve and near twelve. Liquid refreshment and crackers and cheese were ordered,

that we might celebrate the event, after which we retired to our bunks, only to find that it was impossible to sleep. No sooner would one drop off into a doze than a lurch of the ship would wake him with a start, and in a dazed condition he would grab wildly about him, knock his head against the slats of the upper berth, and do any number of foolish things, until, recovering himself,—if he did before finding himself on the floor,—he would take hold of the side of the berth and brace himself, only to go through the same experience again. A steamer trunk, some bottles, two pairs of shoes, brushes, hand-bags, clothing, and other things were having a romp on the floor.

In counting the revolutions of the wheel, and in watching the clothing that hung on the hooks swing backward and forward, the time passed slowly; but it did pass, and at last the gong sounded. After dressing, I took my place at the table, but nothing seemed to be to my taste. I was not in need of breakfast, I concluded. So, taking a cup of coffee, I made my way on deck, and found the captain, the major, and the doctor standing in the cabin doorway. The next minute the major and the doctor were in the scuppers together, wallowing in a foot of water, which soon ran away, and left them stranded. We pulled them back into the doorway, where they braced themselves. I did not laugh at them because I did not feel like laughing, and my coffee did not seem to taste just right; besides, I did not know how soon my turn would come. The major was the only man among the passengers able to eat his breakfast that morning, and was entitled to our respect for that reason.

The worst of the storm was over, the captain said; still, we were rolling guards under, and every wave looked like a mountain as one looked up to it from the trough of the sea.

But the captain was right. About ten o'clock the rain ceased, and all who could went on deck, and found a resting-place on the fore-hatch. The lookout was clothed in oilskins, and was standing in the lee of one of the deck-houses, dancing first on one foot and then on the other, as he kept turning, the better to see the whole extent of the horizon forward; but I noticed at the time that he looked at us frequently. I think we had been sitting there some fifteen minutes when a deluge of spray came over the boat, drenching us all, and causing us to make a very undignified retreat. By the twinkle in the eye of that man I knew that he had been expecting this to happen.

Yes; they were right about our soon having to discard overcoats and put on summer clothing. Of course we knew it would be so, but it did seem impossible. They might have said, as was the case, that we would find it so un-

bearably hot in our cabins that we would spend considerable of the night on deck, dressed only in our pajamas.

We sighted land several times, sometimes only banks of sand, and at other times long stretches, bright and white, in a sea of the deepest blue, with a few palms back from the shore, and possibly a lighthouse, but we saw no land of importance. The change in color of the ocean is very noticeable as you go south; it becomes bluer and bluer, until it is intense. Schools of flying-fish were constantly rising from the water, and I was surprised at the length of their flight—

mentally, so to speak. It was about here that the miner gave us an opportunity to have a laugh at his cabin-mate, who took it good-naturedly, I must admit, and laughed as much as any one. Some one had remarked in the smoking-room that there were a good many rats on the vessel, and that night the miner was awakened by his room-mate, who told him that he thought it was true that the vessel was overrun with rats, for the cabin was full of them. He said they had kept him awake for a long time. "See!" he exclaimed; "there goes one now!"



ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

sometimes two hundred yards, to make a very safe estimate, distances over water being so difficult to determine. In its bewilderment, one flew in the wrong direction, and, striking a funnel, fell on deck, from which it was unable to rise.

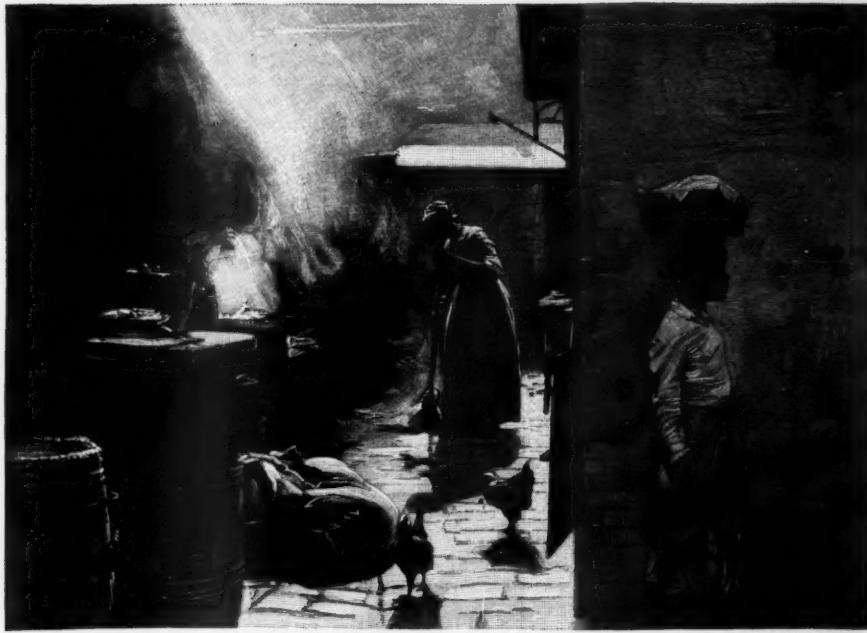
It was about eight inches long, rather heavy, covered with silvery scales, and resembled somewhat our cunner. Its wings were simply enlarged fins, and were as long as the fish itself.

The nautilus was also often seen, looking like a soap-bubble on the water, yet able to weather seas that would send our substantial vessel to the bottom.

All of these things, trivial as they seem, interested us intensely, as always with passengers who for days are obliged to live on themselves

The miner, reaching from his berth for a match, struck a light, and discovered that a paper bag containing oranges had given way, releasing the fruit, which was rolling from one side to the other of the cabin, impelled by the motion of the vessel. The rest of the night was disturbed only by chuckles, at intervals of about a minute, from the miner's berth.

At last we saw Jamaica, or believed we did; but soon we were certain. Larger and darker it grew, greener and greener; soon we could distinguish the palms on the lowlands along the shore. The mountains in the interior rise to a great height, and, when we saw them, were surrounded by masses of clouds that threw picturesque shadows over them. The scene was a beautiful one, and the sail down the coast to the harbor of Kingston charming.



ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

THE KITCHEN.

The sun was low when the pilot came on board and his boat was taken in tow. As it grew darker, this boat and the steamer seemed to be in a sea of fire. I never saw the phosphorescent glow more brilliant than it was there. We dropped anchor outside the harbor, as it was too dark to get in, and in the morning steamed up by the old forts, and fastened to the pier.

The town is pretty well masked by the foliage, and not much of it can be seen from the harbor. Crowds of the inhabitants were to be seen, though, attracted by the arrival of the vessel. They were chiefly blacks; indeed, the population of the island is mostly made up of them, from coal-black to coffee-colored. There are some coolies brought here on contract to do plantation work, and once in a while one may be seen, in strange and picturesque costume, in the town.

The streets are usually narrow, with no sidewalks to speak of, and do not smell sweet. The houses of the better class are stuccoed, and are embowered in fruit- and flower-trees. All are inclosed by high walls. For this reason one feels the town to be inhospitable and uninteresting, except in the poorer districts, where the houses are built of poles, mud, or wattle, and where the people live at the door, with their dogs and pigs about them. They seem very happy, and I doubt if extreme destitution is known among them.

The races were on, and, taking a cab, as the heat was intense, we went up, more to see the people than the horses, although they have some pretty good ones here. We first went up to the grand stand to see the swells of the island; they came with their wives, their families, and some with their lady-loves. Many of the ladies were good-looking, and all of them languid; the vivacity and energy of the New York girl were absolutely wanting. The dresses were gay in color,—light blue, pink, or white,—in silk, linen, or gauze.

Elsewhere soldiers, candy-sellers, poor men, and beggars were happy, chattering to one another about the different horses in a language supposed to be English, making small bets, chewing sugar-cane, and otherwise amusing themselves. We walked back to town, selecting a street that we supposed to be one occupied by the middle class, followed it down to the business portion of the city, and began a search for a good restaurant. There are plenty of them, but none very good. In the one we selected, the kitchen was open to public view, and what we saw was not appetizing, though picturesque. However, there are some very good hotels. The kitchen in the restaurant at which we stopped for dinner was in the courtyard of the building, open to the sun and rain; the floor was of brick, and the chickens and dogs had the freedom of it, and it was littered

with corn-husks, straw, and bits of wood. There was no stove, the fire being built on a stone bench, or platform. The meal was a good one, but how they managed to cook it, with their conveniences, is a mystery.

An open-air concert was given that night, and of course the sight-seer followed the crowd. The grounds were beautifully decorated with hundreds of Chinese lanterns, and fireworks were set off in great quantities. Here one saw all complexions, black predominating. The music was furnished by the military band of one of the native regiments, and was fairly good. We tried to find a seat, but they were all taken; so, settling ourselves in a row on the rim of a large fountain, we chatted away pleasantly until one of our number jumped from his seat with an exclamation more forcible than polite, and began gingerly pulling from his coat-tail pockets a package of wet smoking-tobacco, a box of matches, and a dripping handkerchief, while a smile began to spread itself on the faces of the rest of the party, suddenly to die, however, as each man, with one accord, put his hand behind him, and then stood up. We had all been dangling our coat-tails among the goldfish for fifteen minutes.

The streets were crowded. Every store seemed to be also a gambling-place, and the rattle of dice was constantly in our ears. Men and women were given to this entertainment alike; of course, they were of the lower classes.

In the morning we started out again, and saw more of the town. We were well treated by every one wherever we went, and carried away with us a very pleasant remembrance of the kindness of the people. On our way to a restaurant to get dinner, we came to a park, at the entrance to which, on a large pedestal, was the statue of a dignified old gentleman. Our attention was attracted to this statue, as we approached it, by one of the party saying: "See that tablet on the front of the pedestal. What an odd way to inscribe a gentleman's name that is!" We looked, and read in large black letters on a white ground, "BILL-STICKERS." Below this was smaller lettering. Agree-

ing with him that it was rather odd, we went nearer to examine it, and found that what appeared to be a white marble tablet, placed exactly in the center of the front of the pedestal, was really a piece of paper pasted there as a notice to bill-stickers that they would be prosecuted if they made use of this base, and that the dignified gentleman was not the unfortunate owner of so undignified a name, inscribed in so undignified a manner.



ON THE WAY TO MARKET.

After lunch the miner and I, no one else wishing to accompany us on the expedition, concluded to take a carriage and drive out of town, to see, if possible, something of the life of the people in the country. The road over which the driver took us was a good macadamized one, and led along the harbor shore. For a short distance it ran between the brick walls surrounding the grounds of flower-embowered houses, then by the more humble homes of the poor, then through plantation grounds, seemingly deserted, with broken-down gates, pro-



A JAMAICA SHOP.

ENGRAVED BY H. HARRIS.

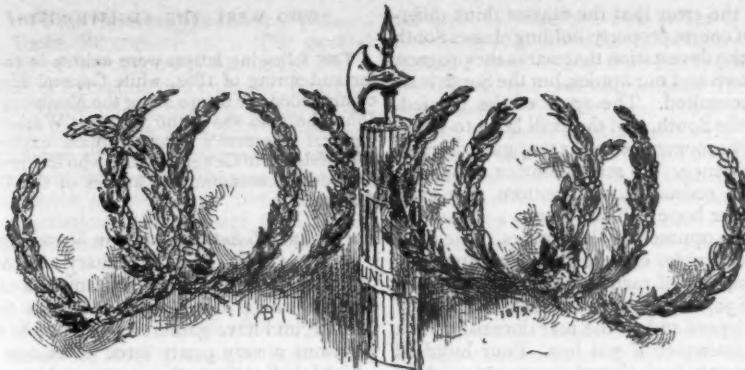
tected from encroachment by cactus hedges that looked much like logs of wood placed on end, to form such a stockade as was used by our pioneers to protect themselves from attacks of Indians. Every two or three miles a collection of small huts would be found, occupied by people who make a living by working on the plantations and by fishing. Some of them have little gardens, and raise fruit and vegetables, which they carry to town on their heads or on burros, to sell in the market-places. Along the streams, of which I remember two, were women and young girls washing and drying clothes, while naked little babies rolled in the sand or dabbled in the water. At one place we rode by the ruins of a most picturesque old fort, near which are the remains of an old vessel driven on shore by heavy weather, or condemned and left to go to pieces, and to take its time about it.

The prisons are located on this road near the quarry in which many of the prisoners are obliged to work. As we reached it, we saw a line of men in loose, ill-fitting gray costumes, with the number of the wearer daubed in large figures all over it, front and back, walking to and fro between the barge they were loading and the pile of broken stones at the base of

the cliff, where they would fill wooden trays or boxes holding a little more than a large coal-hod, throw them up on their heads, and carry them to the boat. They made a very effective picture; the black faces, darker in the shadow of the boxes on their heads, relieved against the white limestone quarry, were spots in the blaze of light that fastened your attention instantly, and held it. Many of the men were superb physically, and carried themselves as erect and straight as arrows. We were not allowed to admire them long, however, as one of the guards came to tell us that carriages were not allowed to stop, but must drive straight through the ground, unless permission was obtained at headquarters. We gained some little time by asking many unreasonable questions, until we saw that the men were hoisting the square sail on their boat, and that there was nothing more to see.

At short intervals, stationed so as to form a complete circle about the quarry, was a guard armed with a rifle. Shortly after, we returned to town. This was the last we saw of Jamaica, as early the next morning the steamer took in her lines and sailed out of the harbor, bound for Greytown, Nicaragua.

Gilbert Gaul.



LETTERS OF TWO BROTHERS.

PASSAGES FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF GENERAL AND SENATOR SHERMAN.

THE END OF THE WAR.

PROSPERITY OF THE NORTH IN WAR TIME.

MANSFIELD, OHIO, November 14, 1863.

MY DEAR BROTHER: . . . On Tuesday next I start for Gettysburg to take part in the pageant of a dedication of the battle-field as a national cemetery. From thence I will probably go to Washington—two weeks in advance of the session. The very first thing I mean to do is to press the enforcement of the draft. The long delay, and the various shifts and subterfuges by which the execution of the law has thus far been defeated, are disgraceful, and very injurious to the cause. . . . I notice in some of the Southern papers that a hope is entertained that the draft cannot be enforced. This is idle. The war was never more popular than at this moment. The new call will fall lightly. Ohio must send 35,000, or one to fifteen of her voters. The apportionment has been made even to townships and wards, and in very many places the quota will be made by voluntary enlistments, aided by large gratuitous bounties from citizens. There is no lack of men, or of a determination to send them. The wonderful prosperity of all classes, especially of laborers, has a tendency to secure acquiescence in all measures demanded to carry on the war. We are only another example of a people growing rich in a great war. And this is not shown simply by inflated prices, but by increased production, new manufacturing establishments, new railroads, houses, etc. . . . Indeed, every branch of business is active and hopeful. This

is not a mere temporary inflation caused by paper money, but is a steady progress, and almost entirely upon actual capital. The people are prospering, and show their readiness to push on the war. Taxes are paid cheerfully, and the voluntary donations for our soldiers and their families are counted by thousands. . . . I confide in your entire success. Affectionately,

JOHN SHERMAN.

GENERAL SHERMAN ON LEAVE OF ABSENCE.

GENERAL SHERMAN spent Christmas of 1863 with his family, then in Lancaster, Ohio, but missed seeing John, who had already gone to Washington.

LANCASTER, OHIO, Dec. 29, 1863.

MY DEAR BROTHER: . . . I hear you have gone on to New York, and therefore I must go off without seeing you.

I think the President's proclamation unwise. Knowing the temper of the South I know that it but protracts the war by seeming to court peace. To them it looks like weakness. I tell them that as they cool off, we warm to the work, that we are just getting ready for the war; and I know the effect is better than to coax them to come back into the Union. The organization of a civil government but complicates the game. All the Southern States will need a pure military government for years after resistance has ceased. You have noticed the debate in Richmond on the President's proclamation. That is a true exhibit of the feeling South. Don't

fall into the error that the masses think differently. Of course property-holding classes South deplore the devastation that marks the progress of their own and our armies, but the South is no longer consulted. The army of the Confederacy is the South, and they still hope to worry us out. The moment we relax they gain strength and confidence. We must hammer away, and show such resistance, such bottom, that even that slender hope will fail them. . . .

I still am opposed to all bounties. The draft pure and simple, enough to fill vacancies in the ranks, pay of men in the front increased to \$25, \$30, or even \$40 a month, and that of men at depots and to the rear diminished to a bare maintenance if not less. Four hundred dollars bounty is an absurd commentary where two thirds draw bounty and remain absent from the ranks, and are discharged for disability without hearing a shot. Deal with the army as you would if you were hiring men for special work. Pay those who do the work high; those who are sick, unfortunate, or shirking, pay little or nothing. The same of officers from the major-general to lieutenant. The President must make vacancies for the rising officers, the "creations" of the war. I am willing to quit if a younger and better man can be found for my place. . . . Your affectionate brother,

W. T. SHERMAN.

LANCASTER, Dec. 30, 1863.

DEAR BROTHER: I have been importuned from many quarters for my likeness, autographs, and biography. I have managed to fend off all parties, and hope to do so till the end of the war. I don't want to rise or be notorious for the reason that a mere slip or accident may let me fall, and I don't care about falling so far as most of the temporary heroes of the war. The real men of the war will be determined by the closing scenes, and then the army will determine the questions. Newspaper puffs, and self-written biographies, will then be ridiculous caricatures. Already has time marked this progress, and indicated this conclusion.

If parties apply to you for materials in my behalf, give the most brief and general items, and leave the results to the close of the war or of my career. As well might a judge or senator seek for fame outside their spheres of action as an officer of the army. We must all be judged by our own peers, stand or fall by their verdict. I know I stand very high with the army, and feel no concern on that score. To-day I can do more with Admiral Porter or the generals than any general officer out West, except Grant, and with him I am as a second self. We are personal and official friends. Affectionately yours,

W. T. SHERMAN.

WHO WERE THE ABOLITIONISTS?

THE following letters were written in the winter and spring of 1864, while General Sherman commanded the troops along the Mississippi, and John Sherman was in the Senate at Washington. General Sherman's letters contain expressions of confidence in General Grant, who had just been ordered to command the armies of the United States.

ON BOARD *Juliet*, BOUND FOR VICKSBURG IN A FOG, Friday, January 28, 1864.

DEAR BROTHER: I have organized a cavalry force to sweep down from Memphis toward Mobile, and have gathered together out of my garrisons a very pretty force of 20,000 men, which I shall command in person, and move from Vicksburg down east, in connection with the cavalry named, to reach Meridian, and break up the railroad connections there. This will have the effect to disconnect Mississippi from the eastern South States, and without this single remaining link they cannot keep any army of importance west of the Alabama River. Our armies are now at the lowest point, and so many are going home as reënlisted veterans that I will have a less force than should attempt it, but this is the time, and I shall attempt it. It seems my luck to have to make the initiative, and to come in at desperate times, but thus far, having done a full share of the real achievements of this war, I need not fear accidents. . . .

You, who attach more importance to popular fame, would be delighted to see in what estimation I am held by the people of Memphis, Tenn., and all along this mighty river. I could not well decline an offer of a public dinner in Memphis, but I dreaded it more than I did the assault on Vicksburg. I had to speak, and sent you the report that best suited me, viz: that in the "Argus." The report of the "Bulletin," which may reach the Northern press, is disjointed, and not so correct. Indeed I cannot speak from notes, or keep myself strictly to the point, but 't is said that the effect of my crude speeches is good. . . .

I know that for us to assume that slavery is killed, not by a predetermined act of ours, but as the natural, logical, and legal consequence of the acts of its self-constituted admirers, we gain strength, and the enemy loses it. I think it is the true doctrine for the time being. The South has made the interests of slavery the issue of the war. If they lose the war they lose slavery. Instead of our being abolitionists, it is thereby proven that they are the abolitionists. . . .

The Mississippi is a substantial conquest; we should next get the Red River, then the Alabama, and last push into Georgia. . . . Your affectionate brother, W. T. SHERMAN.

U. S. SENATE, January 29, 1864.

MY DEAR BROTHER: . . . The general prosperity of the country is so marked that I am afraid of a reaction or a collapse. The currency is awfully inflated, and our ability to borrow and to pay interest has a limit. If the war continues two years longer we will be terribly embarrassed. Still we have the sure foundation of public credit, a great country, and a large and active population. Let me hear from you as often as possible. Affectionately yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

GRANT AT THE HEAD OF THE ARMY.

ON March 24, 1864, General Sherman writes from his headquarters at Nashville, Tenn.:

I went to Cincinnati with Grant to see Ellen.¹ I stayed but two days, and am now here. I go to Decatur, Huntsville, and Chattanooga, to be gone a week and then return here. I will have plenty to do. I am bored for photographs, etc. I send you the only one I have, which you can have duplicated and let the operator sell to the curious. Give Grant all the support you can. If he can escape the toils of the schemers, he may do some good. He will fight, and the Army of the Potomac will have all the fighting they want. He will expect your friendship—we are close friends. His simplicity and modesty are natural and not affected. Whatever part is assigned me I will attempt, cost what it may in life and treasure. . . .

And again he writes:

Grant encourages his juniors, and takes pleasure in supporting them. . . . Newspaper men are afraid of me, and I hope before the war is much older we will be allowed to conscript every citizen of good physique found about our camp, on the ground that he has fled to escape the draft. Such an order would have an admirable effect.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 26, 1864.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Your movements have been so rapid of late that I scarcely knew where to address you. I have recently met with several officers who have been with you, among others General Grant and General Butterfield. General Grant is all the rage; he is subjected to the disgusting but dangerous process of being lionized. He is followed by crowds, and is cheered everywhere. While he must despise the fickle fools who run after him, he, like most others, may be spoiled by this excess of flattery. He may be so elated as to forget the uncertain tenure upon which he holds and stakes his really earned laurels. I conversed with him

¹ His wife.

but little, as I did not wish either to occupy his time or to be considered his flatterer. The opinion I form of him from his appearance is this; his will and common sense are the strongest features of his character. He is plain and modest, and so far bears himself well. All here give him hearty coöperation, but an officer who does not like Halleck tells me that Halleck will ruin Grant with the President in sixty days, or on failure to do so will resign. . . .

We all here are disposed to take a hopeful view of the "status in quo." The enormous government bounties have been effective, but they are terribly severe on our finances. We can't forever endure such expenditures. Warning and caution as to danger are unheeded. Our people are so hopeful and energetic that they will bear more than any other. . . .

You are now in a position where any act of yours will command public attention. You will be unduly lauded and sharply abused. I hope you have seen enough of the base motives that dictate praise and blame to disregard both, but preserve the best of your judgment in utter disregard of flattery or clamor.

When any of your friends come to Washington give them notes to me. I may be of service to them. At all events I like to see them. Affectionately yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, April 5, 1864.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . Grant is as good a leader as we can find; he has honesty, simplicity of character, singleness of purpose, and no hope or claim to usurp civil power. His character more than his genius will reconcile armies and attach the people. Let him alone. Don't disgust him by flattery or importunity. Let him alone. . . . If bothered, hampered, or embarrassed, he would drop you all in disgust, and let you slide into anarchy. . . . Let us manage the whites and niggers, and all the physical resources of the country, and apply them where most needed. Let us accomplish great results, leaving small ones to conform in due season. . . .

I will be here about two weeks, and then to the front. Let me hear from you. I care no more for the squabbles about the presidency, than I do for the causes of the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty, and Grant cares still less. . . . Your brother,

W. T. SHERMAN.

THE FINANCIAL CAULDRON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 17, 1864.

MY DEAR BROTHER: . . . Our finances are bubbling up and down in that feverish state where a panic might easily come. Chase is a man of ability, but in recent measures he has

failed. I have been generally the laboring one in the Senate on these measures, though very often my judgment has been against them. I have felt like a subordinate officer, who, while he does not approve the plan of operations, yet deems it his duty fairly to execute his part of it rather than by fault-finding to impair it. The war is daily driving us to extraordinary measures, and our form of government is not *unit* enough to carry them out. We are embarrassed by State banks, State laws, and local issues and interests. The other day a determined effort was made in New York to run gold up to 200, but was promptly met by a free sale by the government of gold and exchange, and the movement failed. It was aided by this very bad news from Fort Pillow, not so bad from the loss of men, but from the question of retaliation raised by the massacre of negro troops. We all feel that we must either disband negro troops or protect them. It is fearful to think about the measures that may be necessary, but what else can we do? An investigation will be made by the Secretary of War and by Congress, and if the rebels are determined to massacre prisoners, then a new and terrible stage of this war will be commenced. . . . Affectionately yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

ON THE WAY TO ATLANTA.

ON March 18, 1864, General Sherman relieved General Grant of the command of the Military Division of the Mississippi. During the spring and summer of that year he was busily engaged provisioning and moving his great army into Georgia, following General Joseph E. Johnston, according to orders from General Grant. On May 20 and June 9, he writes from the heart of Georgia.

KINGSTON, Ga., May 20, 1864.

DEAR BROTHER: I have daily telegraphed to General Halleck our progress, and have no doubt you have kept pace with our movement. Johnston had chosen Dalton as his place of battle, but he had made all the roads to it so difficult that I resolved to turn it, so I passed my army through a pass 20 miles south of Dalton, and forced him to battle at Resaca. That, too, was very strong, but we beat him at all points, and as I had got a bridge across the Oostenaula below him, and was gradually getting to his rear, he again abandoned his position in the night, and I have been pushing my force after him as fast as possible, yet his knowledge of the country, and the advantage of a good railroad to his rear, enabled him to escape me, but I now have full possession of all the rich country of the Etowah. We occupy Rome, Kingston, and Cassville. I have repaired the railroads to these points, and now have ordered

the essential supplies forward to replenish our wagons, when I will make for Atlanta, 59 miles from here and about 50 from the advance. Johnston has halted across the Etowah at a place called Allatoona, where the railroad and common road pass through a spur of the mountain, making one of those formidable passes which give an army on the defensive so much advantage, but I propose to cross the Etowah here and to go for Marietta via Dallas. Look at your map, and you will see the move. We expect to cross the Etowah on the 23d, when we will move straight on, fighting when opposed. Of course our labor and difficulties increase as we progress, whereas our enemy gains strength by picking up his rear-guard and detachments. Put forth the whole strength of the nation now, and if we can't whip the South we must bow our necks in patient submission. A division of our territory by the old lines is impossible. Grant surely is fighting hard enough, and I think this army will make its mark. Your brother,

W. T. SHERMAN.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, ACWORTH, GA., June 9, 1864.

DEAR BROTHER: It is out of all reason to expect me to write much, and I know you do not expect it. Were I to attempt narration it would swell to unreasonable lengths, and even in my communications to the War Department I must confine myself almost to generalities. Suffice it to say that General Grant and I had a perfect understanding, and all things are now as near our calculations as possible, save and except that the Red River has clipped from the general plan our main feature, a simultaneous attack on Mobile from New Orleans. But the Red River expedition is out, and I have substituted a smaller force subject to my own orders, in lieu of the larger one contemplated made up by General Banks. . . . My long and single line of railroad to my rear, of limited capacity, is the delicate point of my game, as also the fact that all of Georgia except the clear bottoms is densely wooded, with few roads, and at any point an enterprising enemy can in a few hours with axes and spades make across our path formidable works, whilst his sharpshooters, spies, and scouts, in the guise of peaceable farmers, can hang around us and kill our wagonmen, messengers, and couriers. It is a big Indian war; still, thus far I have won four strong positions, advanced a hundred miles, and am in possession of a large wheat-growing region, and all the iron mines and works of Georgia. Johnston's army is still at my front, and he can fight or fall back as he pleases. The future is uncertain, but I will do all that is possible. As ever, your brother,

W. T. SHERMAN.

After the adjournment of the Senate in the spring of 1864, John Sherman returned to Ohio, where he spent the spring and summer.

MANSFIELD, OHIO, July 24, 1864.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I have not written to you for some time as I knew you were so well occupied, and hoped by this time you would have attained the goal of your present movements — Atlanta. We all feel that upon Grant and you, and the armies under your command, the fate of this country depends. If you are successful, it is ardently hoped that peace may soon follow with a restored Union. If you fail, the wisest can hope for nothing but a long train of disasters and the strife of factions. All our people cling to the hope of success, and seem perfectly willing to submit to taxation, bad administration, and every ill short of disunion. Whether it is the result of education, the constant warnings of the early Southern statesmen, or the reason of the thing, everybody here dreads the breaking up of the Union as the beginning of anarchy. The very thing they fight for in the South is, for them and for us, the worst calamity. What can be more terrible than the fate of Kentucky and Missouri? A man cannot go to bed at night, except in fear of the knife and torch. This lawlessness will extend all over the country if we do not have military success. All the clamor the copperheads can make about personal liberty don't affect the people, if they can only see security and success. Bad precedents in time of war will easily be corrected by peace. But the anarchy of unsuccessful war will reduce us to a pitiable state, in which we will easily fall victims to demagogism or tyranny. Every one feels that you have done your part nobly. Grant has not had such success. No doubt he has done as well as any one could with his resources and such adversaries. Still he has not taken Richmond, and, I fear, will not this campaign. . . .

I congratulate you on the ability and success of your campaign. I see many officers, and they all speak of it, not only as a success, but as a scientific success, evincing abilities of a high order. I found on a short visit to Cincinnati that you were very popular there. I saw Anderson, Swords, Dunn, and a host of others, all of whom entertained great kindness for you. . . . Affectionately yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

PLAIN ENGLISH TO SCHUYLER COLFAX.

THE following letter of August 12, 1864, written from Atlanta, Georgia, to Hon. Schuyler Colfax, in answer to a request from him to allow the soldiers to return to their homes to vote, shows the intense feeling General Sherman had regarding the political use of the soldiers during the war.

This letter was sent through John Sherman, and is in his letter book.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

IN THE FIELD, ATLANTA, August 12, 1864.
SCHUYLER COLFAX, ESQ.,
SOUTH BEND, IND.

MY DEAR SIR: John Sherman has sent me your letter of August 2, in which you intimate a wish that certain nine regiments of Indiana troops should be ordered where they can be furloughed so as to vote in the fall elections.

Of course it is impossible. I have not now troops enough to do what the case admits of without extra hazard, and to send away a single man would be an act of injustice to the remainder. I think you need not be concerned about the soldiers' vote. They will vote; it may not be in the coming election, but you may rest assured the day will come when the soldiers will vote, and the only doubt is if they will permit the stay-at-homes to vote at all.

I hope you will be elected, but I do think the conscript-law is the only one that is wanted for the next few years, and if the President uses it freely he can checkmate the copperheads, who are not in favor of being governed by Jeff Davis, but are afraid to go to the war. Their motives are transparent. Jeff Davis despises them more than you do, and if he prevails in this war he will deal with copperheads with infinitely more severity than he will with men who fight for their country and for principle. I am, etc., W. T. SHERMAN,

MAJ.-GENL.

THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

ON December 18, John Sherman writes from the Senate in Washington after hearing news of the "March through Georgia."

I need hardly congratulate you on your magnificent campaign through Georgia. This has been and will be done so often that you will not need anything from me on the subject. We have watched with the deepest interest every step of your march that we could trace through the rebel papers. A very excellent map from the Coast Survey is posted in my room, marked with your stopping-places, and has daily been changed, as you progressed to the coast. No such anxiety has been evinced in any campaign by all classes as in yours. We now hear rumors of the capture of Savannah. I hope we will get official advices to-day. I live next door to Stanton, and he favors me with the despatches when they come. By the way, he is your fast friend, and was when you had fewer.

The election of Lincoln scarcely raised a ripple on the surface. It was anticipated. Even the Democratic Congressmen seem willing to acquiesce cheerfully, and silently submit to all measures deemed necessary. In Congress we have but little to do. New taxes and loans are the principal point of legislation. We will impose taxes enough. Hitherto New England influence has prevented suitable taxation, but now its necessity is imperative. I am assigned Fessenden's place in the Senate as Chairman of Finance, and have enough to do. Chase is Chief Justice. . . . I could send you letters from very distinguished persons, very complimentary to you, but you will have enough of that incense. Affectionately yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

No letters appear to have been written by General Sherman during the march from Atlanta to Savannah. In the next one, written from Savannah on December 31, 1864, ten days after its capture, he says:

I hear the soldiers talk as I ride by—"There goes the old man. All's right." Not a waver, doubt, or hesitation when I order, and men march to certain death without a murmur if I call on them, because they know I value their lives as much as my own. I do not feel any older, and have no gray hairs yet. My health is good, and save a little rheumatism in my right arm during the last march I have not been indisposed a day, and even then I rode daily my march.

I do not fear want of appreciation, but on the contrary that an exaggerated faith will be generated in my ability, that no man can fulfil. . . . I cannot do anything looking to permanency till the war is ended. Thomas's success in Tennessee, which was part of my plan, will go far to assure the *safety* of the Ohio Valley. Love to all. Yours affectionately,

W. T. SHERMAN.

The enthusiasm created in the North by the capture of Savannah, and the victory of General Thomas at Nashville, occasioned much talk of General Sherman's promotion, and even some political rumors concerning the use of his name in future elections. On January 22, 1865, he writes from Savannah touching upon these rumors.

I start to-day for the advance of my army at Pocotaligo, but we have had such storms and rains that the whole country is under water, but we will be off as soon as possible. No one is more alive to the importance of time than I am.

I wrote you that I deem it unwise to make another lieutenant-general, or to create the rank of general. Let the law stand as now. I

will accept no commission that would tend to create a rivalry with Grant. I want him to hold what he has earned and got. I have all the rank I want. . . .

If you ever hear anybody use my name in connection with a political office, tell them you know me well enough to assure them that I would be offended by such association. I would rather be an engineer of a railroad than President of the United States, or in any political office. Of military titles I have now the maximum, and it makes no difference whether that be major-general or marshal. It means the same thing. I have commanded one hundred thousand men in battle, and on the march, successfully and without confusion, and that is enough for reputation. Next I want rest and peace, and they can only be had through war. You will hear of me, but not from me, for some time. Affectionately your brother,

W. T. SHERMAN.

The next letter from General Sherman is a short and hurried one of April 6, from Goldsboro, after he had completed the last and most difficult part of his march — 425 miles from Savannah to Goldsboro — through marshy land, during much rainy weather, following Johnston's retreating army, and with five large navigable rivers, with their bridges burned, to cross. He says:

Railroads work well, our supplies are well up, and we shall march on Monday, April 10. The next two months will demonstrate whether we can maneuver Lee out of Richmond and whip him in open battle.

In a note of April 11, John Sherman, writing from Ohio, incloses a letter from William W. Murphy, then United States Consul General at Frankfort. In this note John Sherman says:

The news from Grant is so glorious that the whole country is wild with joy.

HERO WORSHIPERS.

THE letters of the years following the war treat entirely of the difficulties of reconstruction. John Sherman, while firmly attached to the Republican party, endeavored through all these troubles to be moderate and conciliatory. But he believed it necessary to extend suffrage to the negroes, and was intensely opposed to President Johnson and his policies.

General Sherman, on the other hand, never acknowledged allegiance to any party, and resented all appearance of such allegiance. He opposed universal suffrage, and believed that extending it to the negroes was but adding to an existing evil.

After the grand review at Washington on May 24, 1865, General Sherman was ordered to

St. Louis to command the Military Division of the Mississippi, and writes from there on August 3, 1865:

Cox's letter on the subject of suffrage is a new bombshell in your camp. He has thought for himself, and come to a conclusion different from the new creed of the East, and will in my judgment be sat upon and badgered, but he is as near right as he can get. Negro equality will lead to endless strife, and to remove and separate the races will be a big job, so any way we approach the subject it is full of difficulty. But it is better to study the case and adapt measures to it, than to lay down the theory and force facts to meet it. . . .

I think I will make that trip, and that is all this year. I did think of coming to Detroit to see Ord, but am bothered by people in traveling so much that I prefer to be quiet till the people run after new gods. In a short time new issues will drop us out of memory. Affectionately,

W. T. SHERMAN.

And again after a few days, he writes from Ohio, where he passed part of that summer:

LANCASTER, OHIO, August 9, 1865.

DEAR BROTHER: After I get fixed in St. Louis, I will cast about for some chance to be independent of our government, for I feel there is a desire to be rid of me. Stanton, in Grant's absence, has ordered one of my chief staff officers away from me (Beckwith), without as much as by your leave. Now this was never done, save by Jeff Davis, when he was secretary of war, for orders to the army officers always should go by command of the commander-in-chief, but Stanton orders about as though it was his lawful prerogative. I would resist publicly, but don't want to bring on another controversy. Of course if my staff officers are taken away without my being consulted, they will feel little dependence on me, and my influence will subside. But that is a small matter compared with turning the army into a machine auxiliary to politics. If the War Department is to give orders direct to the army below us, and not through us, you can see that we are dissolved from all control, responsibility, or interest. The true way is for the War Department to indicate to us what the Administration wants done, and then hold us responsible for the means used. But if the secretary handles the army behind us, how can we take an interest? My own opinion is, the Administration will either break itself down or drive us out. Grant is so anxious for harmony that he will not interfere until it is too late, when he will find somebody else commands instead of him. . . . Yours affectionately,

W. T. SHERMAN.

HEADQUARTERS, MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., September 21, 1865.

DEAR BROTHER: I got your letters by Mr. Kinneard, and spent a whole day with him and his party,¹ first in a steamboat going up and down the river, then in carriages, and finally at a banquet. The whole party seemed much pleased with the courtesies shown them, and to me were sufficiently complimentary. General Grant was here also, and they expressed themselves more than usually pleased at the opportunity to see us together. In Europe they are settling down to the conviction that Grant and I accomplished the military problem, and now they look to you to bring order, system, and prosperity out of the wreck. I am well satisfied at the course things are taking. No matter what change we may desire in the feelings and thoughts of people South we cannot accomplish it by force. Nor can we afford to maintain there an army large enough to hold them in subjugation. All we can or should attempt is to give them rope to develop,—in an honest way if possible,—preserving in reserve enough military power to check any excesses, if they attempt any. But I know they will not attempt any, and you may look for outbreaks in Ohio quicker than in Georgia or Mississippi. You hardly yet realize how completely this country has been devastated, and how completely humbled the man of the South is. Of course editors and talkers may express opinions we don't like, but they will take good care not to reduce those opinions to acts. Affectionately,

W. T. SHERMAN.

ST. LOUIS, November 4, 1865.

DEAR BROTHER: I notice that foreigners are very anxious to see me, and all who come here come to call. I will be here all winter, and if you want anything I can do it. I hope you are sure of your reëlection. I have many inquiries as to your prospects, and cannot answer them. I think you have more influence and reputation out of Ohio than any man of the State. You observe that Mr. Johnson is drifting toward my terms to Johnston. He cannot help it, for there is no other solution. Any plan will have objections, but that least of all. Affectionately,

W. T. SHERMAN.

On November 29, 1865, General Sherman writes from St. Louis:

I am going to start for Arkansas on Friday, and be absent some three weeks. I take it, nothing important can occur at Washington until after Christmas, unless it be on the question

¹ A party of Englishmen with letters of introduction from John Sherman.

of the admission of the Southern members. I have never committed myself on that point, and though everybody supposes that my terms with Johnston looked to that result, you will remember that those terms specially provided that the laws of Congress were to control all questions. Now the new oath is and was a law of Congress, and the members-elect must take the new oath, and if they cannot it is their fault or misfortune, not ours. If they take the prescribed oath I think they should be admitted, simply because you cannot expect to hold a people always without representation, and it will give them additional weight if they be denied now, and afterward received. It is always better when concessions are to be made to make them at once, and not seem to be forced to do it after contest. You can now simply say, "Certainly, come in by subscribing to the conditions and oaths already prescribed by law, the same oaths we take."

Affectionately, W. T. SHERMAN.

ST. LOUIS, December 22, 1865.

DEAR BROTHER: I am just back from Little Rock, have read the message and all the reports, which seem satisfactory. Grant's report is all I ask, but no one ever has and may not agree with me as to the very great importance of the march north from Savannah. The march to the sea seems to have captivated everybody, whereas it was child's play compared with the other. All well with me—I will write soon.

And on January 17, 1866, he writes again from St. Louis:

I get a great many commentaries on the past, and have no reason to object to the exalted examples with which my name is connected. According to some enthusiasts Hannibal, Alexander, and Napoleon fall below my standard. I always laugh at these, and prefer to stand by the record, being perfectly satisfied with Grant's resumé of the campaigns of 1864-5. Affectionately, W. T. SHERMAN.

OPPOSED TO NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 19, 1866.

DEAR BROTHER: The papers this morning announce your election by a strong vote, and settle that question. I am of course very glad, for it demonstrates not only your strength but that the people of Ohio approve your past. As to the future, of course in all things political you have far more knowledge than I, but I do believe that the extension of the election franchise is being pushed beyond the rule of right. All beings are entitled to the protection of the law, even "infants not born," but because of such natural right it is not to

be inferred they must vote. To vote implies an understanding almost equivalent to the ability to make laws. It is legislative, not natural, right. Instead of enlarging the privilege, we must gradually curtail it, in order to have stability and security. On all these questions you can afford to lay low, and avail yourself of the experience of those who seem blind to present passions begotten by the war. It was this popular clamor for supposed rights that carried the South into rebellion. No people were ever more unanimous than they, and though now they concede themselves vanquished, yet on this and kindred subjects they are as unanimous as ever. To place, or attempt to place, the negro on a par with the whites will produce new convulsions. The country is in no condition to go on with such contests. Better pacify or acknowledge conditions than attempt new ones dangerous to the peace of the whole country. It will take ten years for the South to regain full prosperity, with the negro free, and that should precede any new complication. Affectionately, W. T. SHERMAN.

ST. LOUIS, February 11, 1866.

DEAR BROTHER: I had a pleasant trip to Detroit, reaching there in a snowstorm on Wednesday morning. I got a couple of hours of quiet, and then for two days was kept on the jump, visited and dined. When I got away I think I must have touched the hands of 10,000 people. At the dinner we had the best people of the city, who were even more eulogistic than usual. I saw Mr. Cass, who sat in a chair and was seemingly much flattered by my visit. He simply said that he hoped the present peace would not be disturbed by experiments. . . . We cannot shove the South back as territories, and all steps to that end must fail for many reasons, if no other than that it compels the people already there to assume an hostile attitude. The well-disposed of the South must again be trusted—we cannot help it.

You are classed universally as one of the rising statesmen, above mere party rules. And whilst you should not separate from your party you can moderate the severity of their counsels. . . . Affectionately, W. T. SHERMAN.

THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA.

THE question as to the burning of Columbia, S. C., having been raised by Wade Hampton, General Sherman writes the two following letters on the subject, and incloses an old order, given at the time.

I have no doubt myself, and Howard, Logan, Woods, and all who were in Columbia that

night concur with me. The fire which burned up the city began about dark after I had been in six hours, and I know that great exertions were made to stop it, but there had been all day, and continued to late at night, a perfect tempest of wind, and I saw hundreds of balls of cotton on fire flying hundreds of yards. It is barely possible some malicious soldier started the fire, but I rather think this devilish spirit grew as the fire progressed. I know that the general judgment of the country is that no matter how it began it was all right; still I know that the cotton was the cause of the rapid spread of the fire, and this resulted from the fact that the bales had been ripped open with knives, so that long before the fire began the houses and trees were white with it, and it was plain a spark would spread like gunpowder. It was not specially my business, for Howard was in actual command of the troops in Columbia, but being present in person the world holds me responsible. I would like you to introduce the petition, and to say that I have no doubt as to the parties responsible for all the consequences.

It was not until the day after the conflagration that I destroyed the arsenal, and other public factories, which were in the suburbs, and had escaped the fire that burned the town. Affectionately,

W. T. SHERMAN.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 2, 1866.

DEAR BROTHER: I know the railroad depot and three large bridges were burned *before* a soldier of ours had entered Columbia, and I know that six hours before the real conflagration began I saw half a dozen piles of cotton *on fire*, in the streets, one large pile near the market-house where the great conflagration began, which fire our soldiers were putting out as I rode by it. . . . Wade Hampton defended Columbia as long as he dared, and then ran away, leaving the city full of cotton blowing about like flakes of snow, so that trees, and frame-houses, and garden fences, were literally white. Of course a mayor could expect no terms—being helpless he took what he could get. I told him of course I had no intention to burn or destroy anything, except what my previous orders defined. I saw Wade Hampton's cotton order printed in a Columbia paper, but kept no copy, as it was notorious, for he openly declared that Yankee footsteps should not pollute his threshold, and he commanded everything like corn fodder to be burnt lest we should get it.

They boasted that we would find a Moscow and its consequences. . . . The treatment of our officers and prisoners at Columbia was enough to have warranted its utter annihilation, and after the fire began it required all our efforts to

prevent its extending to the suburbs, including the Old Hampton house,—now owned by Preston, brother-in-law of Wade Hampton,—which was saved by John Logan. Affectionately yours,

W. T. SHERMAN.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

IN THE FIELD, NEAR COLUMBIA, S. C.,
Feb. 16, 1865.

Special Field Orders, No. 26:

. . . General Howard will cross the Saluda and Broad rivers as near their mouths as possible, occupy Columbia, destroy the public buildings, railroad property, manufacturing and machine shops; but will spare libraries and asylums and private dwellings. He will then move to Winnsboro', destroying en route utterly that section of the railroad. . . .

By order of Major-general W. T. SHERMAN.
L. M. DAYTON, Assistant Adjutant-general.

This order was made the day before we entered Columbia, about the time the rebels were cannonading our camps on the west side of the Congaree, and burning their three splendid bridges (Saluda and Broad unite at Columbia and make the Congaree). During the 16th, Howard crossed the Saluda at the factory above Columbia, and that night crossed Stone's brigade to the east side of the Broad River, and under its cover laid the pontoon bridge, completing it about noon of the 17th. Stone's brigade went into Columbia about 11 A. M., the mayor having come out 3 miles and notified him that Beauregard and Hampton had evacuated. They evacuated because they knew that Slocum and Kilpatrick were moving straight for Winnsboro', 26 miles to their rear, and I wanted them to stay in Columbia another day. Their hasty evacuation was not to spare Columbia, but to save being caught in the forks of the Congaree and Catawba, which would have resulted had they given time for Slocum to reach Winnsboro'. Mayor Goodwin complained to me of the cotton-burning order of Wade Hampton—and especially that Hampton and Beauregard would not consent to his request that the liquor (which had run the blockade, and been transferred from the coast to Columbia for safety) was not [should be] removed or destroyed. This liquor, which our men got in bucketfuls, was an aggravation, and occasioned much of the disorder at night after the fires had got headway. We all know how the soldiers and junior officers hated South Carolina, and I can hardly say what excesses would have resulted had the general officers allowed them free scope. . . .

W. T. SHERMAN.

The latter part of March, 1866, John Sherman says in a long letter on family matters :

You may have noticed that I have been in Connecticut making two speeches. That at Bridgeport is reported in full in the "New-York Times" of yesterday. Our difficulties here are not over; Johnson is suspicious of every one, and I fear will drift into his old party relations. If so, he will carry with him but little peace and prestige, and will soon be in deserved disgrace. It is also evident that Grant has some political aspirations, and can, if he wishes it, easily attain the presidency.

And on April 23, he writes :

DEAR BROTHER: So little attention is paid to Wade Hampton's gasconade that I do not think it worth while to give it importance by an answer. Indeed, I do not find it printed in any Northern paper, and having sent you the only copy I have seen I find it impossible to get another. The materials of a reply are on hand, and are entirely satisfactory, but I will let it rest until the charge is taken up by some one else.

As for the civil rights bill, I felt it so clearly right that I was prepared for the very general acquiescence in its provisions both North and South. To have refused the negroes the simplest right granted to every other inhabitant, native or foreigner, would be outrageous; and to confess that our government is strong enough to compel their military services, and yet not strong enough to secure them the right to acquire and hold property, would involve a gross inconsistency. I hope this bill will be made the basis of a compromise. If fairly enforced in the South, the public mind will be satisfied for the negro to take his chances for political privileges. . . . Affectionately,

JOHN SHERMAN.

THE REVOLT AGAINST ANDREW JOHNSON.

WASHINGTON, July 2, 1866.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . I meet a great many from the South whom I knew before the war, and I confess I am gratified with their sentiments and conduct. If they could now see their manifest interests to accept the recent adjustment or amendment to the Constitution as a reasonable and fair settlement, the South would soon be resurrected into greater wealth and power. I only fear their political alliance with the pestilent copperheads of the North, and thus perpetuate sectional enmity. I really fear that Johnson, who is an honest man, will from sheer stubbornness and bitter dislike to Stevens and a few others lend himself to this faction. The very moment the South will agree

to a firm basis of representation, I am for general amnesty, and a repeal of the test oaths. But the signs of the times indicate another tiring political contest. I see no way to avoid it. I will have to take part in it, but you can, and I hope will, stand aloof. Don't commit yourself to any political faction, and don't fail to remember that the republican or anti-slavery, and now anti-rebel, feeling is deeper and stronger than any other in the Northern States. We could surely contend with a manly fighting rebel like your friend, but never will with those who raised the white flag in the rear. . . . Affectionately,

JOHN SHERMAN.

WASHINGTON, July 8, 1866.

MY DEAR BROTHER: . . . I read your speech at Salem and like it. It is now wise for you to avoid all expressions of political opinion. Congress and the President are drifting from each other into open warfare. Congress is not weak in what it has done, but in *what it has failed to do*. It has adopted no unwise or extreme measures. The civil rights bill and constitutional amendments can be defended as reasonable, moderate, and in harmony with Johnson's old position and yours. As Congress has thus far failed to provide measures to allow legal senators and representatives to take their seats, it has failed in a plain duty. This is its weakness; but even in this it will have the sympathy of the most of the soldiers and people who are not too eager to secure rebel political power. As to the President, he is becoming Tylerized. He was elected by the Union party for his openly expressed radical sentiments, and now he seeks to rend to pieces this party. There is a sentiment among the people that this is dishonor. It looks so to me. What Johnson is is from and by the Union party. He now deserts it and betrays it. He may varnish it up, but after all he must admit that he disappoints the reasonable expectations of those who intrusted him with power.

He may by a coalition with copperheads and rebels succeed, but the simple fact that nine tenths of them who voted for him do not agree with him, and that he only controls the other tenth by power intrusted to him by the Union party, will damn him forever. Besides, he is insincere; he has deceived and misled his best friends. I know he led many to believe he would agree to the civil rights bill, and nearly all who conversed with him until within a few days believed he would acquiesce in the amendments, and even aid in securing their adoption. I almost fear he contemplates civil war. Under these circumstances, you, Grant, and Thomas ought to be clear of political complications. As for myself I intend to stick to finance, but, wherever I can, will moderate the actions of the

Union party, and favor conciliation and restoration. Affectionately yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

The political situation in Ohio made it necessary for John Sherman to return there soon after he had started on a trip to the West.

MANSFIELD, October 26, 1866.

DEAR BROTHER: Your letter of the 20th has been received. I thought and was glad to hear that you had a charming trip. I saw enough of the mountain region to give me a new estimate of its great value. In some respects I regret that I did not go with you, but, situated as I am, it was extremely fortunate that I returned as I did. My political position ought not to be misunderstood, but unfriendly critics took occasion of my absence in the canvass to attribute it to duplicity or cowardice. The President's course on the civil rights bill and constitutional amendment was so unwise that I could not for a moment allow any one to suppose that I meant with him to join a coalition of rebels and copperheads. Besides, Johnson was elected by a party upon professions before and after his election and inauguration so pointedly different from his recent course that it appeared to me a betrayal of those who trusted his profession, and therefore in the highest sense dishonorable. But worse than all, his turning out good men—sometimes wounded soldiers—merely because they adhered to their party connections, and putting in men who opposed

the war throughout, is simply an unmitigated outrage that will stain the name of any man connected with such conduct. This was the deliberate judgment of *nearly every man in the Union party*, and this feeling was intensified by the President's conduct in his recent tour, when he sunk the presidential office to the level of a grog-house.

I do trust you will not connect your name with this administration. You lose in every way by it. Grant ought not to ask it, for in the common judgment it places you in equivocal relations with him. You will have all the odium earned by disappointment in the reorganization of the army, and will have a more difficult, delicate, and responsible duty to discharge, in which you can gain no credit and may lose much. Besides, it connects you as a partisan with Johnson—just what he wants, but what you ought to dread. What can you think of the recent telegrams about your private letter? If you wrote a private letter, what business had they to make it public in the most offensive way by innuendo. Grant and you are above the ephemera of party politics, and for the sake of the country I hope will keep so. Let Johnson take Cowan, or some one of the score that left the Union party with him, but my convictions are so strong that you ought not to play administrator "de bonis non" of Stanton that I write this freely. If you conclude otherwise I can only say I will deeply regret it. Affectionately, JOHN SHERMAN.

CAPRICE.

I.

THE forest edge I wandered by,
While it was cool from night;
Out from the ferns a butterfly
Flashed fluttering into light,
Pulsing through the golden sky
In little thrills of flight.

II.

I followed—why, I could not tell;
Whither, I did not care:
The chimes of some far chapel-bell
Made tremulous an air
Fragrant with thyme and asphodel,
Too faint to lift a prayer.

V.

"So—go to mass, my child," said I,
"With book and rosary,
Forget the sea-fowl's angry cry;
But shouldst thou pray for me,
Tell thy dear God his butterfly
Has fluttered out to sea."

III.

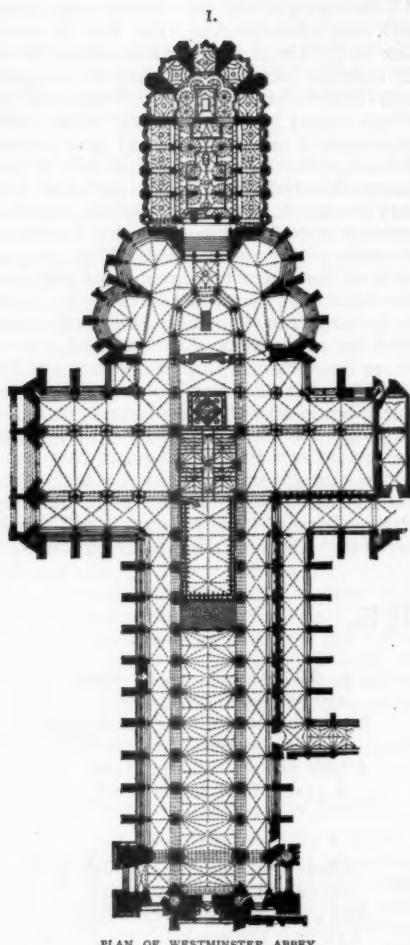
I marked the butterfly to where
The sea beat on the sand;
Its beating stunned the summer air,
Its gray breath chilled the land.
A little girl was walking there,
A prayer-book in her hand.

IV.

"Where dost thou go, my little maid,
So near the waves so high?
And art thou never, then, afraid
To hear the sea-fowl's cry?"
"Kind sir, I go to mass," she said,
"And the dear God is nigh."

N.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



ADDISON, in a paper only too familiarly known, has expressed the pensive satisfaction which came to him through an occasional meditative stroll among the monuments of Westminster; and Irving, in his "Letters," records the delights not merely of strolling through the abbey's aisles, but of actually living within its cloisters. "Enсoпced," as he finds himself, "in the very heart of this old monastic establishment," this "singular and monkish nest," he

compares his residence here to his sojourn in the halls of the Alhambra, and wonders, reasonably enough, if he is always to have his dreams turned into realities. Since those far-away days others of the same race, on one side of the ocean or the other, have followed in the footsteps of these gentle academics, until the mental attitude proper to assume before the great historical fabric of the British Isles has come—thanks to the Englishman who established the precedent, and to the American who assisted in confirming it—to be not only pretty clearly determined, but tolerably well conventionalized.

In its general outline this attitude may be taken as tenderly emotional. However subject, indeed, to such modification as is likely to ensue from the introduction of historical, literary, and ecclesiological information, the pose is taken primarily with a view to reflection, reverie, and the general play of soul, an end which may be achieved or not, as fortune favors, but which assuredly should be attempted.

Times change, however, and we change correspondingly. The semi-suburban abbey of Queen Anne's day has long since been sucked up into the vortex of the great Babylon. The slow stage-coach known to the earliest of transatlantic pilgrims is superseded by another means of locomotion, which brings Manchester and Birmingham within three or four hours of the capital, and fills the aisles of the minster with endless throngs whose pressing consciousness of time-tables puts an effective bar to the meditative habit which had its vogue in an earlier and an easier age. Addison, strolling through the abbey in the present year of grace, might require a greater degree of abstraction than his utmost power could compass. Irving, keeping bachelor's hall among his monastic antiquities, might well doubt the inviolability of the curtain of seclusion hung up between him and the outside world. For the abbey with which we now have our account is a latter-day abbey; an abbey whose vis-à-vis is the Aquarium, where from eleven in the forenoon to eleven at night—hours longer than those permitted by the dean to his sculptured effigies—the acrobat and the skirt-dancer have things their own way; an abbey past the portal of which there races all day long the charioteering omnibus, vivid with praises of the last new soap, or infants' food, or illustrated monthly, and packed with bargain-hunters bound for the Army and Navy

Stores, or with excursionists headed toward Victoria; an abbey filled with processions of red-cheeked provincials who pay their six-pences, and who follow *vergers*—sad-robed and not inevitably grammatical in their searching sonority—through ranges of cluttered chapels; an abbey of multiplied and multiplying scaffoldings, of placarded requests, commands, explications, announcements, diagrams, illustrations, warnings, objurgations, prayers, and pious ejaculations. It is an abbey for which facile “drawing orders” have provided a special population of sketchers, painters, measurers, and note-takers; a dog-eared abbey every leaf of which has been fluttered a hundred times, making all talk of moldings and mullions the merest superfluity; an abbey where each succeeding season adds some new incongruity to a range of monumental sculpture the associated effect of which is much too incongruous already; an abbey that is still striving against fearful odds to be at once a Valhalla, a museum, and a house of prayer; an abbey wherein an abandonment to the serene and lofty emotionalism attained by gifted spirits in past days is as impossible as at St. Pancras or at Charing Cross; an abbey which, for the compassing of a body of harmonious and homogeneous impression, must regrettfully be confessed as scarcely the equal of the General Post-Office.

II.

YET there is one view of Westminster which is not only harmonious, but singularly comprehensive as well, and it is the very view, fortunately, which is commonly presented first. It offers itself to you as your cab leaves Parliament street and sheers away from Westminster Bridge, and it may be enjoyed with more leisure and thoroughness through the broad windows of the tea-house on this corner—with more comfort, too, if the hour happens to fall late on an afternoon in January. From this point the imagination that is capable of being put into motion by the cup that cheers may find itself able to conjure up the beginnings of Westminster—to sweep away from the foreground the several little grass-plots inclosed by modern Gothic ironmongery, with their clustered lamp-posts, their rigidly monumental British statesmen, and their drooping, absent-minded cab-horses, and to look across and back to the mystical Isle of Thorns, from which, in the midst of wide marshes, the first abbey rose—an abbey the Benedictine brethren of which were equally solicitous for Saxon souls and for their own tithes in Thames-caught fish. The imagination incapable of so long a flight may satisfy itself with a picture of the abbey as it stood in the later days of Henry III., when the newly

built choir in early English Gothic looked down in a high-shouldered fashion on the old Norman nave of the Confessor, and even topped the antique towers of the same severe and early day. A shorter flight still would take us back to the time of Charles I., when the abbey, a towerless torso, yet fully Gothic as far as it went, existed alongside of Westminster Hall and the Parliament House as one of an ineffective trio which rose from a swarm of mean and dingy houses fronting on a mean and dirty riverside.

But, after all, observation comes easier than imagination, and the average traveler, despite the faint flutterings of fancy, will see the abbey essentially as it exists to-day—a picture which, in the absence of anything like a general understanding, still “composes” fairly well, and which has in it many of the elements of greatness.

In this picture the right of the view is held by the towers of the abbey itself, and the left by the varied towers and multiplied turrets of the Houses of Parliament; while the center, which is a little weakened by the absence of the erection that should rightly crown the crossing of the minster’s choir and transepts, is partly accomplished by the united effort of Westminster Hall, the chapel of Henry VII., and the church of St. Margaret. This latter is the principal aid—suggestive of a coach-dog attending a saddle-horse, or of a transport convoying a man-of-war. Its battlemented tower presents a decided feature, and serves, too, the purposes of scale as well as of companionship. To all this add a half fog, by which the Gothic of actuality and the Gothic by mere intention are fused and harmonized—a cold, blue thickening which puts the long ridge-pole of the minster almost at one with the leaden sky behind it, which tones down the glittering modernity of Parliament’s great bell-tower, and which kindly drapes the dubious details of Sir Christopher Wren’s west front; under which circumstances the general *mise en scène* of Westminster is perhaps at its best.

The west towers represent the last original work done on the fabric of the abbey. The chain of dates leading up to the time of their construction is easily followed through. The founding of the abbey, “the Collegiate Church of St. Peter in Westminster,” is credited traditionally to Siebert, King of the East Saxons, A. D. 616. Remains of his tomb are still shown near the usual entrance to the choir chapels. The first church on this spot actually known to history was that preceding the present one. It was erected by Edward the Confessor in the last days of the year 1065, a few days before his own death, and a few months before the Norman invasion. The present church was

begun by Henry III., with the idea of honoring the builder of the preceding one, and the choir, as it now exists, was opened for service in 1269. The nave, working westward from the transepts of Henry III., was continued by Edward I., Richard II., and Henry V., through a period ranging from the latter part of the thirteenth century to the fore part of the fifteenth. The magnificent chapel of Henry VII. was finished in 1519, in the expiring days of the Gothic style. The west towers were not undertaken until two hundred years later, and were completed about 1740.

It is customary to put the reproach of these towers on Sir Christopher Wren, without perfect justice, however. In feature and outline they are at least plausibly Gothic, and any dropping into the vernacular of the eighteenth century that they betray may fairly be attributed to the diction of those pupils of his under whom the actual construction was accomplished. In the first years of that century Wren himself went over the building pretty thoroughly, and his clear and painstaking report to the dean is still preserved. He also offered drawings for the completion of the west towers, which at that time were so low that the height of the gable between them intercepted the sound of the bells. He seems to have approached the enterprise in a spirit commendable enough. "To deviate," he says, "from an approved form is to run into a disagreeable mixture." It was his idea to undertake the work, "still continuing the Gothic humour of the tracery stone work; all this, too, without any modern mixture to show my own invention." He also recommended strongly the immediate construction of a heavy central tower, since the iron rods which the medieval builders had used as a makeshift had been removed, so that the vaulting of the cross stood in danger of springing, owing to the absence of a weight above sufficient to hold it in place. He furthermore exhibited a project for a spire for suitably finishing such a tower—a spire Gothic in intention, at least. However, it must be recollected that his façade for the north transept, now happily removed, was a complete fiasco, and it is likely enough that a tower in Queen Anne Gothic might have resulted merely in one more feature for charitable muffling by the friendly fog.

Yet his willingness, even desire, in that age of "taste" to renovate and to complete the abbey in a style harmonious with the original fabric has its own significance. It is easy indeed to select facts from English history that will illustrate the peculiar consideration, the preëminent sanctity, that the abbey has always enjoyed, and that will emphasize the centrality of its position as the rallying-point of Eng-

lish life and English sentiment. It would be necessary simply to cite the coronations and jubilees, the royal marriages and funerals, or to recall the processions and "Te Deums" that have celebrated the victories of English arms. Yet it would not be out of place to add to these the fact that in a day famous for its sudden self-complacency, its false feeling, and its feeble taste, an artist was found who showed himself willing to spare the exterior of this great monument any such mass of form and detail—puerile, dropscial, inept, inane—as disfigures and defaces the interior.

III.

BUT it is through such a "marble wilderness" as this—marble jungle, one might better say—that the visitor must hew his way to a conception of the architectural organism of the structure; a jungle the complications of which are hardly lessened by the guide-posts set forth so numerously. Were not the abbey one of the most lucid and symmetrical of England's great Gothic constructions (perhaps Salisbury alone is more so), the possibility of an immediate and convincing *coup d'œil* would be only slight. The general dispositions consequent upon the present arrangements for worship serve to show how widely architecture and archaeology may straggle apart, while the arrangement of the monuments in many parts of the church impairs or altogether destroys the architectural effect. Thus the choir, architecturally speaking, is divided by a screen into two distinct parts for two separate purposes. The nave, too, is treated in the same fashion—a fashion nowhere rooted and general, fortunately, except in Spain, where the protrusion of the choir into the nave is one of the great fixed facts. Under this arrangement, the feature the length and height of which should be the chief glory of the abbey is as good as cut in two. Nor is the presence of the choir-screen made more grateful by the incorporation of the memorials to Earl Stanhope and Sir Isaac Newton, works which sum up only too capably the tastes and tendencies of the days of George I.

It is a matter for regret, too, that the symmetry of the transept aisles should have suffered an unfortunate break from the intrusion of the cloisters, since a full complement of aisles is a feature of such rarity that no treatment of it can be too considerate; while the apse (and nothing, assuredly, requires an increase of intricacy less than a pentagonal apse with a due attendance of chapels) has come to be crowded with an assemblage of gigantic and confusing monuments. The most gigantic and most incomprehensibly placed of these must be confessed to date from our own century—most incomprehensibly placed, that is, unless

the intrusion of Watt among the Plantagenets is to be accepted as a masterful statement of the fact that old things have passed away, and that all things have become new, noisy, and hideous. The introduction of this monstrous effigy into the small chapel of St. Paul began with the mutilation of an interesting and valuable tomb of the fifteenth century, and ended with the collapse of the vaulting beneath the floor and the threatened destruction of both work and workmen.

The great figure of Watt being once accepted, no one will find any incongruity in the small bust, close at hand, of Sir Rowland Hill, the promoter of cheap postage. We do not strain at gnats after swallowing camels. Where the steam-engine goes the penny post may follow.

But the greatest lack of appreciation of the normal tone and the structural integrity of the abbey is shown forth in the monument of a certain admiral whose time and place was the India of the last century — a monument that should have a peculiar interest for those who find the prototype of the Gothic cathedral in the forest-aisles of the north. Here the sculptor has obscured the beautiful shaftings and capitals of the thirteenth century by chiseled applications of tropical vegetation; so that the architecture that came in through the northern pine is seen passing out through the southern palm. Such are the ingenuities of Westminster.

When, through these and kindred difficulties, an apprehension of the structure is reached, it is seen that this building, the fame and functions of which are so English, is the result of influences decidedly French; indeed, there are few English churches wherein the French feeling is more strongly apparent. It might be going too far to claim broadly that all the best features of the church are distinctly Gallic; but the soaring, slender, reed-like grace of the nave is surely more suggestive of Rouen and Amiens than of York or even Salisbury, while the polygonal apse presents a means of rounding a corner which never obtained the same full measure of acceptance north of the Channel as south of it. This favorite Continental feature is indeed found in England — at Canterbury, for instance, or at Gloucester; but the square east end, with a large window, holds its own for the regular thing, as witness Wells, or Worcester, or, more noticeably still, Lincoln. Furthermore, the workmen at Westminster were indisputably Norman, and brought with them not only their own methods, but their own materials, as far as seemed desirable. The earliest critical examinations of the restorers made it plain that the work of carving was begun in Caen stone, being continued in Reigate, the nearest available substitute. So, too, with the oak and chestnut of the roofing.

And if one refrains from declaring that the best features of the church are distinctively French, one may also refrain from pronouncing the poorest features peculiarly English. But the one pet vice of English church-building comes out very strongly at Westminster in the low, narrow doorways. The English builders have always persisted in proportioning their church doors to the human figure, rather than to the façade in which they occur; not even the practical requirements involved in the processional use of banners have often been able to raise these low-browed archways. The French flock may be fancied as going up to the house of the Lord with a spacious expansion of spirit corresponding with the wide and lofty portal which admits them; an English congregation oozes in as humbly and as inconspicuously as their builders could possibly arrange for.

Yes, on the whole, the impartial traveler, whose plans include the most accessible countries of the Continent, may very well wait to enjoy his Gothic in the country where Gothic originated. It is only a day from Westminster to Notre Dame, and no one need be importunate for the left-handed Gothic of Germany, or the half-digested Gothic of Italy, or the overwrought and unduly individualistic Gothic of Spain, when the whole wide field from Rouen to Carcassonne is whitening for his sickle. It is there that one feels most poignantly the grace, the fluency, the protean pliancy of the greatest of the medieval arts — is most keenly aware of the one elusive, indefinable touch that France knows, and always has known, how to bestow; and it is pleasant to feel that this same dexterous hand has at least touched Westminster Abbey, if it has not, indeed, altogether transfigured it.

Yet the most magnificent portion of the abbey, the chapel of Henry VII., must be acknowledged as thoroughly English, and in no wise indebted to foreign influences. In the first decade of the sixteenth century, when the Flamboyant Gothic of France was making its forced compromise with the Renaissance forms just come up from Italy, the Perpendicular Gothic of England, as yet beyond the reach of the classic revival, was taking its own last and surprising development. While Louis XII. was busy with the Château of Blois, on the Loire, the first notable fusion of Gothic and classic in France, Henry VII. was pushing the now insulated Gothic of England to its culmination in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, King's Chapel at Cambridge, and the Lady Chapel of Westminster. Of these three the last is the most gorgeous, sensational, *éclatant*. It is a veritable *tour de force*. Its fan-traceries and fantastic pendentives almost defy the law of gravitation.

The excesses of its elaborate stone carvings almost transcend the limitations of material. This overwrought and determined creation shows, like South Kensington, what England can do in the arts when she sets her jaw, and tries.

IV.

BUT architectural considerations, even those of the broadest and most sketchy sort, are not insisted upon by the general visitor to the abbey; it is the monuments that he most anticipates, and to which he gives most heed. Nowhere else in the world can such a collection be found, no series so long, so varied, so continuous, so well preserved, so wide in range. The earliest and noblest group, the royal tombs in the Confessor's chapel, have indeed been surpassed in number and in splendor; but the misdirected energies of the French nation, whose political activities we may decline in favor of their artistic ones, have been so exercised all over the Continent that these have now no real rivals. For the French, it must be confessed, have not exactly shone as travelers. Their misconception of the rôle has been displayed most egregiously more than once; Louvois among the tombs of the German emperors at Speyer, and Soult among those of the Spanish kings at Leon, have not done much to increase the luster with which "toutes les gloires de la France" are commonly claimed to shine. Nor have the French done much better as mere excursionists, as must be acknowledged by any one who recalls their doings among the tombs of their own kings at St. Denis. However, they have never appeared within Westminster, except as builders and as individual and infrequent visitors; and there is little doubt that the presence there of a large body of them, acting with the unillumined vigor which they have displayed in so many other lands, would occasion considerable surprise. Perhaps only one other thing would occasion the English people a greater surprise—to emerge from an hour of frenzy and to realize that they had wrought such havoc for themselves. But this event is unlikely. Perhaps only one other event is more so—the doing of this for them by any other people, even with a Channel tunnel to assist. Westminster, in fact, is not merely a collection of monuments; it is in itself the one great and conspicuous monument to the self-control, general reasonableness, and common-sense ability of the race. All of which has been said before; but nothing prompts commonplace more than stability. Britannia may not be over-luminous in the arts, as the abbey itself all too plainly shows, but she knows how to apply to herself the governing force of her own hand.

But the royal tombs at Westminster make only a beginning; take the abbey throughout, and no collection of epitaphs covers a wider range as regards the station, the fortune, the careers, the aims, the achievements, of those commemorated. And the nature, and taste, and artistic quality of these commemorations cover a range correspondingly wide. It is needless to cite many individual examples occurring in the wide pendulum-swing between pomp and puerility, between the lovely and the ludicrous; but the rise, and succession, and debasement of styles, along with the flux and flow of tastes, might present a theme almost trenching upon the inexhaustible.

If one were to execute a line of cleavage that would broadly cut into two sections the work of the six centuries of statuaries from Henry III. down to our own day, that line might fall within the later days of Elizabeth, and the basis of division would be established according to the manipulation of language for purposes of "epitaphy." In the later Tudor days the English language found itself, as we may say, and the skill in the use of one language widened itself to a greater readiness in the use of language generally. Thus, on one side of our line, we find three centuries of comparative reticence, and, on the other side, three later centuries during which a fluent readiness mounted only too often into a vainglorious verbosity. The reticence of earlier days sometimes retires into absolute silence; no contrast could present a wider chasm than that between the tomb of the first Edward, on the one hand,—a plain, chest-like assemblage of marble slabs, equally disdainful of art and of letters,—and that of almost any one of the ephemeral celebrities of the Hanoverian epoch, military or political, on the other.

In earlier years the beneficiaries of fame, however exalted, were content to adopt an attitude of passive and unconscious repose; even the most restless and irrepressible never rose beyond a posture of prayerful humility, and that rarely. But no man could be expected to turn an ear perpetually deaf and unresponsive to such fluency and facility in praise as became rife in the seventeenth century. Accordingly we find that the effigies rise to the inscriptions; they revive; they pose; they begin to enter into the spirit of the thing; they betray undisguisedly their appreciation of popular applause. And by the time the fore part of our own century is reached, they seem to say through their spokesman, the cross-legged and complacently smiling Wilberforce: "It is good, indeed, to be here; better to be conscious that we are here; but best of all to know how highly our presence here is prized."

After having called back these gentle shades

from another world, it becomes necessary to provide them with company. They come from a good place, most of them, and the company must be good, too—as good as can be got. So Virtue steps in, and Justice, and Benevolence, and Faith, Hope, and Charity, and the whole gentle sisterhood. And Glory comes,

ideal of monumental sculpture as reared and realized in those drear days of Charleses and of Georges, such the result of “the taste of antiquity and politeness.”

But it would be unjust to represent that the English people reached such depths as these unaided. Sculptors from the Continent have en-



THE ABBEY, FROM PALACE YARD.

ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

and Fame, and eke the British Lion—which last (commonly regarded as a ravening beast that goes about seeking whom he may devour) shows, in such society as this, the softer side of his nature. He is like enough to fall away into a lacrymose resignation, and often does.

Now, has this beauteous band been invited hither to exist in a mere state of placid passivity? Is the great one whom all delight to honor called up from his dark retirement to remain still barred from all mundane activities? By no means. The “kneaded clod” regains the “sensible warm motion” so valued by the condemned brother of Isabella, and the same motion animates his attendants. Not all the acrobats and skirt-dancers of Westminster are to be found within the Aquarium; the darkling aisles of the abbey, too, are enlivened with fluttering draperies, swung in self-conscious grace, and with corresponding distortions of form and feature. These banded groups of marble strut, and simper, and sprawl; the honored brow is crowned with laurel; one's fame is flapped from stony scrolls; one's glory is blared through brazen trumpets. Such is the

joyed conspicuous employment within the abbey. Italians, Frenchmen, Germans, and Dutchmen have found their best opportunities there, and have brought their own ideas and ideals with them. In the first half of the last century a great vogue was enjoyed by Roubiliac from France, and Rysbrack from Holland, and much of the bad work in the abbey is due to the influence they exerted on English pupils—Bird, Read, and others. To Read was due the monument to Admiral Tyrrell in the south aisle of the nave—that famous “pancake” affair (so called from the shape of the clouds involved in the scheme) which it was found necessary to cut down and partly remove. Bird designed the monument to another admiral—Shovel—in the same part of the church, and his failure to be picturesque, even with a Roman toga, a shipwreck, and a periwig, has been the occasion of much humorous comment.

But there is another ideal—an earlier one and a better one, and it is to be discovered long anterior to Roubiliac, and Rysbrack, and Read. It antedates, too, the Cecils, and Suffolks, and Somersets, and other great Elizabethan folk,



ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

THE WEST FRONT, FROM PALACE HOTEL.

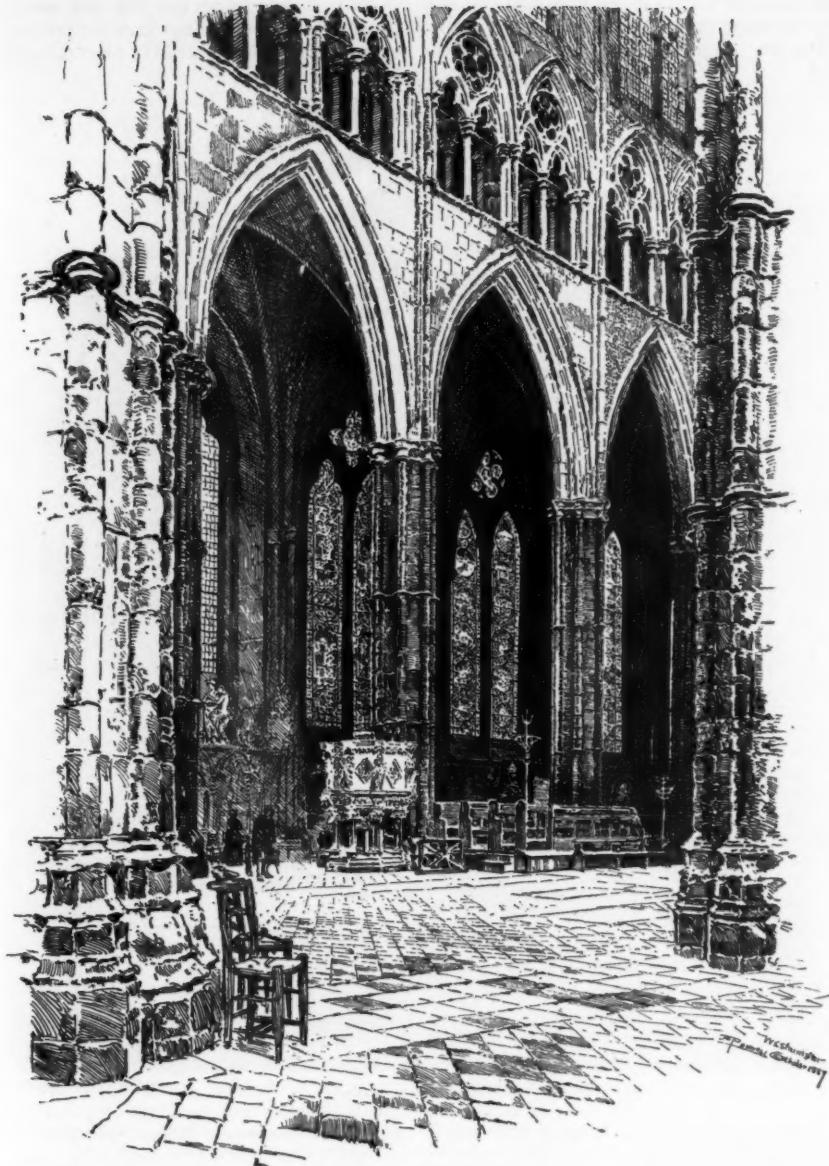
whose tombs fill the clustering chapels of the ambulatory with a pomp almost comparable to the tombs of the doges at Venice or to those of the popes at Rome, and with an architectural verbosity almost sufficient to counter-balance the self-control shown in the use of engraved epitaph. And we may believe, too, that this earlier ideal was a purely English one. For there was in the earlier days of Gothic art a certain happy hour the felicity of which has been caught, and fixed, and perpetuated. It was not, indeed, the hour when the Gothic bud had just freshly opened, for the principal tombs of that date in the abbey are curiously exotic, and seem to suggest Salerno and Ravello rather than either England or Normandy; nor was it yet the later hour when the overblown Tudor rose, as shown in the chapel of Henry VII., was on the point of falling to pieces. It was the fortunate hour when the flower of Gothic art was fully expanding itself in its first freshness at the end of the thirteenth century, and it produced the triple group of monuments that stands just within Westminster's chancel-rail.

These are three Gothic canopies of varying grace and compass. They shelter three figures that recline on three altar-tombs decorated with little niched statues. Certain shields present

certain discreet and appropriate devices in the way of heraldry; beyond this, surviving friends offer no remarks. "Aymer de Valence!" What should be the tomb of a man bearing such a name? What collocation of letters could be more instinct with grace, dignity, alertness, virility, chivalry? And what commemorative monument exhibits a more felicitous union of these qualities than his and that of his neighbor, Crouchback? Yet this is the beautiful group that it was proposed to break up, some hundred and twenty-five years ago, by the introduction of a monument, from the hand of the Bird already mentioned, to General Wolfe, the hero of Quebec. Horace Walpole, however, protested against this violation; and the dean, assured that Aymer was not, as he had supposed, one of the Knights Templar, an order against which he appears to have held an inexplicable prejudice, became amenable to reason. So Aymer de Valence still holds his own, while Wolfe's monument, one of the major disfigurements of the church, was placed, less ruinously, elsewhere.

V.

To quarrel with the monuments is the time-honored privilege of the writer on Westminster Abbey, and one may perhaps be permitted



IN THE NAVE.

in addition a word of good-humored protest at the placarded explanations accompanying them; for the solicitous authorities have done their work only too thoroughly. Explication abounds. It is insistent—one might almost say vociferous. It greets you at the very doorway—as if the façade of the north transept

had undergone its recent restoration only to make its recessed doors the better suited for a bookstand; it adds a ledgeful of books and pamphlets to the tomb of Mary, Queen of Scots; it hangs a set of type-written verses near the cradle of the "abbey baby." And once in a while there comes a white, sprinkly fall of pla-

cards all over the place, and then we know that abbey authorities does not stop with mere ex-
the "drawing orders" are being called in.¹ planation. Its wider range may be appreciated
But the printed matter put forward by the by a reference to the series of placards resting



ACCOLINS.

HENRY VII'S CHAPEL.

ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

¹ A curious circumstance with regard to the inscription on the Shakspere monument in Westminster Abbey has been brought to light by Mr. William Bispham of New York. He wrote to the English "Notes and Queries" of March 10, 1888, the following note, which has been reproduced by Dr. Furness in his Variorum edition of "The Tempest," page 211:

"Tempest IV. i. On the Shakspere monument in Westminster Abbey are these lines from 'The Tempest':

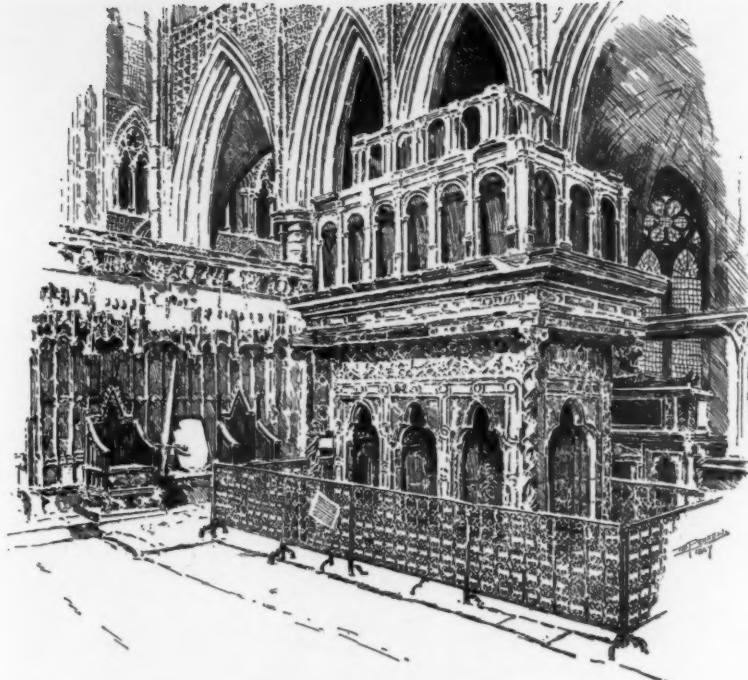
"The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;

And like the baseless fabric of this vision
Leave not a rack behind.

"But in all the editions I have here the lines run thus:

"And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.

"Can you or any of your readers explain why this transposition was made, or refer me to an edition of Shakspere's plays in which these lines are arranged as they are placed on the monument?" — EDITOR.



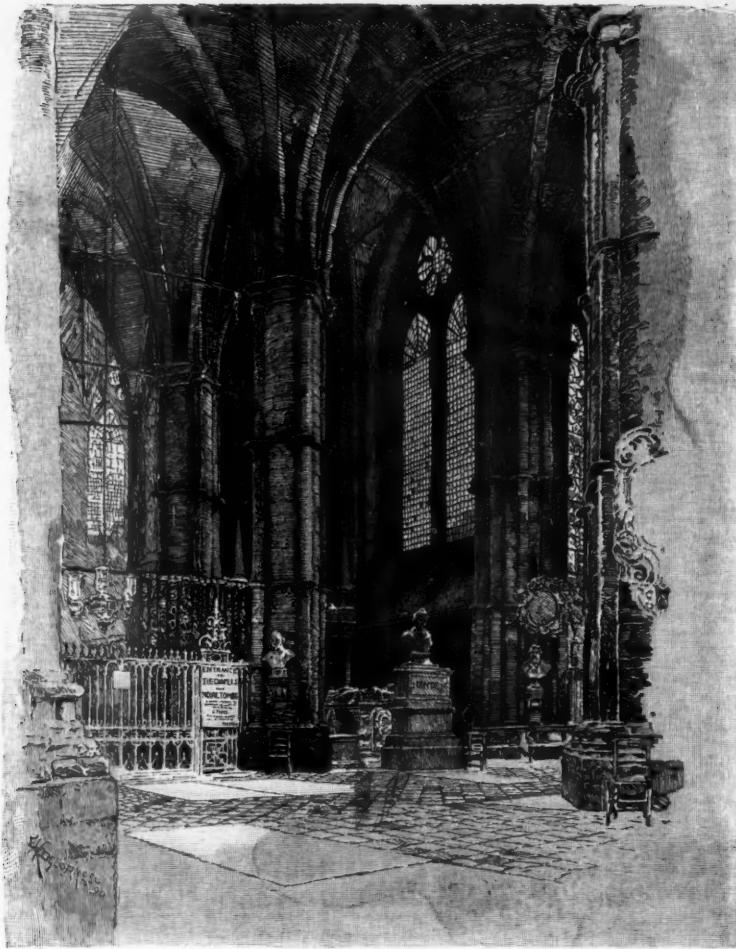
SHRINE OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, AND CORONATION CHAIR.

on the tomb of John Hollis, Duke of Newcastle, in the north transept. There are seven of them. The first gives directions for entrance to the chapels and royal tombs; the second is a "Whereas," and refers to divers complaints of damages and defacements; the third recites the hours of public worship; the fourth requests persons not to touch the monuments; the fifth directs persons not to walk about during divine service; the sixth presents a general plan of the transept; and the seventh declares that "surely this is none other but the house of God." If the executors of John Hollis, Duke of Newcastle, could revisit earth in this present day, they might have a fellow-feeling for those short-sighted builders of ours who sometimes put up their residences in streets only too surely destined for a future of street-car and retail traffic. In fact, trampling feet and jostling signs frequently leave little choice between an aisle in the abbey and a hundred feet of shop front on the Strand.

Other monuments receive equal attentions—names, dates, diagrams, facsimiles. Others, again, receive none at all save through the handbooks. Any system by which each would receive a just and proper amount of official attention would seem deserving of considera-

tion. One might wish to think twice, perhaps, before unequivocally recommending that the monuments be numbered, and that the seeds of information now so broadly and so unequally sown be gathered into one compact and convenient catalogue. Yet Titian's "Annunciation" and Murillo's "Conception" (both of them designed as objects of devotion, and originally placed as such, and both, too, more worthy of the devotee's regards than most of the things that Westminster can show) now bear numbers; and worse things might come to the abbey than the sightliness, decorum, and justness that meet in a well-managed gallery. The abbey *is* a gallery, a museum; nor does the travel-spirit that makes it such show any great sign of being on the wane.

The full recognition of the abbey as a great and permanent excursion-ground might have some effect, too, on the conduct of its services. No function there now but is hindered by the half-muffled coming and going of many feet; none that is not "assisted" by many whose rôle of quasi-worshipers is obvious enough. Now, there is a way of reconciling and harmonizing the devotional aspect of the abbey with its excursionist aspect. One Spanish fashion—rather a bad one—seems to have been



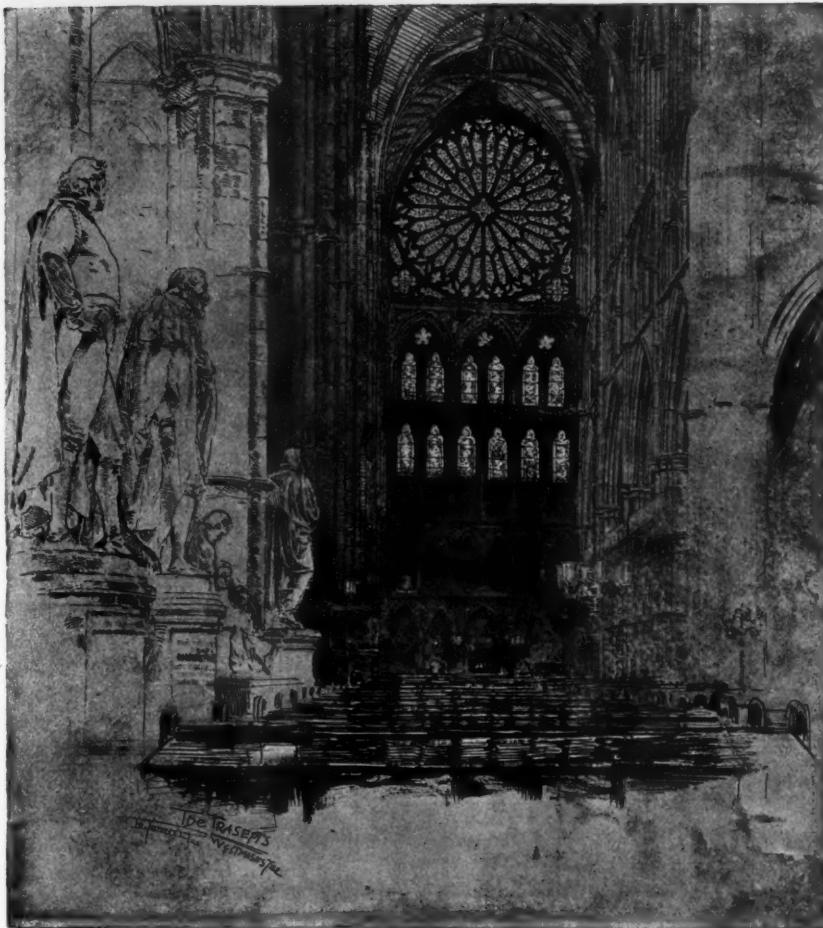
DRYDEN'S TOMB.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DE L'ORME.

followed in the choir arrangements; a second Spanish fashion — rather a better one — might be adopted as regards the functions generally. This idea considers every cathedral as a parish in itself, and provides it with a chapel to be used as its own parish-church. The abbey is not a cathedral, it is true, but it has been one, and it holds its own to-day against the real cathedral of London, and, indeed, against the cathedral of the Primate himself. Besides, its case is exceptional in many ways; so that the transfer of the ordinary week-day services to the church of St. Margaret close at hand, and the reservation of the abbey for Sunday services only, and for great and exceptional functions, might be to its advantage, considered either as a museum or as a minster.

Perhaps with this change, too, the house-keeping arrangements of the place would become a trifle less obvious. At present we ask for a reception-hall, and we receive a "living-room." Fewer brooms and dust-pans would please; the William IV. furniture might be acknowledged as *passé*; the numerous bars, ugly and exasperating at best, could be given an aspect not quite so rudely extemporeaneous; and more care might be exercised in guiding those long strips of matting across the pavements. For truly, considerable saw-sharpening goes on at Westminster, and the teeth of the over-sensitive visitor are likely to be set on edge.

The matting and the benches, indeed, claim many distinguished victims. The visitor who brings flowers to the abbey to place upon the



THE TRANSEPT.

grave of Browning—or upon that of Tennyson, close by—can hardly be pleasantly impressed to find the very small and inconspicuous stone hidden under a wide sheet of lead which finishes the irregular course of a long strip of churchly carpeting. And one feels, too, that the welcome extended by the benches and footrests of Poet's Corner to the sheaves of flowers that still, after twenty years, come to the tomb of Dickens is only a scanty and a grudging

one. In view of these considerations, it is easy to regret that this space — to many the heart and soul of the abbey — should be so intimately bound up with the daily services while other space so abounds. One becomes conscious, too, of a decided preference for wall over pavement, and sends down a silent thought toward Matthew Arnold in the baptistery, whose narrow ledge, however obscure, still places him beyond the reach of any such indignity.¹

¹ The list of poets actually interred at Westminster is both brief and curious. It comprises: Chaucer (1400), Spenser (1599), Beaumont (1616), Drayton (1631), Ben Jonson (1637), Cowley (1667), Denham (1668), Davenant (1668), Dryden (1700), Nicholas Rowe (1718), Prior (1721), Gay (1732), "Ossian" Macpherson (1796), Campbell (1844), Browning (1889), and Tennyson (1892). The names of Addison, Dr. Johnson, and Macaulay may also be mentioned. Spenser, Jonson,

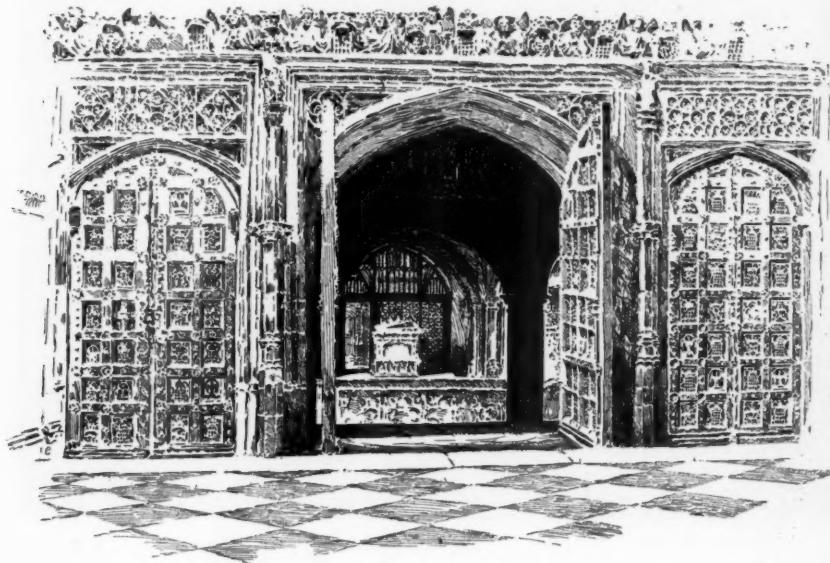
Davenant, Dryden, and Rowe were predecessors of Tennyson in the laureateship.

Beaumont is interred near Dryden without any memorial. Macpherson's burial at Westminster was provided for in his own will.

"Rare Ben Jonson" is commemorated in the abbey by three different inscriptions. In each the name is given as Johnson; the "h" is invariable.

IF the note of disparagement has sounded too plainly in some of the preceding paragraphs, it is only because the interest of America in Westminster Abbey is different now, both in degree and in kind, from what it could possibly have been a few years ago. The abbey, within the last decade, has been open to us not only for the conduct of passing ceremonial, but also for the reception of a permanent memorial, and the "difference which is one of the costs of separation," as the "Saturday Review" euphemistically phrases it, has come to be less keenly felt. In February, 1884, the bust of Longfellow was unveiled in Poet's Corner, in the presence of Mr. Lowell, who at-

Duke of Cambridge, the Marquis of Lorne, and Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. Archdeacon Farrar, in a sermon curiously penetrated by a vein of democratic—even republican—sentiment, dwelt not only upon the life of Grant, but upon the lives of Lincoln and Garfield as well. Such careers, he declared, were the glory of the American continent. He cited the declaration of a preceding President who had avowed that his coat-of-arms should be "a pair of shirt sleeves" as an answer showing "a noble sense of the dignity of labor, a noble superiority to the vanities of feudalism, a strong conviction that men are to be honored simply as men, and not for the prizes of birth and accident." The burden of the sermon was the essential unity of the American and English people.

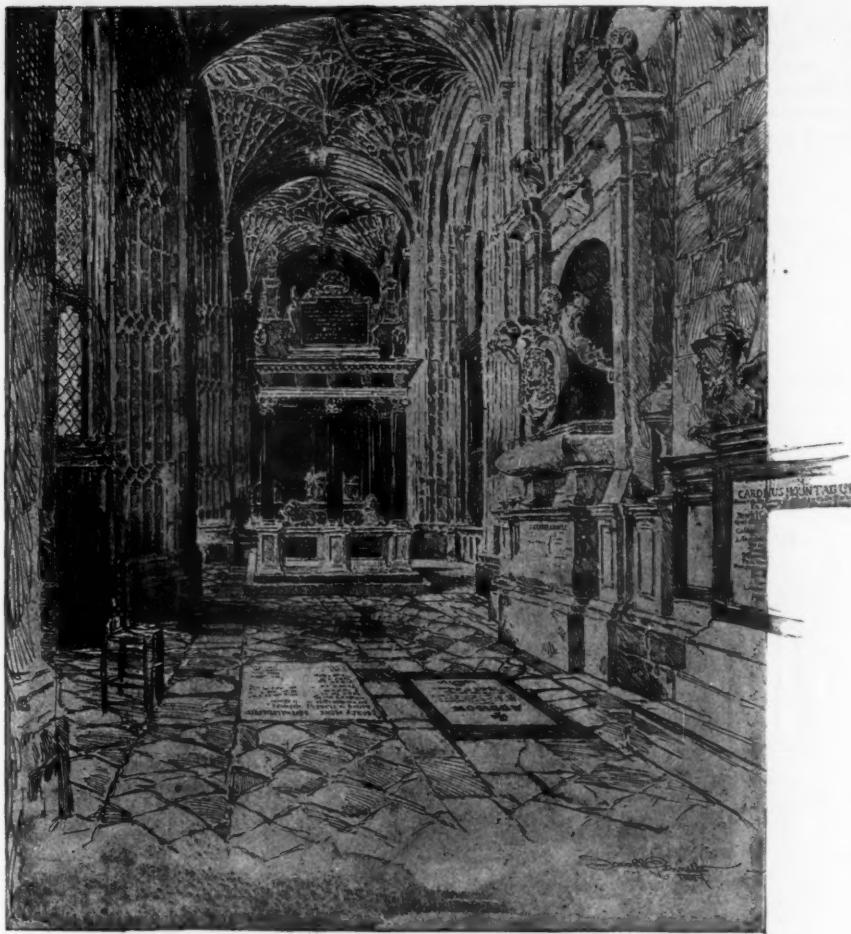


TOMB OF HENRY V.

tended both as a friend and as the representative of our country. The poet's own daughters were also present, as were also many eminent Englishmen. Among the prime movers of the undertaking were Earl Granville and Sir Theodore Martin, and among the ladies contributing were the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Jenny Lind Goldschmidt.

In the summer of 1885 the abbey witnessed the memorial service in honor of General Grant. Representatives of the Queen and of the Prince of Wales were present, and there was a suitable attendance from the ministry in general, and from the War Office in particular. Places in the choir were occupied by the

Six years later, in the summer of 1891, the same voice pronounced a discourse equally appropriate in honor of James Russell Lowell. No recognition could be more sincere; none can be more complete until England, in the course of the shifting changes of her political future, comes perhaps to see in the man thus eulogized not merely an ambassador, but also an evangelist. So when the proposal to honor Lowell within Westminster as Longfellow has already been honored encounters objections and raises difficulties, and promises to result, even at the best, in a hospitality but clipped and qualified, it rests with us not to protest, but simply to understand—to find reason for



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S TOMB.

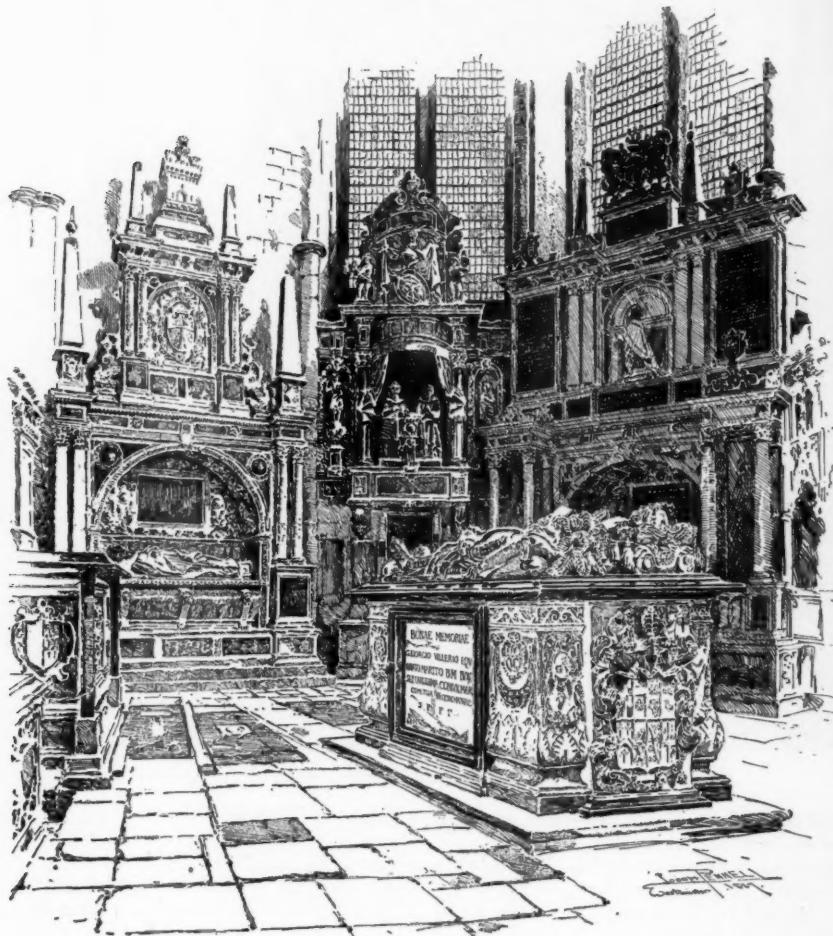
a half concession which may be only an intimation of denial for the future.

Nothing is more powerful in England than precedent. Nothing, therefore, should we expect to find more jealously guarded than the establishment of precedent. Let us consider some of the precedents as regards commemoration in the abbey. Edward the Confessor was interred at Westminster not because he was king of England, but because, being as much monk as king, and having in view his own death and burial, he chose to be the refounder of the edifice, favoring it because his own residence was near at hand. It was the burial of Henry III., after a long interval, which established the regal precedent, and made the choir of Westminster the tomb-house of kings. Again,

Chaucer was interred in the abbey not because he was a poet, but because he had held offices in the royal household, and because his residence, near at hand, as clerk of the works at Westminster, made such a course convenient. It was the burial of Spenser, after another long interval, which established the poetical precedent, and made Poet's Corner of Westminster a sanctuary of song. So, Longfellow, we may reasonably believe, was honored with a bust in Westminster not because he was an American, but because he was a poet, and because, like Edward the Confessor and like Geoffrey Chaucer, he too was "near at hand"—so near, indeed, that his verse is as well known as the late laureate's own, and within as easy reach; so near that the

British journalist or reviewer, in making his facile quotation, does so with complete disregard of differing nationality; so near that in Westminster itself the visitor will frequently chance to hear, in the course of a sermon, a line or a stanza from a friend as close and dear

Yet as regards any course of action to which an inference so drawn may give the clue, we of America can have no just cause for complaint. We can trust ourselves to discriminate between a favor and a right—between a hope and a demand. We should remember that while



TOMBS OF LORD BURLEIGH AND THE BUCKINGHAM FAMILY, ST. NICHOLAS CHAPEL.

to one half of the race as to the other. But just as the coming of the second king made the first one more a king and less a builder, and established the royal precedent, and just as the coming of the second poet made the first more a poet and less an official, and established the poetical precedent, so the coming of the second American, be he poet, essayist, politician, what you will—but the inference is easy.

Longfellow is the only one of our great dead honored by a bust in the abbey, he is not the only one to whom has been accorded the almost-equal honor of a memorial service. If the movement to commemorate Lowell in the abbey assumes the compromise form of a window in the chapter-house, as at present contemplated, instead of a bust in Poet's Corner, as originally desired and proposed, this substi-



SOUTH AISLE OF CHOIR.

tute will be accepted with the proper degree of satisfaction, but can hardly be looked upon as (to quote further from the journal already referred to) "the one mark of honor which an Englishman holds the highest attainable by mortal man."

Is not the attitude of America too suggestive of that of a daughter who, after setting up an establishment of her own, continues longer than she should to make demands upon the parent roof? I am young, she seems to say,

and my affairs are not fully in order, and there are two or three little matters that I should like to be helped out with. I have several attractive daughters whom I should like to put advantageously before the public eye; oblige me with the use of your court ceremonial. I have numerous sons, too, whose careers I desire to honor; place at my disposal a part of the great hall of fame in which you are accustomed to honor your own. And patient Britannia replies that as concerns Buckingham Palace there is

room and to spare, but that as regards the abbey of Westminster there is too little even now for her own needs. Part of her reason, yet not all; but in any event, will America kindly make other arrangements?

VII.

THE English prospectus for a future American Westminster as set forth by Archdeacon Farrar is decidedly not without its attractive features. It suggests the "pictures of the lengthening line of presidents"—a suggestion prompted by the series of mosaic medallions of the popes at San Paolo Fuori, Rome; it reminds us that there would be a propriety in cenotaphs to Raleigh and to Penn; it brings up to us the "sculptured faces of our sweet singers," Bryant and Longfellow; of our great theologians, Edwards and Channing; of our historians, Prescott and Motley; and it reminds us that in such an edifice niches would be waiting for the great figures of the generation now passing away. Of the last names thus brought up to our recollection, three are names of those already gone, and the fame of one of them is even now waiting at the portal of Westminster.

But the disadvantages and drawbacks of a Valhalla made to order have not received as much consideration from Archdeacon Farrar as the discussion of the subject immediately produced from other quarters. Various other countries have tried the same idea, but with no great success. Sometimes the Valhalla becomes the victim of inertia; that of Ratisbon, for instance, has existed for years in all the cold immobility of a neglected refrigerator, though the German nation has never been more active, more progressive, more consciously and vividly alive, more fruitful of great men, than in the half century following its completion. Sometimes the Valhalla becomes the victim of the peculiar mental bias of the epoch in which it was founded; that of Paris, identified to a prejudicial degree with the erratic thinkers of the Revolution, can hardly be considered as figuring in the dying wishes of the great Frenchmen of to-day. Sometimes the Valhalla falls a victim to the peculiar mental make-up of the nation; that of Madrid affords a striking case in point. In the brief period between Isabella and Amadeo a pantheon in the capital was determined upon; the rotunda of San Francisco was set apart and bedizened with a glittering contemporaneousness of gilding, fresco, and marble wainscoting; and the entire country was ransacked for illustrious dead to deposit there. But such transference was extremely unpopular in the provinces,—"the Spains,"—and most of the bodies, even

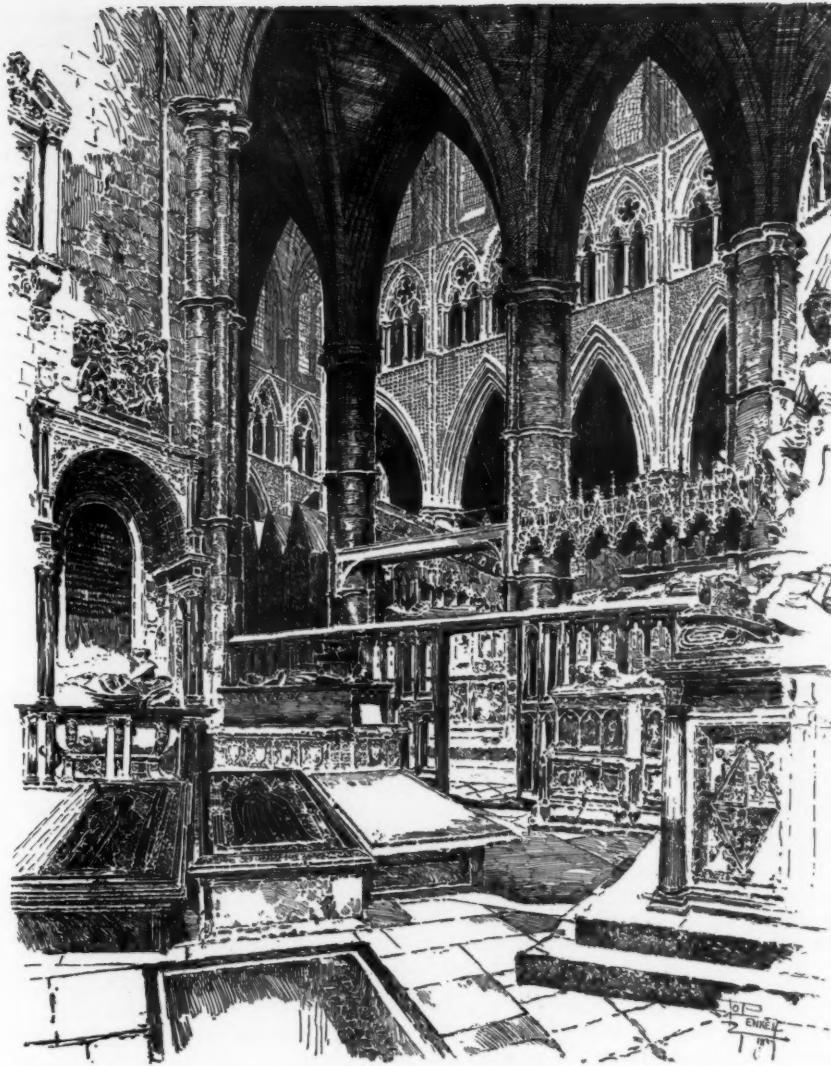
within the short space of twenty-five years, have been reclaimed and restored.

It is not to be assumed that the American pantheon would run on any such rocks as these. We should learn from the German example not to place our Ruhmeshalle near a minor provincial town. Nor would our course be complicated, as in Paris, by the existence of an Institute which confers an immortality on those already living. Neither, despite the great and growing rivalry of large cities, should we have to contend with a rampant sectionalism—such as that of Spain, which would deny the dignity of the very capital itself.

But there are other objections, nevertheless, and they are numerous and cogent. One alone is apparently insurmountable—the necessity of a political basis and the inevitability of a political bias. The voter swarms; the practical politician is abroad. If the guiding and restraining sense of high church dignitaries, supposedly sensitive to the continuity of history and to the force of hallowed tradition, has not always proved sufficient for the prevention of jarring *faux pas*, what might be expected from a rawly extemporized board or committee working on the yea-and-nay plan—a body certain to have the qualities of its active creators and perpetuators and to be provided at the start with a very large space to fill? Our English well-wisher, in his suggestions for a National American pantheon, provides for our early explorers and colonizers, our poets and theologians and historians; but he does not lay equal stress upon our "statesmen," as we are fond of calling them. Now, when we consider that the one character to evoke the vivid, spontaneous, unbounded enthusiasm and sympathy of the American people is the political orator, that this same people is in the habit of prompt and definitive action in a matter which really moves and concerns it, and that in no other land is ante-mortem abuse more subject to the corrective of post-mortem praise, we may imagine the make-up and aspect of our pantheon after a hot political campaign that happened to be followed by a season of severe mortality. It might, at first, give us considerable complacency; shortly it would displease us, presently it would disgust us; and in the future we should be well enough satisfied to bury our illustrious dead near their own families and amidst the scenes with which they were associated during life.

VIII.

THE only abbey, then, with which we are likely to have much concern is the abbey of Westminster. It is not, indeed, the harmonious whole that the heart might wish, but it is much



ST. EDMUND'S CHAPEL.

better than anything else of the kind in which, for some time to come, at least, we are likely to claim an interest. And those of us who cannot resolve its discords unaided may compass this end by calling in the one art capable of dealing with such a problem. Not that there exists any music absolutely fitting for a Gothic cathedral, since the two great arts of northern Europe were four hundred years apart in the course of their development. Had the music-makers of the fourteenth century enjoyed the

technical knowledge and the varied resources of the eighteenth, we should now possess in sound some equivalent for the piercing beauty, the panting aspiration, and the free-handed intrepidity of an age the chief manifestation of which remains only one of structural form. For the music of the great classic days is only wig-music, after all, whether we take the perky cheerfulness figured by the Haydn peruke, or the labored and majestic graces conveyed by the mighty head-dress of Handel. Still, there

are happy moments when the powder and horsehair of the great German art seem reduced to a minimum. One of these comes when the clear-voiced choir-boy of the abbey sings sweetly the great aria, "I know that my Redeemer liveth"; and another such moment (repeated more than once in the course of the past fatal winter) comes when the strident chords of the Dead March in Saul are rained down in a fiery shower—chords the spirit, poignancy, and daring of which seem almost an intimation of what music might and should have been in those passionate days which reared the angel choir of Lincoln, the soaring front of Strasburg, and the defiant apse of Notre Dame.

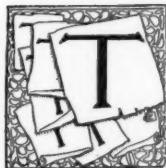
Music, too, produces a pleasant pianissimo in a certain small and retired court that lies buried deep within the abbey precincts—a court which is at once the home of musicians long dead and the residence of others yet liv-

ing. This inclosure (the same, by the way, which was once the residence of Irving) is embellished with a fountain, and in May there is a pleasant show of greenness. Quiet reigns. Even the occasional organ-peal that sometimes sounds through the cloister proper dies out before reaching here. The very names on the brass black-letter door-plates blur themselves into a modest illegibility. For such a spot as this there is no Aquarium; the omnibuses rumble by in vain; monumental vainglory expires; and the dim roar of London comes to be not a matter of sense, but merely a matter of memory. The pilgrims set out for Canterbury only yesterday; Barnet, perhaps, will be fought to-morrow; one stands quite prepared to assist in a resumption of the daily monastic activities of the elder day—a resumption that seems not only proper, but imminent and inevitable.

Henry B. Fuller.

THE ROUSING OF MRS. POTTER.

WITH PICTURES BY IRVING R. WILES.



HERE were peach-trees all around the house. In front they were planted in rows, but at the back and sides of the house they were growing without order. The long, shining leaves glistened in the sunshine, and all among the leaves the peaches hung ripe, and ready to be picked. There were a great many peaches lying about on the ground under the trees. Hens were wandering about picking wasteful holes in them, and others were wallowing idly in the dry, ungrassy soil.

There was a narrow, worn path leading down between the trees from the front door to a rough rail-fence. There was no gate. At the end of the path two of the rails had been taken away, and the people who lived in the house, when they wanted to go beyond, climbed over or crawled under. Beyond the fence, in front of the house, the prairie stretched away smoothly for half a mile to a narrow belt of woods along a stream. The public road ran through the yard at the back of the house. There were two gates to be opened when any one wanted to pass through; but few passed, and they opened the gates unquestioningly.

The house was built of logs. It had been whitewashed, but the wash was chipping away in many places, leaving it spotted and rain-

stained. A large grape-vine almost covered the back of the house, and ran out on poles fastened to the roof, forming a green-covered porch. All around the back door, under the grape-vine porch, flat stones were laid. A girl was kneeling on the stones, picking out the weeds that were growing between them. The odor of stewing peaches came pleasantly out to her.

"There, that makes six cans already."

The girl got up and went to the door. She had on a light calico dress, with a brown spray running over it, and a pink calico sunbonnet on her head. Her small feet were without shoes or stockings. The woman standing by the stove, stirring the cooking fruit, turned toward her.

"I wish to gracious, Addie, you'd put on your shoes. You'll get your feet all spread out, going bare. You would n't go that way if we was living in Dayton yet, to save your life."

The girl laughed. "Well, we ain't living in Dayton; that makes the difference."

"You're too big a girl, anyhow. Supposing some one was to come?"

"I'd skip in and get 'em on."

There were several tin milk-pans, full of peaches cut up and ready to be cooked, standing on the table with the glass cans for the canning. Addie went over and took one of the pieces and put it into her mouth. The six



"MRS. WOLCOTT HAD BEEN THREADING THE MACHINE."

jars of newly canned peaches were on a shelf that extended along the wall back of the stove.

"I should think we'd have enough for a dozen cans with just what we've cut up. We'd been glad enough to have had some of the peaches we can't use, back in Dayton," Addie said.

"Yes; I rather guess we would. I want to rush and get done before dinner. I'm going to ride up to the store with your father after. I have n't been off the place for two weeks."

Addie took another piece of peach, and went out to the weeds again.

"You'll have to get dinner, so I won't be interrupted," her mother called out to her.

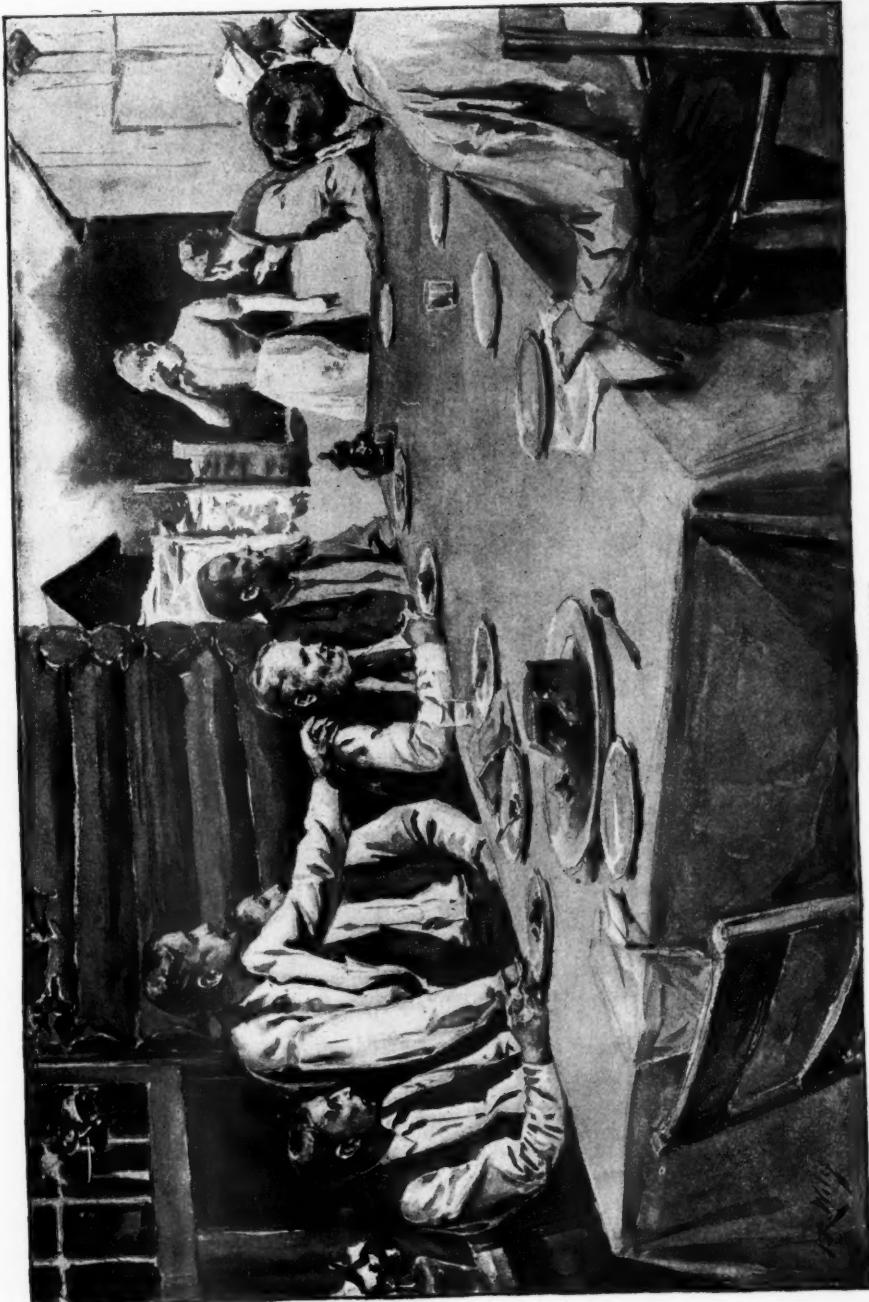
"Well!" She jumped up and ran into the house quickly. "There's a wagon coming down the rise. It's a light spring-wagon."

"Do get on your shoes, and keep them on. The idea of keeping yourself so you're ashamed to be seen!"

The girl sat down on the door-sill, drawing her bare feet under her dress.

"They'll pass through in a minute. I don't want to stop now. I'm going to fix up after dinner. There, they're opening the gate. Why, there's a sick woman in behind on a mattress!"

Mrs. Wolcott came to the door, and looked out over her daughter's head.



THE DINNER.

The man, who was driving, got out of the wagon and opened the first gate; and now, instead of driving straight on to the second, as they had supposed he would, he turned the horses' heads toward the house.

"Whatever is he going to do?" Mrs. Wolcott whispered. "Can't he see the other gate?"

"Hello!" the man called out, seeing them. "My wife wanted to make you a visit, and I've brought her over. She heard you was from Ohio, and that's where we hail from, so nothing could n't keep her to hum."

Addie stood up, forgetting her bare feet. These people were strangers, whom they had never seen nor even heard of before, but the neighbors for ten miles around had been coming unexpectedly to welcome them ever since they had arrived in the early spring. They had come with their families and had spent the day, and had generously and hospitably invited the Wolcotts to do the same.

"What's the matter with your wife?" Mrs. Wolcott asked, going out toward the wagon. Addie followed her.

"She's had some trouble with her spine like for six years or more. She'll tell you all about it. She knows more about it than I do."

The woman sat up, leaning on her elbow, and looked at them.

"Well, I'm glad we're here. I thought we'd be all day. I'm about dead. Now, when you get me off, Joe, you want to hurry back and get the children's dinner. I told 'em you would. They'll be about starved to death."

There was a wonderful amount of vigor and native force in the bedridden woman's voice. Her full face bore no trace of her long suffering, and her eyes were large and bright; but she lay quite helplessly across her husband's shoulder, when he had let down the end board of the wagon and lifted her out.

"You'd better go ahead and get your bed ready," he said to Mrs. Wolcott; "she'll have to lie right down."

"Addie, run on and take off the spread and the pillow-shams. Be sure you fold 'em in the creases. Don't it hurt you?" Mrs. Wolcott added, following her visitor into the house.

"No; not much. Joe's learned to tote me quite easy, he's had so much practice."

They went on through the kitchen into the sitting-room. This was the only other room in the house besides the large loft bedroom above. There was a bed in the corner of the room, with a white spread and ruffled pillow-shams, which Addie was hastily disarranging for their guest. Everything in the room had an atmosphere of other days. There was a worn Brussels carpet on the floor in red and greens, and a carpet lounge in harmonious shades of blue and gray. The walls had been covered with brown build-

ing-paper, and bulged or sank irregularly with the logs. There were white lace curtains at the two windows, and a sewing-machine and a cottage organ stood in the room.

Their guest, when she was finally established on the bed, and Mrs. Wolcott had taken her bonnet and shawl, sat up and looked curiously about her. Her husband stood in the center of the room looking also.

"Well, I heard you was fixed up pretty fine, and I should think you was. There ain't many in these parts brought so much West with 'em." She pointed to a small picture that hung on the opposite side of the room. "I suppose that's the picture of the house where you used to live back in Ohio that I've heard so much of?"

Mrs. Wolcott went over to the picture, and started to take it down.

"Oh, you need n't bring it to me. I can see it from here. I don't see whatever you wanted to leave a nice home like that for, and come out here and live in a log house. Do go along, Joe Potter. Those children will be starved."

Mr. Potter said good-by, and reluctantly went out of the door. Addie followed him out into the yard. He lifted the mattress from the wagon, and leaned it up against the side of the house, and Addie opened the gate for him, and he drove away. No word had passed between Mr. Potter and his wife of the intended length of her visit. Addie heard Mrs. Potter telling her mother her plans as she went back into the house.

"I told Joe he could bring me over, and I'd stay until we'd had our visit out; then I guessed Mr. Wolcott would hitch up and bring me home. It's a good ways for Joe to run back and forth, and I don't like the children left to themselves nights."

Addie went to the stove and took off the peaches, which had cooked down into a kind of jelly, and were beginning slowly to burn on the dish.

"Well, we have n't but two beds," she heard her mother answer. "I don't see how we'll manage without Addie sleeps on the lounge, and we sleep in her bed. Mr. Wolcott could never carry you up-stairs."

"Oh, you know I brought my mattress, so there'll be room enough. Some one can sleep on that." She lay comfortably back on the soft pillows, and laughed easily. "It's quite a convenience, taking your bed with you; you're sure then not to put people out."

"Well, I hope we can make you comfortable, I'm sure. I'm canning, and I'll have to finish, or the peaches will spoil. I'll leave the door open between, and Addie'll be in and out if you want anything."

Her guest looked slightly aggrieved. "You

THE ROUSING OF MRS. POTTER.

can put 'em down in sugar, and they 'll wait canning. I 've done that a good many times when anything came up to hinder me."

Mrs. Wolcott knew that this suggestion was not to be lightly considered. She excused herself, and went out to the kitchen.

"Well, I never in my life!" she said to her daughter in an undertone. "The way she throws herself around on that bed! She 's so heavy-looking, I feel as if she 'd break the springs every time she turns over."

Addie smothered a laugh behind the cupboard door. Mrs. Wolcott emptied the peaches into earthen jars, sprinkling them freely with sugar.

"I was ashamed enough to have them catch you barefooted. Do get on your shoes, and then begin on the dinner. I 'll work on your underclothes. I can sew and entertain her, too, I suppose."

The dinner-table was set in the sitting-room that day, close by the side of the bed, and Mrs. Potter watched the bringing in of the dinner with the greatest interest. Everything reminded her of the days when she lived in Ohio. She boasted of her own cooking when she was strong. The pudding was one she had often made in Ohio; but she had forgotten the receipt, and Mrs. Wolcott brought in her cook-book, and she copied it, while they were waiting for Mr. Wolcott to come in to dinner.

He was rather late. While he was washing himself in the tin basin on the bench under the grape-vine porch, Addie told him about their visitor, and where they had set the table. He laughed out at the description of her arrival, and her purpose of staying until he could take her home.

"Well, she 'll have quite a spell to stay, then, I 'm thinking. I 've got to take a grist to the mill this afternoon, and to-morrow morning early I 'm going to that sale over to Brockton, and won't be home till late; so she won't get away before day after to-morrow, in the evening, if she waits for me."

Mrs. Potter, when she was told of the prolonged visit she would be forced to make, took it cheerfully.

"I 'm sure I can stand it if you folks can. I 'm no particular good to home, and this ain't a bad place to be found in. I ain't tasted nothing so good as this dinner since I come to Kansas." She was sitting up quite straight and unaided.

"What seems to be your trouble?" Mr. Wolcott asked, looking at her quizzingly from under his eyebrows. "You sit up quite strong."

"I have n't a bit of strength to me. I ain't walked a step for more 'n five years."

She sank back among the soft pillows, and lay very quiet during the remainder of the meal.

All that afternoon Mrs. Wolcott and Addie sat in the sitting-room sewing, and ready to entertain their guest. Mrs. Wolcott was running the sewing-machine. The front door stood open, and the warm sunshine streamed in across the floor. There was a faint breath of ripe peaches wafted in from time to time. A bumblebee had found its way into the room, and tumbled crazily about the ceiling.

Mrs. Potter was taking a long nap. Her breathing was regular and heavy.

"I have a feeling about me I never had, as I know of, about anybody else," Mrs. Wolcott said in an undertone, nodding toward the bed. "Perhaps I 'm wronging her,—I hope I am,—but I feel as if she just had the will she could get up as well as anybody, and walk too."

There was a slight movement on the bed. Addie shook her head at her mother.

"You better keep still."

Mrs. Wolcott waited a moment. Mrs. Potter's regular breathing continued.

"If she 'd use some of that strength in trying to get up, that she uses in bouncing about on the bed, I can't but think she could."

There was a decided movement on the bed. Addie smiled at her mother, and bent over her work.

Mrs. Wolcott had been threading the machine, and now she began sewing again. They both were certain that Mrs. Potter was awake, and had probably heard all that Mrs. Wolcott had said. The next few minutes were decidedly uncomfortable ones. In the silence the bumblebee tumbled against the door, and flew out and away.

"Go out and get a nice plate of peaches, Addie. Mrs. Potter will like some, I know, when she wakes up, and I would n't mind having one myself. I don't know what I 'll do when they 're gone."

Mrs. Potter sat up, and looked over the rather high foot-board at her hostess.

"No, Mrs. Potter would n't like none of your peaches when she wakes up, and Mrs. Potter 's heard every word you 've said, and, you can depend upon it, if she had the use of her legs she 'd use 'em to get out of this house pretty quick."

Her face was white with excitement. Mrs. Wolcott turned a hem, and looked at her calmly over the top of her spectacles.

"Well, since you heard me, I believe you could do it if you set your will to it." She drew her lips tightly together, lengthening the muscles at the corners of her mouth. "Sometimes it 's the saving of a person when some one dares speak out the truth to them."

Mrs. Potter lay back among the pillows with a moan of real pain. After a few minutes Mrs. Wolcott began to talk of other things. She felt

keenly the unpleasantness of making a guest uncomfortable in her home. She spoke of things back in Ohio that she was sure would interest Mrs. Potter, and Addie with a quick understanding talked, too. There was no response from the bed, and when Mrs. Wolcott finally put some question directly to her, Mrs. Potter still remained silent.

The afternoon wore slowly away. Mrs. Wolcott ran the sewing-machine, and Addie basted for her, and kept up a cheerful little strain of conversation on her own interests.

"There 'll be a full moon to-night, won't there? I 'm glad."

Mrs. Wolcott stopped the machine, and turned her work.

"I suppose so. Why?"

"Why, I 'm going riding; you know, I told you."

"Are you going on horseback or in the buggy?"

"Horseback, I hope. It 's lots more fun."

"I don't want you staying out late. Your father lets you go, so I 've nothing to say; but I think you 're too young for such things, myself."

"Well, I 'm sixteen; I guess that 's old enough."

Mrs. Potter listened with interest. She wanted to ask Addie with whom she was going riding, and to tell her that she herself was married when she was sixteen.

"You was n't sixteen till last week. You 'd better learn to keep on your shoes and stockings if you 're going to think yourself a young lady," Mrs. Wolcott answered.

When it began to grow dark, Mrs. Wolcott and Addie had their supper alone out in the kitchen, and afterward Addie rode away with the young man who called at the kitchen door for her while she was washing the dishes.

Mrs. Potter strained her ears to catch his name, or to recognize the sound of his voice. She had refused the supper that had been brought in to her, and had turned her face stubbornly to the wall, and would not speak.

Mrs. Wolcott thought with real alarm of the prolonged stay that her visitor would be forced to make. Mr. Wolcott would not be home from the mill until late. She stood in the door and watched Addie as she galloped away, and then went in and stood by the bed.

"I don't know whatever I 'm going to do with you, Mrs. Potter, if you won't eat nothing, nor say what you want. You can't go home till my husband 'll take you, and that 'll be day after to-morrow at the nearest, he 's so drove with work just now. I 'm sorry I spoke out what I thought, if that 'll do any good."

Mrs. Potter rolled over on the bed, and flashed her eyes at Mrs. Wolcott.

"You don't catch me staying here any three days!"

"Well, you heard what my husband said. I suppose he will take you home if you 're set on going, but it would convenience us more to have you stay."

"If I 'm such a hypocrite as you say I am, the sooner you get me out of your house the better."

"I don't know as I said you was a hypocrite. You just ain't roused yourself, that 's all."

Mrs. Wolcott drew up a chair by the bed, and sat down. "We was always renting back in Ohio, because we did n't rouse ourselves and get out here where land is cheaper; and here I am an old woman almost before there 's any sign of my having a place of my own. We 'd been back there yet if we had n't just been drove out by bad luck. I always say if we 'd only roused ourselves while we was younger, we 'd been well-to-do, now."

Mrs. Potter looked over at the picture of Mrs. Wolcott's former home.

"You 've been giving out that was your house."

"Well, it was while we lived in it. Addie was born there, but there was a double mortgage on it. I don't tell this to many. We never could have raised it; still, I looked on it as home more 'n any place I ever lived."

"Well, you own this place, don't you? People said you give out you was well off."

"We never gave out anything as I know of. People who come asked if that is where we used to live, and I said it was. I did n't see no need in going into particulars with everybody that come in. We about own this place, and we will own it clear in a few years; then we will have a home in our old age, and Addie 'll have something when we 're gone. It was n't easy tearing up at our age and coming out here, neither. It was beginning again when I thought I was through."

"I don't see what that 's got to do with my getting up," Mrs. Potter answered, turning her face away. After that she refused to speak again.

At half-past nine Mr. Wolcott drove into the yard, and Mrs. Wolcott went out and talked with him while he was unhitching the horses from the wagon.

"Well, I 'm too tired, and the horses are too tired, too, to go any further to-night; but I suppose I 've got to take her if you can't get along with her. You hold the horses, and let me go in and have a word with her."

He threw the reins to his wife, and went in through the kitchen, and stood in the sitting-room door.

"Well, my wife says you think you can't spend the night with us," he called out cheer-

THE ROUSING OF MRS. POTTER.

ily into the moonlit room. "You better think better of it. I'll try and take you home to-morrow, when I get home from the sale. I'd take you home in the morning first thing, but there's going to be a lot of pigs go off cheap, and I want to be there in time to get my bid in, sure. Come, now, you better let my wife give you something to eat, and content yourself till it's more convenient to take you home." There was no answer from the bed. "My wife will like to have you stay, and will do her best to make you comfortable."

"I guess she'll like my room better 'n my company. I suppose I've got to lay here till you're ready to take me, but I ain't any mind to stay where I ain't wanted."

Mrs. Potter smothered a sob under the bed-clothes.

"Bless your heart, no, you don't have to stay. I'll have you out of there before you can say Jack Robinson, if I can lift you. I ain't over and above strong; you'll have to help yourself what you can. I'll go out and get your mattress into the wagon."

A feeling of disappointment settled around Mrs. Potter's heart. She was very comfortable. She thought of the long ride, and her springless bed at home, and longed to stay where she was.

Mrs. Wolcott came in and brought her bonnet and shawl, and helped her into a rocking-chair, and drew her to the door; and Mr. Wolcott, with great difficulty and real suffering on his own part, finally succeeded in lifting the decidedly heavy invalid up to her mattress in the wagon, and climbed up on the seat in front, and drove away. Mrs. Potter maintained her injured silence to the last.

As they drove out of the gate, Addie and the young man she had been riding with came up on horseback, and Mrs. Potter from her position on the mattress had the satisfaction of seeing that the young man was Henry Avery, whose father's farm joined theirs. As the young people passed, she heard them laugh out and whisper together.

The ridiculousness of the situation was far from Mrs. Potter's mind. It was equally far from the mind of Mr. Wolcott. His back ached miserably with the heavy lifting, and the six-mile drive, after the hard day, stretched out drearily before him. The horses, with ears laid back, resented this additional tax on their strength and good nature. The night was bright and beautiful, and full of living sounds. The long prairie grass waved brown and green about the wagon wheels.

After a long silence Mr. Wolcott turned around. "You better keep that quilt over you. This night air is full of malaria."

"I don't suppose I ought to make you

bring me home to-night." Mrs. Potter spoke for the first time. They had nearly reached her home. "I suppose you're tired." She had had the worn, stoop-shouldered little man before her all the way, and she had been thinking of what Mrs. Wolcott had said of their rousing themselves in their old age to come West and make a home of their own.

"Well, it's too late to think of it now. You wanted to come, and here you are," Mr. Wolcott answered.

The small frame-house stood unfenced and unpainted on the prairie. There was no welcoming light shining out from the windows. There was a dreariness about it all, and the thought of the unkept interior pressed heavily on Mrs. Potter's spirits. She would have given a great deal to be back in Mrs. Wolcott's bed, in the cheerful, neat little sitting-room that she had thought she was so anxious to leave.

Mr. Wolcott rapped, and after some time Mr. Potter came half-dressed and half-asleep to the door.

"Well, I've brought your wife home to you; she could n't bide us another minute," Mr. Wolcott called out cheerfully.

"What in thunder do you want to come home this time of the night for, routing me out?" Mr. Potter growled, going out to the side of the wagon.

"I did n't care about the way I was treated," Mrs. Potter answered, her anger awakening again. "I don't care about visiting with people who begrudge you the victuals you eat, and make fun of your being sick and helpless to your face." She began to cry.

"We had some more Easterners come out here that was stingy with themselves and their grub," Mr. Potter began, excitedly taking up his wife's complaint, "and we made it so warm for them they had to move on. It'll blow your canvas cover when this gets out, now I can tell you!"

"You don't know what you are talking about, Potter," Mr. Wolcott answered calmly, as he climbed into the wagon.

Mr. Potter turned. He had his helpless wife in his arms.

"I know all I want to know about all you stuck-up Easterners, what's making money with your close-fisted stinginess."

"Why, I thought you bragged of hailing from our State yourself. What are you talking about?"

"I've been away from there long enough to get the meanness all rubbed off me, anyhow. Now you move on!"

Mr. Wolcott touched the horses with the whip, and drove away. He heard the door close heavily after the reunited husband and

wife, and their voices, loud in abusing him, for some time.

The next day, when Mr. Wolcott stopped at the store on his way home from the sale, he was met with decided coolness by the farmers who had reached the store before him. No one raised a welcoming voice, and the store-keeper, who was also the postmaster, handed him his mail with an absence of his accustomed joke on Wolcott's getting more than his share; and no one shouted out to him that he ought to be made to share it with the rest.

Joe Potter sat on a sugar-barrel with an ugly scowl on his face, and presided over the silence. Mr. Wolcott went out, and climbed into his wagon, and drove away, feeling more the newcomer than he had since his first days in the country. The two pigs that he had bought at the sale squealed dismally in the wagon behind him all the way home.

The weeks passed, and no other visitor came to spend the day at the Wolcotts'. Mrs. Wolcott and Addie were received with such marked frigidity when they made the attempt, that they gave up trying to return the numerous visits that had been made them before the unpleasantness occurred.

"They're too stuck up to visit you. They are afraid you'll want to return it," Joe Potter was saying in the store one evening.

It was threshing-time, and the farmers had been arranging for the exchange of work, and settling the date on which they would thresh for the different farmers. The date for Mr. Wolcott's threshing had been arranged for the next day.

It was the first overture that had been made to the family, this invitation to Mr. Wolcott to exchange work at threshing-time; but his services were needed too greatly to stand in the way of their prejudices.

"You need n't expect to get any kind of a feed at Wolcott's," Joe Potter continued. "You'd better take a lunch along with you. You'll need it. You're going to get a dinner at my house this year that you'll remember; my wife's been planning it for a week. You'll get a chance to sample genuine down-east cooking, and no skimping on the butter."

The young man who had taken Addie Wolcott riding the day of Mrs. Potter's visit at the Wolcotts' was sitting on the counter. He had taken her riding a great many times since then. He was the only one who knew why Mrs. Potter had been taken home at ten o'clock at night, and it was only his promise to Mr. Wolcott that had kept him from making a good story of it in the store for the ridicule of Mr. Potter.

"Hello! Has your wife got the move on her?" some one called out.

"I guess it'll be the days of miracles come back before she leaves her bed, if that's what you mean; but she's setting up some every day, and looking out for things more. We'll have a woman in to do the cooking same as always, but my wife'll see it's done up to the top notch."

Young Avery tossed a couple of potatoes, which he held in his hands, alternately into the air, and gave a shrill whistle, indicating surprise.

"She'll have to be up and jumping if she makes an Indian pudding as good as the ones I've eaten at the Wolcotts'. Mrs. Wolcott says she's going to make Indian pudding for the threshers." He commanded the instant attention of every one in the store. "She can make punkin pies that'll make you wish you were in an ocean of 'em and had to eat your way out. And if you can get anything this side of the equator better 'n them things they make called blamanges, I'll give a dance Thanksgiving time and pay the fiddlers."

"Go on, Avery; what else are they going to have? You seem to have got the bill of fare by heart," yelled the storekeeper.

"Paid to advertise, ain't you?" sneered Joe Potter.

"Paid with kisses, I guess," cackled some one in the back part of the store. The young man sprang to the floor.

"You look out, if you don't want your teeth knocked out. I won't stand none of your small talk."

"Well, what else are they going to have? You make my stomach anticipate, and my mouth water so I can't stand it," some one said, pushing him back against the counter.

"You'll see what else to-morrow, and the next day, and as long as you're threshing there, and the feller that don't like what he gets, and says so, will settle with me. But I tell you now, you're going to get such a feed as you won't forget in a hurry."

Mrs. Potter had a cook-book that she had brought with her from Ohio. It had never been unpacked since they moved to Kansas, eleven years before. When Mr. Potter came home from the store that night the cook-book was hunted out from the old tin trunk up under the rafters, and Mr. Potter and his wife held a long conference over it.

"You jest make up your mind what we can get up that beats their bill of fare all holler, and I'll see you have things to do with, if it takes every cent the grain comes to this year. We'll have Mrs. Burns in to do the work, same as always."

"I don't know as it could rightly be called down-east cooking if Mrs. Burns does it." Mrs. Potter was sitting up in bed. A sudden deter-

mination came into her face. "I'm going to cook that dinner myself! I'm getting more strength in my legs every day. I'll show Mrs. Wolcott that when I do get up, I get up for some purpose."

Mr. Potter drew away from the side of the bed in alarm. "Do you mean you're going to get out of the bed to do it?"

"I mean our threshing-dinner ain't going to be beat by that one to-morrow to the Wolcotts' if it's the last act of my life."

"Well, if you was fool enough to try to get up and cook for threshers, I guess it 'ud be the last act of your life. But what am I talking about? You could n't do it, of course; you could n't do it. Mrs. Burns'll cook this year as she always has, and I'll help. You'd better go to sleep. You've got yourself all nerved up. I'll wind the clock, and quiet down, too."

Mr. Potter came home late from helping to thresh at the Wolcotts' the next day. The children were asleep, but Mrs. Potter was awake, and listening for his return.

"Well, why don't you go on and tell about what they had?" she asked, as he stumbled around the dark, disorderly room in search of the lamp.

"I don't feel like talking. Go to sleep!" he growled.

"Was the dinner anything to brag of?"

"I've eaten just as good. Go to sleep! I ain't going to talk."

"When are they going to thresh here?"

"Begin Monday week. Can't you keep still? You'll have the children awake."

"Have you given up beating on the dinner?"

"I ain't thinking anything about the dinner. I guess they'll get enough; they always have."

"You think we're beat, I can see that plain; but we ain't!" As she said this, Mrs. Potter slipped off the edge of the bed, and stood on the floor before him. "Now do you think we're beat?"

Mr. Potter ran to her, and caught her in his arms; but she shook him off.

"Go away; I'm not going to fall; I've known for some time I could stand if I wanted to; but I was ashamed to do it. I know what everybody'll say, but I can't help it."

She sat down on the edge of the bed suddenly, alarmed by the look on her husband's face. "What on earth's the matter with you, Joe Potter?"

He dropped down on the bed beside her, and put his arms around her. "O Clarinda, you stood on your feet! You ain't stood on 'em for 'most six years. I've done the work, and tended you and the children, and I never expected it could be no other way. It's a mira-

cle, that's what it is!" He began to cry, leaning up against her.

"Don't be silly, Joe Potter. If it was a miracle, I guess I'd know it. I did n't think I could get up; but after Mrs. Wolcott made me mad about it, I begun trying. I've known I could for some time; but I was ashamed to let it be known. I did n't like to give her the satisfaction. But I'm up now, and I'm going to stay."

She took his arms away from her, and got back into bed again.

"Are you going to get breakfast in the morning?" he asked after a few minutes.

"Yes; I suppose I've got to begin again," she answered reluctantly.

"Well, if daylight comes, and I see you moving around the kitchen like you used to, I'll believe anything."

The day on which they began threshing at the Potters' was very warm. Mrs. Potter had set the table out-doors in the shade of the house, and the men, as they washed themselves for dinner at the pump, came over and sat down on the wooden benches around the table. Mrs. Potter, assisted by her husband, was bringing out the dinner.

"Well, I call this better than eating in the house on a day like this, Mrs. Potter," some one called out to her; "you're the first woman that's thought of giving us a cool place to eat in. By hunkety! and palm-leaf fans! Hand over one; I call this something like."

Mrs. Potter felt that her triumphs were beginning. She had had Mrs. Burns over to help her all the day before, and Mr. Potter and the children had done what they could; but the heat and the excitement were beginning to weigh terribly on her strength.

Each new dish, as it was brought on the table, was received with the warmest appreciation and praise. At last, everything had been carried away, and Mr. Potter, at the head of the table, was dishing out great saucerfuls of pudding.

"It's stone-cold," he was saying. "Been hung down the well since last night, and you need n't be bashful. There's enough so every man of you can have his third helping."

The young men of the party all at once began to cheer, and the two who sat on each side of Henry Avery lifted him by the shoulders into a standing position.

"Speech, speech, Avery! Are you going to give us that dance Thanksgiving time you promised if you lost your bet on them Wolcott blamanges? Don't this pudding beat 'em? Come, chirp up! We don't let you set down till you do."

"Well, I guess you're going to get the dance," the young man answered, looking over

at Mrs. Potter, and smiling. "I guess when a woman that's been as sick as Mrs. Potter has gets out of bed to cook a dinner like this, I ain't—look out there, Wolcott! Catch her—she's going to fall!"

Mr. Wolcott turned and caught her as she swayed toward him, and her husband came around quickly and carried her into the house. She came to herself almost immediately.

"Go on and tend to 'em; I'm all right. I've been a little too smart, that's all. I'll have Mrs. Burns to help all day to-morrow, I guess."

Mrs. Potter stood in the door as the farmers drove out of the yard that night, on their way

home. She had fully recovered, and her face was bright with pleasure over the farewell cheers they were giving over the success of her dinner. She had a large basket in her hand neatly covered with red napkins. When Mr. Wolcott's wagon passed, she motioned for him to stop.

"I hope you won't feel offended," she said, going out to the side of the wagon. "I thought I'd like to send your wife and Addie a little of my cooking." She lifted the basket into the wagon. "It ain't much. If they don't want it, you can bring it back." And then, without giving him time to reply, she turned and went quickly back into the house.

Gertrude Smith.

THE PRESENT STATE OF OLD TESTAMENT CRITICISM.



OLD TESTAMENT criticism, as the term is generally used, is concerned with the literary structure, date, authorship, and historical credibility of the books of the Old Testament. The interest in this subject centers in the historical books, and especially in the Pentateuch. The question of its analysis and authorship has become almost as familiar and burning in the religious world as the problem of protection or free trade in the political. It is the purpose of this article to give the present features of this question, with their bearing on the Old Testament as a record of history and of a divine revelation.

Criticism has shown that the historical writings of the Old Testament are essentially compilations. "The method of the Hebrew historian was not that of a modern writer of history. The modern writer borrows his materials from ancient sources or documents, but rewrites them in his own language, except where quotation is expressly introduced. The style of his history is thus homogeneous throughout. A Hebrew historian, on the other hand, excerpted from his sources such passages as were suitable, and incorporated them substantially as he found them; sometimes adding comments of his own, but as a rule only introducing such alterations as were necessary for the purpose of harmonizing and fitting them together."¹ This method of historical composition is at once apparent in the books of Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles. It is clearly seen in the accounts of Saul's election as king (I. Sam. viii-xii), of David's relationship to Saul (I. Sam. xvi: 21-23 compared

with xvii: 55-58), in the last four chapters of II. Samuel (which are of the nature of an appendix), in the various stories of Elijah and Elisha in the books of Kings, and especially in the history in Chronicles compared with its earlier parallel in the other books. Indeed, it is safe to say that all critics concede this to be the method in which all the historical writings of the Old Testament (not considering the two small books of Ruth and Esther), with the single exception of the Pentateuch, were composed. But even in regard to these five books, those who contend for their unity and Mosaic authorship make certain striking admissions. Dr. W. H. Green has said: "It is freely conceded that certain phenomena, particularly in the earlier chapters of Genesis, seem to be best explained by the supposition that it was based in whole or in part upon preexisting written sources. Before the publication of Astruc's 'Conjectures,' the Dutch theologian and commentator Vitringa expressed the belief that 'the various writings of their fathers were preserved among the Israelites, which Moses collected, digested, embellished, and supplemented.' Such an assertion considered in itself, so far from invalidating the record, rather tends to give it additional confirmation, since it increases the number of witnesses, and, to a certain extent, replaces oral tradition by documentary evidence. And it does not in any way affect the question whether the book in its present form is to be ascribed to Moses."²

Dr. E. C. Bissell also says: "It is a mistake

¹ "Notes on the International S. S. Lessons," by S. R. Driver. New York, 1887.

² "Hebraica," Vol. V., p. 141.

to suppose that those who do not agree with the advocates of the current analysis of the Pentateuch reject altogether the theory that ancient documents may to some extent lie at the basis of the so-called Mosaic books. On the contrary, they regard it not only as possible, but as highly probable. It is a reasonable supposition in itself considered, and at the same time a tolerably safe conclusion from the literary phenomena of the books, especially of the introduction to Genesis." And he further adds: "It is nowhere stated in the Bible that every specific law in the Pentateuch arose *de novo* in the time of Moses. Israel can not have been wholly without laws of its own in Egypt. The terse, laconic form of the first code (Ex. xxi-xxiii) favors the view that in principle it had been to some extent previously observed. And there is documentary confirmation of this (Ex. xviii: 16, cf. 20; Deut. iv: 5). The two other codes, that which respects the tabernacle and its worship and that of Deuteronomy, have on their face wholly different objects in view. The one is for the priests, and is technical in character; the other, in the form of a popular address given near the close of Moses's life, is meant especially for the people, and touches upon the first and second only where emphasis was called for, or where changed circumstances required a modification of form."¹ Dr. Cave, the leading representative of the ultra-conservative critics in England, freely grants and defends a duality or plurality of authorship of Genesis on the following grounds: "The use of the divine names assuredly does point to a duality of authorship. The manifest differences of style unmistakably point to at least two hands; the very phraseology employed as manifestly indicates more writers than one."² He says also that in the Pentateuch there are three strata of laws. "The first stratum of laws—Exodus xx-xxiii—is the rough sketch of the coming theocratic government to be announced by Moses. The second stratum of laws—the remaining laws of Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers—was given by Jehovah as the permanent code of theocratic rule in the wilderness. The third stratum was Deuteronomy, a popular presentation of this law made forty years after, immediately prior to the entrance into Canaan."³ Professor Beecher of the Auburn Theological Seminary has proposed a theory of Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch which allows its compilation out of any number of documents differing in literary style. He says: "Moses is the author of the Pentateuch; and Moses and Joshua of the Hexateuch, in the sense of being responsible for the literary existence of these books in their present form. But they may have been, and most likely were, authors of them in the way in which one would

naturally expect public leaders, such as they, to be the writers of such writings. That is to say, they are likely to have written some parts personally, some parts through amanuenses; to have caused other parts to be written by directing secretaries to write them, or by accepting documents prepared to their hand, or to have taken other parts from the works of earlier authors. In such a case, whether they themselves gathered their writings into their present form, or left that for their successors to do, is an open question until it is settled by evidence. Their claim to authorship would not in the least be impaired if it could be shown that the writings were collected into a whole, and parts of them written by men of the generation that had been associated with Moses and Joshua, and had survived them."⁴

The present question, then, before Old Testament critics is not that of codes or documents existing in or underlying the Pentateuch. This fact may be regarded as decisively established, and in view of the admissions made by ultra-conservative scholars one may well go a step further, and receive as a most probable result of criticism that the Pentateuch, or, with the book of Joshua, the Hexateuch, is a compilation from three if not four original sources, known as the Priests' Code, the narratives of the Jahvist and Elohist, and the Code of the Deuteronomist, and usually designated by the letters P, J, E, and D. The consensus of all scholars in favor of this view, except those who still maintain the Mosaic authorship and unity of the Pentateuch, is practically unanimous, and even many of these latter, as we have seen, virtually grant the fact. Dr. C. H. H. Wright, the author of the well-known Bampton Lectures defending the unity of the book of Zechariah, in his recent "Introduction to the Old Testament," says: "The composite character of the Pentateuch [from four documents] may be regarded as fairly proven."⁵ So likewise Professor Kirkpatrick of Cambridge University, England, another conservative scholar, as may be seen from his commentaries on I. and II. Samuel, and on the Psalms, in a recent volume says: "A vast amount of labor and ingenuity has been spent on the critical analysis of the Hexateuch, with the result that there is a very general consensus that four principal documents have been combined to form the Hexateuch as it now stands."⁶

¹ "Christian Union." December 26, 1891.

² "Inspiration of the Old Testament," p. 205. London, 1888.

³ "Contemporary Review," p. 896. December, 1891.

⁴ "Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica," Article Pentateuch. Philadelphia, 1889.

⁵ "Introduction to the Old Testament," p. 100. New York, 1890.

⁶ "The Divine Library of the Old Testament," p. 44. London, 1891.

We might refer also to the list of 146 scholars "who stand in a solid phalanx against the traditional theory that Moses is responsible for our Pentateuch in its present form" given in Professor C. A. Briggs's latest work.¹ Professor Briggs is also undoubtedly correct when he says, "The number of professors in the Old Testament department who hold to the traditional theory may be counted on one's fingers."²

The acceptance of this documentary composition and analysis of the Pentateuch or Hexateuch does not mean, however, that we are to receive the frequently verse-splitting partitions of the laws and narratives as fixed with perfect accuracy, or that we are to be at pains to recognize not only the writers or documents known as J, E, D, and P, but also the work of the editor or redactor, R, and R₁, and R₂, and J₁, and J₂, and so on, which are given by many critics. The example of Professor Driver, who, in the analysis of Joshua and Numbers, does not attempt to separate the work of J and E, is well worthy of imitation.³ While a compiled document of great age may unquestionably contain the work of many authors, and while, as an exercise of critical ingenuity, it may be well enough to point all this out, yet the publishing of such refined minutiae as the well-assured result of critical investigations serves to bring such work into derision. "The criticism of the Pentateuch is a great historic drama which needs to be put upon the stage with appropriate scenery and circumstances. When performed by a company of puppets called J, E, D, and P, with their little ones down to J₃ and P_x, it loses its impressiveness. It will not be strange if some spectators mistake the nature of the performance, and go home with the impression that they have been witnessing a farce."⁴

In respect to the date of the documents scholars widely differ. Professors Cave and Bissell endeavor, as has already been said, to crowd them all into the Mosaic period of forty years. This is improbable, owing to the accumulation of evidence against it. And just here we would remark that of the various explanations offered for the phenomena of the Pentateuch, the one which is to be accepted is a question of probability, and that the proof for any view depends not upon any single line of evidence, but upon a combination, and the result is reached by the impression made by this combination as a whole.

The reasons against the documents all ori-

¹ "The Bible, Church, and Reason," pp. 236ff. New York, 1892.

² *Ibid.*, p. 247.

³ "Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament," p. 32.

⁴ Professor A. B. Davidson in the "Critical Review," January, 1892.

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ginating in their present form within the forty years of the sojourn in the wilderness are as follows: first, the documents themselves in their literary and theological differences naturally suggest a greater length of time to explain their origin; secondly, extending through the book of Joshua and forming a Hexateuch, they include the history of a later period; thirdly, they abound not only in incidental references to a post-Mosaic period, but the historic tone and coloring, especially of the Priests' Code, are of a later age; fourthly, the laws, in their differences, imply different historical backgrounds; fifthly, Israel's history furnishes different eras corresponding to these different laws; sixthly, Israel's literature of these different eras corresponds likewise to these different codes and narratives; seventhly, the exceeding improbability that a single legislator within the short space of forty years should give to the same people different codes of legislation, all embracing the same essential laws, and yet each having marked peculiarities, and increasing their differences in an ascending ratio. These reasons, combined with the entire lack of positive historic evidence the other way, present so strong an argument against the traditional view of the Pentateuch, that no counter considerations seem able to break its force. *Did such phenomena appear in any other writings, no one for a moment would think of maintaining that the writings originated in their present form, either in the time of Moses, or within the short space of forty years.* And if no definite conclusion could be reached in reference to their later date, this negative conclusion would yet hold good.

It is true that the scholars who regard these documents as post-Mosaic are not altogether agreed as to their date or order of appearance; yet among them there is not that divergence of view which one might expect. The documents J and E are almost without exception allowed to be the oldest, and not later than 750 B. C., and perhaps one or two centuries earlier. Deuteronomy is by all assigned to the period of Josiah, or to the preceding reigns of Manasseh or Hezekiah, *i. e.*, 725-625 B. C. The only real question in dispute is in regard to the Priests' Code, whether it is earlier or later than Deuteronomy. It has been assigned to the age of David, and regarded as the oldest document of all. But the prevailing view now is that it is the latest document, and belongs either to the exilic or post-exilic period. On this assumption the Pentateuch in its present form dates from the fifth century B. C., or from the age of Ezra. This coincides to a certain degree with the old traditional view which held that Ezra edited and made some annotations in the Pentateuch, and also with the Jewish

story that the law of Moses, lost during the exile, was supernaturally revealed to Ezra.

But more important than the differences of date assigned to the origin or composition of these documents, and their final welding into a completed work, are the differences among the critics respecting the age of the essential elements or the underlying teaching and laws of the Hexateuch. Here, among those accepting the documentary analysis and the post-Mosaic origin of the Hexateuch, we find two schools, a conservative and an advanced one. The question at issue between them is that of the germ of the Old Testament religion, or what is historic Mosaicism. The advanced school, represented by Wellhausen, Stade, W. Robertson Smith, Cheyne, and many others, while they give Moses a place as "the founder of the law," "the founder of the nation," regard all the special features of Israel's religion as of later growth. "Moses," it is said, "gave no new idea of God to his people." And it is asserted to be "very difficult to believe that the religion of Israel from the outset was one of a specifically moral character."¹ In short, this school believes that the religion of Israel "may be traced from the lowest stages of animistic worship up to ethic monotheism, and from custom up to the authorized divine law, within the period embraced distinctively in Israel's history as a people." All, then, of the distinctive religious ideas and institutions of Israel are of a relatively late date, and hence all those portions of Scripture which portray them must be of equally late origin. Thus, the great bulk of the Old Testament writings, and even laws, is held to belong to the exilic or post-exilic period. No Psalms, for example, save one or two, are pre-exilic; at any rate none belong to David. And the striking affinity between the earlier chapters of Genesis and the Babylonian literature is due to the contact of Israel with the Babylonians from the period of Ahaz onward. Indeed, we are gravely told that the Israelites were taught of God by their heathen captors. Professor T. K. Cheyne, for example, in his recent Bampton Lectures on the Psalter, says: "If the Canaanites could poison Israelitish religion, should not the Chaldeans have contributed to purify it?"² "May we not reverently think that Israel was brought to Babylon to strengthen its hold on lately acquired truth, just as the Magi from the East, according to a Jewish-Christian tradition, were led by the star to Bethlehem to do willing homage to the infant Christ? And may I not add that Nebuchadnezzar, and Darius, and their wise men, were prophets, not only like Epimenides relatively to heathendom, but also, in some

degree at least, relatively to the central people of revelation?"³

We do not believe that this view of Israel's history, which denies to it any great creative epoch at its beginning, which allows no parallel to be drawn between Christ and Moses, will be able to maintain itself. It stands in too clear contradiction to the accounts given in the Bible itself. It does violence to these sacred writings considered simply as the religious memorials of an ancient people, requiring the assumption of their editing and re-editing in all ages, until not only the Pentateuch, but all the Old Testament writings, become veritable Joseph's coats of many colors—all sentences and paragraphs which are opposed to the critics' theories being regarded as the insertions of later editors. It presents the strange psychological phenomenon of the prophets, whose official basis is said to rest on heathenism, lashing with invective and threatening their contemporaries for forsaking the religion of their fathers. It is not in harmony with discoveries of ancient literature in the East. "The curious spectacle," says Professor Whitehouse,⁴ "is presented by the advanced criticism in that while its tendency is to postdate the literature of the Old Testament by centuries, archaeology is antedating the origin of Semitic culture by millenniums."⁵ In a word, the criticism of this advanced school is too subjective, being based upon the assumption that "the rudimentary initial stage in a process of religious development cannot possibly anticipate the features of a more advanced stage, but must necessarily present the religious element in human nature under its rudest form." This, however, is not true. Some of the purest and noblest religious ideas are the oldest, as is seen in the beautiful penitential psalms of Babylonia. First thoughts may be better than the second, and the third a return to the first. The Christian church returns to-day to Paul's description of charity, and to John's conception of God, as the highest and best in ethics and theology.

The present situation has been well stated as follows: "At the present time, if we mistake not, there is especial need for the observance of a critical attitude toward the more advanced school of higher criticism. Just now the wheel has come half circle round, and the religious world, as reflected in many of its organs and reviews, is willing to accept all that the most advanced Bible critics will tell them, with a docility most uncritical. May we venture to remind our readers that the day for proving all things, even though they come under the aegis

1 "Encyclopædia Britannica," 9th Edition. Article Israel, by Wellhausen.

2 "Origin and Religious Contents of the Psalter," p. 267. New York, 1891.

3 *Ibid.*, p. 270.

4 Translator and editor of Schrader's "Cuneiform Inscriptions."

5 "Critical Review," p. 13. January, 1892.

of the authority of our most renowned scholars, is not yet past? Certain results in Pentateuchal criticism Kuennen and Wellhausen have, I admit, attained. Nor will a serious scholar venture to assert that the book of Daniel in its present form is pre-Maccabean, or that Isaiah and Zechariah are not composite books. But let not these admissions involve the weakness of yielding to Kuennen's conclusions as to the antiquity of much of the contents and ideas of Israel's literature, and especially of that ethical spiritual monotheism which it is the fashion of the hour to regard as the startling product of the eighth century. And let it be remembered that there are eminent Semitic scholars like Dillmann, Schrader, Nöldeke, König, Baudissin, Bährgen, Strack, and Kittel, whose views respecting the evolution of Israel's religion are very different from those now in the ascendant."¹

With these scholars representing the conservative school of critics is evidently also to be placed Professor S. R. Driver, for in his recent "Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament," in which he accepts and defends the documentary composition of the Hexateuch, and places its final compilation in the post-exilic period, he also says: "It cannot be doubted that Moses was the ultimate founder of both the national and religious life of Israel; and that he provided his people, not only with a nucleus of a system of civil ordinances, but also with some system of ceremonial observances designed as the expression and concomitant of the religious and ethical duties involved in the people's relation to its national God. It is reasonable to suppose that the teaching of Moses on these subjects is preserved, in its least modified form, in the decalogue and the 'Book of the Covenant' (Ex. xx-xxiii). It is not, however, required by the view treated above as probable to conclude that the Mosaic legislation was limited to the subjects dealt with in Exodus xx-xxiii: among enactments peculiar to Deuteronomy there are many which likewise may well have formed part of it. It is further in analogy with ancient custom to suppose that some form of a priesthood would be established by Moses; that this priesthood would be hereditary; and that the priesthood would inherit from their founder some traditional lore (beyond what is contained in Ex. xx-xxiii) on matters of ceremonial observance." "The principles by which the priesthood were to be guided were laid down, it may be supposed, in outline by Moses." "The laws of the Priests' Code, even when they included the later elements, were

still referred to Moses—no doubt because in its basis and origin Hebrew legislation was actually derived from him, and only modified generally."² Professor Driver thus leaves a genuine Mosaic foundation for the Old Testament religion, and is here in hearty accord with the devout and now sainted Professor Delitzsch, who said: "And though in determining the dates of the composition of the codes we should have to advance to more recent times than the Mosaic, yet this does not exclude the fact that the narrative is based on tradition, and that the codified law grows from Mosaic roots. Dillmann, too, acknowledges ancient foundations in the Priests' Code and Deuteronomy."³ Thus, in the light of this criticism, there is preserved to us the Old Testament religion as one grounded and based upon a historic Mosaicism. The order of the law and the prophets has not been entirely reversed; they represent not successive developments, but synchronous ones. This conservative theory allows a place for low stages of belief, for customs rising into law; but the essential things which were finally reached—the belief in a moral deity, the one ruler of the world, and a law divinely given—are there in germ and substance to start with at the threshold of the nation's life.

With this view of Israel's fundamental belief there is no place for the charge of pious fraud, if we hold that the codes ascribed to Moses in their present form are of later date. Deuteronomy was not a forgery, for, to quote again from Professor Driver: "The new element in Deuteronomy is thus not the laws but their *paranetic setting*. Deuteronomy may be described as the *prophetic re-formulation and adaptation to new needs of an older legislation*. It is highly probable that there existed the tradition—perhaps even in a written form—of a final address delivered by Moses in the plains of Moab, to which some of the laws peculiar to Deuteronomy were attached."⁴ Professor James Robertson of the University of Glasgow, in a work defending the traditional view of Israel's religion, calls attention to the fact that the Hebrew language has not developed indirect speech,—a peculiarity which necessitates the regular introduction of speeches or addresses, the characteristic feature of Deuteronomy,—and he then adds: "It is easy to see how a writer, soon after or long after Moses, recalling the events which we may suppose tradition preserved in the nation's mind, and using we know not what documents, produced a book like Deuteronomy. The situation was not one of active events, but of reflective pause and

¹ Professor Owen C. Whitehouse, "Critical Review," p. 15. January, 1892.

² "Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament," pp. 144ff. New York, 1891.

³ "New Commentary on Genesis," p. 28. New York, 1889.

⁴ "Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament," p. 85.

consideration, preparatory to the arduous work of the contest, and hence the literary form of the book is different from that of the other books of the Pentateuch. Not by any fiction, not by inventing a story for a purpose, but in perfect good faith, he represents the lawgiver surrounded by the people whose welfare lay so much at his heart, giving them such counsel, warning, and encouragement as were suited to their circumstances. It was but natural that a writer setting himself to such a task should mingle much of his own in the composition. No writer can divest himself entirely of his own personality, or write entirely without reference to the time in which he lived. And a writer succeeding Moses, at a greater or less interval, could not but see the development of events which were only in germ in Moses's time, and could not help representing them more or less in their developed form."¹ Thus there is no place for the charge of fraud or forgery if Deuteronomy did not receive its present form until the time of Josiah, or the Priests' Code until the period of the exile. This accusation, which is most frequently urged as the great and final reason for not accepting the results of Old Testament criticism, has place only as a reply to those critics who hold that the new legislation was assigned to Moses as a device to enhance its respect.

The school of conservative critics, besides differing radically from the advanced school in reference to the question whether the germs of the Old Testament religion belong to the Mosaic age, differ also in their explanation of the similarity between the Babylonian traditions and those of the earlier chapters of Genesis. This similarity is not regarded as due to contact with the Babylonians during the exile or the preceding century, but because the Hebrews brought these primitive legends with them when they came from Ur of the Chaldees. "And hence there are elements in the Hexateuch of vast antiquity coming down from the twilight ages of the childhood of the world before the call of Abraham."²

But if in the light of modern criticism we can still maintain the substantial correctness of the Old Testament as a record of Israel's history and religion, it is very evident that our conception of these writings must differ somewhat widely from the traditional one in the Protestant Church. According to this view the historical books were written either by contemporaries of the main events which they describe, or if by writers of subsequent periods, these latter had access to records made by con-

temporaries, or else were supernaturally inspired to discern the truth of old oral traditions, if not receiving past history by direct revelation. This view made these books practically without error of any kind, and required a continuous miracle for their composition—a supposition which, unnatural in itself, in the light of sober reason falls to pieces beneath the weight of the artifices required to bring into harmony with it the varied facts of Scripture; which facts, upon any other field of investigation, would call for different explanations than those given to square them with the traditional theory of composition. To endeavor to maintain it is labor lost; the price is too high. "Were the difficulties isolated or occasional, the case, it is true, would be different; it could then, for instance, be reasonably argued that a fuller knowledge of the times might afford the clue that would solve them. But the phenomena which the traditional view fails to explain are too numerous for such a solution to be admissible; they recur so *systematically*, that some cause or causes for which that view makes no allowance must be postulated to account for them. The hypothesis of glosses and marginal additions is a superficial remedy: the fundamental distinctions upon which the conclusions of the critics depend remain untouched."³

What theory of historical composition do we find, then, taking the place of the traditional one? "Early history is essentially artistic. Its object is more to charm the fancy, and warm the emotions, than to instruct the understanding. History written under these circumstances has much the character of a prose poem—*carmen solutum*, as Quintilian called it."⁴ This statement illustrates the character of the Old Testament histories. They were written not primarily to give a record of human events, and an understanding of the human course of history, but to reveal God, to give religious instruction, to stir religious emotions, to lead men through repentance and faith into a new and higher life. Their purpose was homiletical. And thus while these historical writings in their great underlying facts are trustworthy and reliable records, yet, in the presentation of those facts, they assume at times what may be called an ideal character, or, in other words, their authors were not kept entirely from viewing the past in the spirit of the age in which they lived. This is especially clear in the case of the author of Chronicles, where we have an opportunity of comparing the record with the earlier one in Samuel and Kings. Here the conclusion is irresistible that the author has interpreted past

¹ "The Early Religion of Israel," pp. 424ff. New York, 1892.

² Kirkpatrick, "Divine Library of the Old Testament," p. 48.

³ Driver, p. 10.

⁴ "Encyclopædia Britannica," 9th Edition. Article History.

history in the light of his own time. So conservative a commentator as Zoëckler says: "A marked subjective coloring of his narrative in the direction of the priestly Levitical standpoint may be ascribed to our author."¹ Fuller and firmer is the statement of Professor Driver: "The Chronicler reflects faithfully the spirit of his age. A new mode of viewing the past history of his nation began to prevail: preëxilic Judah was pictured as already in possession of the institutions, and governed—at least in its greater and better men—by the ideas and principles which were dominant at a later day; the empire of David and his successors was imagined on a scale of unsurpassed power and magnificence. The past, in a word, was *idealized*, and its history (where necessary) rewritten accordingly." "In these and similar representations there is certainly much that cannot be strictly historical; but the Chronicler must not on this account be held guilty of a deliberate perversion of history; he and his contemporaries did not question that the past was actually as he pictured it, and the Chronicler simply gives expression to this persuasion. It is not necessary to deny—on the contrary, it is highly probable—that a traditional element lies at the basis of his representations; but this element has been developed by him, and presented in a literary form, with the aim of giving expression to the ideas which he had at heart, and inculcating the lessons which he conceived the history to teach."² When one carefully reads the book of Judges he will also be led to a similar verdict. Professor A. B. Davidson, writing on this subject, says: "The histories preserved in the book of Judges are for the most part external: they are probably traditions preserved among the individual tribes who played the chief part in the events described. That in some instances we have duplicates presenting divergences in details is natural, and does not detract from the general historical worth of the whole."³ "Besides the main substance of the book, there is a frame in which the histories are set. This frame is probably younger than the histories, and its point of view may be that of a later time. It connects the histories together by giving a summary under the form of an ideal *schema*, in which the same steps are regularly repeated: 'The children of Israel did that which was evil and served Baalim, and provoked the Lord to anger, and he sold them into the hands of their enemies. And when the children of Israel cried unto the Lord, he raised up a savior who saved them, and the land had rest

so many years.' This regular movement of apostasy, subjugation, penitence, and deliverance is hardly strict history. It is rather the religious philosophy of the history. It is a summary of historical movements written under the idea that Jehovah presided in the history of Israel, and to bring it down to our level we must read second causes into the movements and operations of the people's mind. We shall not misunderstand it if we put ourselves into the author's point of view, and remember that he speaks of Israel as an ideal unity, and attributes to the unity defections which, no doubt, characterized only fragments of the whole; and finally that he uses the nomenclature of his day, calling by the name of Baalim and the like all objects of worship and practices in his view improper in the service of God. Without these considerations the history would not be intelligible; for a falling away of a whole people to Baal, and then a conversion to Jehovah, to be followed by a falling away again twenty years after, is not according to the operations of the human mind."⁴ Undoubtedly we are compelled to hold a somewhat similar view of the narratives of the Pentateuch. This has, in a sense, been recognized even by those holding tenaciously to the Mosaic authorship and the strictest views of inspiration. Thus, for example, while the older commentators felt called upon to defend the universality of the flood, some of these later ones tell us that the language only means that the deluge appeared universal to those who witnessed it, and that they described it accordingly.⁴ In other words, these eyewitnesses related the event, not as it actually occurred, but as it appeared to them. Their description, given according to their conception or idea, and not according to the actual facts, is, then, an ideal one. A limited flood has been idealized into a universal one. It is only a further application of this view of the narrative of the deluge, when we hold that Old Testament historians described the past according to the ideas of their own time. As the language describing the flood is not strictly accurate, inasmuch as the flood was not universal; as, in short, the fact of a limited flood has been idealized, so likewise we can say of the author of the Priests' Code: "His aim seems to have been to present an ideal picture of the Mosaic age constructed upon a genuine traditional basis, but so conceived as to exemplify the principles by which an ideal theocracy should be regarded. That he does not wilfully desert or falsify tradition appears from the fact that even where

¹ Lange's "Commentary," p. 27.

² "Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament," pp. 500ff.

³ "The Expositor," pp. 48ff. January, 1887.

⁴ "In all probability we have in Genesis the very

syllables in which the patriarch Shem described to the ancestors of Abraham that which he himself had seen, and in which he had borne so great a part." Canon Cook, in the "Bible Commentary." Genesis, p. 76.

it set antiquity in an unfavorable light, he does not shrink from recording it (Ex. xvi: 2; Lev. x. 1; Num. xx: 12, 24, xxvii: 13 f.). It is probable that, being a priest himself, he recorded traditions, at least to a certain extent, in the form in which they were current in priestly circles.¹

Thus the conclusion of modern conservative criticism respecting the historical writings of the Old Testament is that they contain an ideal element. This does not mean that these writings are fictions. They are not. They are sober and carefully composed histories. From the frequent references to authorities, such as the Book of the Wars of Jehovah, the Book of Jasher, the Chronicles of the Kings of Judah and Israel, the Book of Samuel the Seer, the Book of Nathan the Prophet, the Book of Gad the Seer, we may be sure that, as far as possible, the Old Testament histories were based upon contemporary records of the events which they describe. Compared with other ancients' writings, their statements are of wonderful accuracy. Repeatedly, and in the most unexpected manner, have they been confirmed by modern exploration.

An ideal element enters also into all historical narratives written for a moral or spiritual purpose. No orator who, on the Fourth of July or on Forefathers' Day, would stir the emotions of his hearers by a recital of early American history fails to idealize, in some de-

¹ Driver, p. 120. ² Isaiah iv: 7. ³ John vii: 17.

gree, the past. Otherwise eloquence would be wanting; patriotism and religious devotion could not be awakened. Old Testament history was written for the same purpose, and necessarily partakes of the same characteristic.

This conclusion respecting the historical writings of the Old Testament is thought by many to impair it as an embodiment of a divine revelation. This, however, is not so. The divineness of the Old Testament resides not in historical accuracy. It lies in religious teachings; in promises of redemption. These are unimpaired by the results of modern criticism. The protevangelium (Gen. iii: 14), "the Magna Charta of human history," is prophetic of Christ, whether written by Moses or a writer of the exile. The moral quality of the Ten Commandments remains the same, at whatever time, or under whatever circumstances, they were first uttered. The truth of the words, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon,"² does not depend upon Isaianic authorship. Its verification is found in the experience of the forgiven soul. The Old Testament is one with the New; the historical outlines of each are firmly established by criticism, but the touchstone revealing the divine quality of each is found in the precept, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."³

Edward Lewis Curtis.

CHICAGO.

THE blue lake ripples to her feet,
The wind is in her hair;
She stands, a maiden wild and sweet,
With sinewy form and fair.

No stress of age her hope restrains,
Nor checks its high emprise;
The blood of youth is in her veins,
Youth's challenge in her eyes.

She seized, with movement swift as light,
The hour's most precious spoil;
Now, glowing with her promise bright,
Her strength makes joy of toil.

With dextrous hand, with dauntless will,
Her pearl-white towers she rears,
The memory of whose grace shall thrill
The illimitable years.

O'er leagues of waste, in sun and storm,
Their proud pure domes shall gleam,
The substance, wrought in noblest form,
Of Art's imperial dream.

Here shall she stand, the Old World's bride,
Crowned with the Age's dower;
Toward her shall set the abounding tide
Of life's full pomp and power.

She hears the nations' coming tread,
The rushing of the ships,
And waits, with queenly hands outspread,
And welcome on her lips.

The races, 'neath her generous sway,
Shall spread their splendid mart;
And here, for one brief perfect day,
Shall beat the world's great heart.

Marion Couthouy Smith.

MERIDIAN.

HARK! Like some sudden, wild, mysterious chime,
Striking the startled ear with measured beat
Of deep pulsations, melancholy-sweet,
Life's horologe, that marks an arc of time,
Peals out high noon—a warning voice sublime.
I hear its music, and my weary feet
Pause on a mount where many pathways meet
That downward slope, and few that upward climb.
Look back! There lie the valleys of delight
Wherein I 've loitered since the day began,
Forgetful of the journey and the night.
Look up! The desert sears the eyes that scan,
And far, ah, far above me frowns the height
I should have reached at life's meridian.

Charles T. Dazey.

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS.



INCE it is not the contemporary public but the critical historians who write down the names of the partakers of immortality (the term in musical history meaning a period of from 25 to 150 years after death), it is safe to say that Charles Camille Saint-Saëns will appear to posterity as the greatest French musician of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. I make the distinction between the verdict of the public and the judgment of the critics with a special purpose; for, though the fame of M. Saint-Saëns is now at its zenith, I have been unable to discover that his music is more popular than it was ten, fifteen, or even twenty years ago. Then Paris was glad to do honor to the brilliant performer on the pianoforte and organ, and listened with pleasure to his "Danse Macabre" and "Rouet d'Omphale," but would have none of his operas. The attitude of the city is the same now, though the press records *succès d'estime* where formerly it wrote down failures. Even the stirring events connected with the "Lohengrin" struggle nine years ago, when it seemed as if M. Saint-Saëns must profit because of his patriotism where he had failed with his art, left no lasting results. To those who were enabled, by distance from the field of battle, and by non-relationship with the combatants, to judge impartially both the merits and the conduct of the struggle, it seemed at the last as if France had missed an opportunity, and was resolved not to benefit by her experience in the case of the composer whose artistic career in many respects resembles that of M. Saint-Saëns. It was Dr. Hanslick who made the observation that the Berlioz cult, which sprang into such sudden and hectic life in France twenty years ago, was less an artistic than a political phenomenon. It followed hard

on the heels of the Franco-Prussian war, and was promoted by the desire to find a French instrumental composer who might supplant some of the Germans who till then had held undisturbed possession of the French concert-rooms. The step could not disturb the equanimity of the Germans, who reflected that the tool chosen for their discomfiture was the same Berlioz who throughout a long life had sought in vain among his countrymen for the appreciation, understanding, and encouragement which he had received, almost without the asking, from the traditional enemies of his people beyond the Rhine. At that time M. Saint-Saëns was strongly tintured with Teutonism; but when in 1884 he took sides with Rochefort and the Parisian mob against the proposed production of "Lohengrin" at the Opéra Comique, and, in consequence, was insulted in Berlin by the wild young men of the Wagner Verein, and provoked the promulgation of a *tabu* against his operas by the director-general of the German Theaters Royal, it seemed only natural that he should be hailed in France as the successor of Berlioz. And so he was; but not by the public. Evidently the wise men of the East and the farther West had overlooked the one great lesson of Berlioz's life, which is, that it is only in the opera-house that a French composer can win popularity in France. Neither "Henry VIII," produced in March, 1883, "Proserpine," produced in March, 1887, nor "Ascanio," produced in March, 1890, won an enduring success. A few months ago the National Academy of Music performed a long-neglected duty, and placed "Samson et Dalila" on its list. After failing with "La Princesse jaune" (1872), and "Le Timbre d'argent" (1877), in Paris, Saint-Saëns had sent this opera to Weimar for its baptism of fire. Meanwhile Wagner has

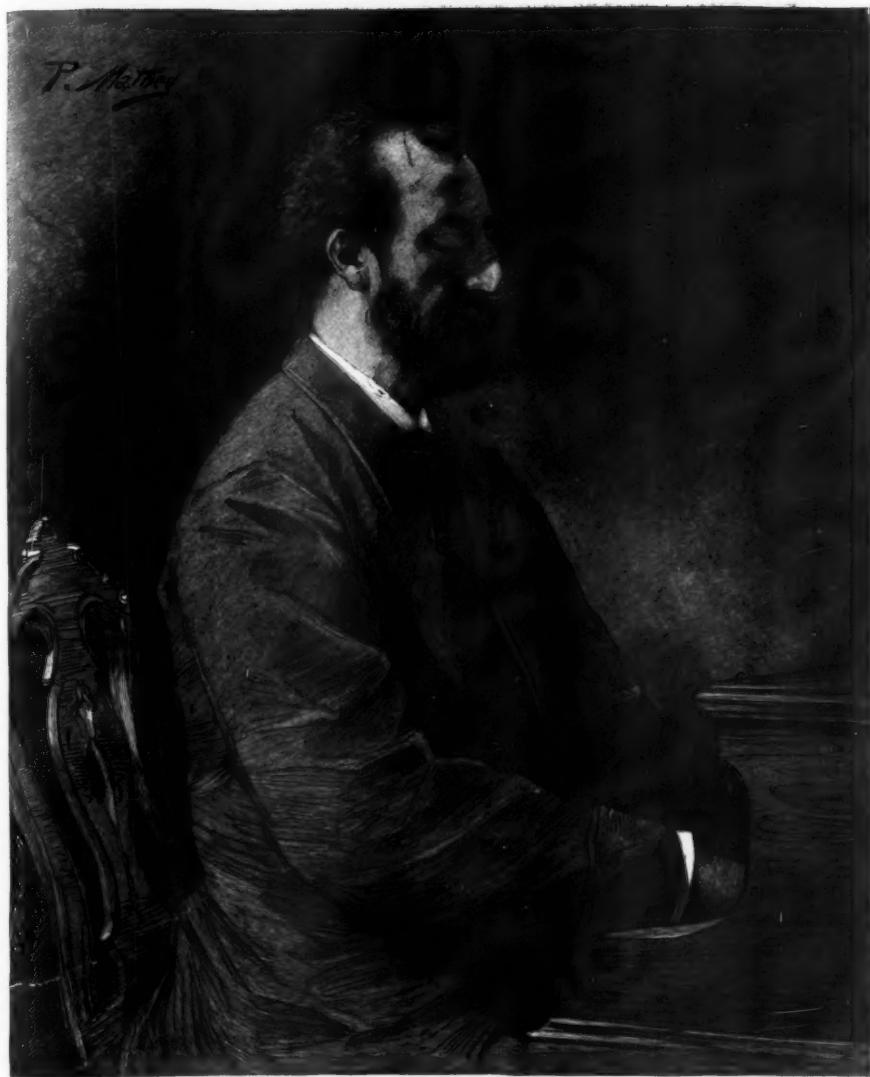
conquered the privilege of being heard in Paris, and the largest and most fascinating repertory possessed by the modern lyric theater has thus been opened to the Grand Opéra. Possibly the circumstance will help in the long run to an appreciation of the scores of M. Saint-Saëns, but for the present he must content himself, as well he may, with the contemporary reputation which neither German nor Briton, neither Italian nor American, will deny to him as the first of living French composers of orchestral and chamber music. And if posterity adds a degree to the honor, and pronounces him the greatest French musician of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, it will still fall short of the opinion once expressed in the heart of the enemy's country. It was in the early '70's, at Wagner's villa, that Dr. Von Bülow, after hearing M. Saint-Saëns read the score of "Siegfried" at the pianoforte, declared that he was then the greatest living musician save Wagner and Liszt.

It is interesting and instructive to note the resemblances and differences between Berlioz and Saint-Saëns. The parallel is confined to their artistic careers. No two men could be more dissimilar in their personal attitude toward the public, or in their training. Saint-Saëns was a musical prodigy as a child. He began the study of the pianoforte before he was three years old, and at twelve (when Berlioz would have us believe that he discovered his musical talent through jealousy of his uncle and the black-eyed divinity in pink boots whom he loved, and who was six years his senior) Saint-Saëns entered the Conservatoire a sound player. The wisdom of a good mother and of a sage great-aunt prevented the introduction of abnormal elements in his intellectual development. As a little child he edified his guardians by analyzing the differences of pitch and timbre in the various clock-chimes at home, and announcing his discovery that a visitor in an adjoining room walked in trochees. He was born in Paris, October 9, 1835; won the second prize at the Conservatoire for organ-playing at fourteen, and the first at sixteen, at which latter age he composed his first symphony. After failing twice to win the much-coveted Prix de Rome, he won the prize offered by the Commissioners of the International Exposition of 1867 with a cantata entitled "Les Noces de Prométhée," and was declared by Berlioz to be one of the greatest musicians of his epoch. From 1858 to 1877 he was organist of the Madeleine, and in February, 1881, he was elected member of the Institute in the place vacated by the death of Henri Reber. The most distinguished musicians of France are his colleagues in that august body, but he enjoys a distinction among them similar to that en-

joyed in his time by Berlioz: in the department of orchestral and chamber music his compositions outnumber those of all his fellow academicians combined. Like Berlioz he has sacrificed popular applause to lofty ideals. Like Berlioz he followed the lead of romantic Germany for a space, then thought it necessary to the salvation of his own individuality to turn back with a cry of protest; yet again, like Berlioz, he achieved his finest successes in the field where Germany has always been supreme. Like Berlioz he has hungered and thirsted for the rewards which the lyric theater bestows, and has been turned away empty-handed. Like Berlioz he has supplemented his work as a creative musician with critical writings for journalistic literature. Like Berlioz he found comfort in admiration for Liszt when constrained to disagree with Wagner.

Unlike Berlioz, however, he is the most secretive and elusive of public characters; ever and anon even his whereabouts is a Parisian mystery. When not in hiding he travels from place to place, playing the pianoforte and conducting performances of his orchestral compositions, but always modestly, unassumingly, indifferent to public *réclame*. He has gone the length and breadth of France, Germany, Austria, Spain, Italy, Russia, Portugal, and England, and is now expected in the United States. In characterizing him as the best grounded of living musicians, with the possible exception of Brahms, I have reference not only to his more complete knowledge of the mechanics of composition, his marvelous mastery of harmony, counterpoint, construction, and orchestration, but also to his wonderful assimilation of the spirit of all the great musicians from Bach to Wagner. That there has been a devout student, or a more ardent lover, of the music of Bach than M. Saint-Saëns since Mendelssohn, I do not believe. No other composer has given such beautiful and convincing testimony to that study and love as has he in the introduction to his concerto for pianoforte in G minor, and in the all too little known "Psalm XIX." They are the fine flower and fruit of his early organ study. Nor has there been a more learned and versatile composer. If he follows Berlioz in extravagance of instrumental apparatus and looseness of form in his symphony in C minor, he leads him in dignity and solidity of constructive invention, and uses like a master the instrumental devices to which Berlioz pointed the way. Schumann's dictum concerning Wagner, on hearing "Tannhäuser" in 1847, is singularly applicable to Saint-Saëns: "Were he as melodious a musician as he is an intellectual, he were the man of the period."

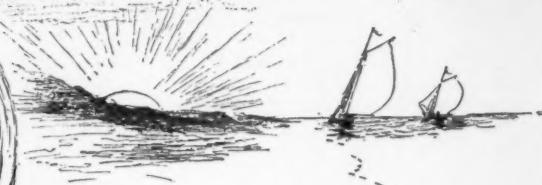
H. E. Krehbiel.



FROM A PAINTING BY PAUL MATHEY, IN THE MUSEUM AT DIEPPE.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

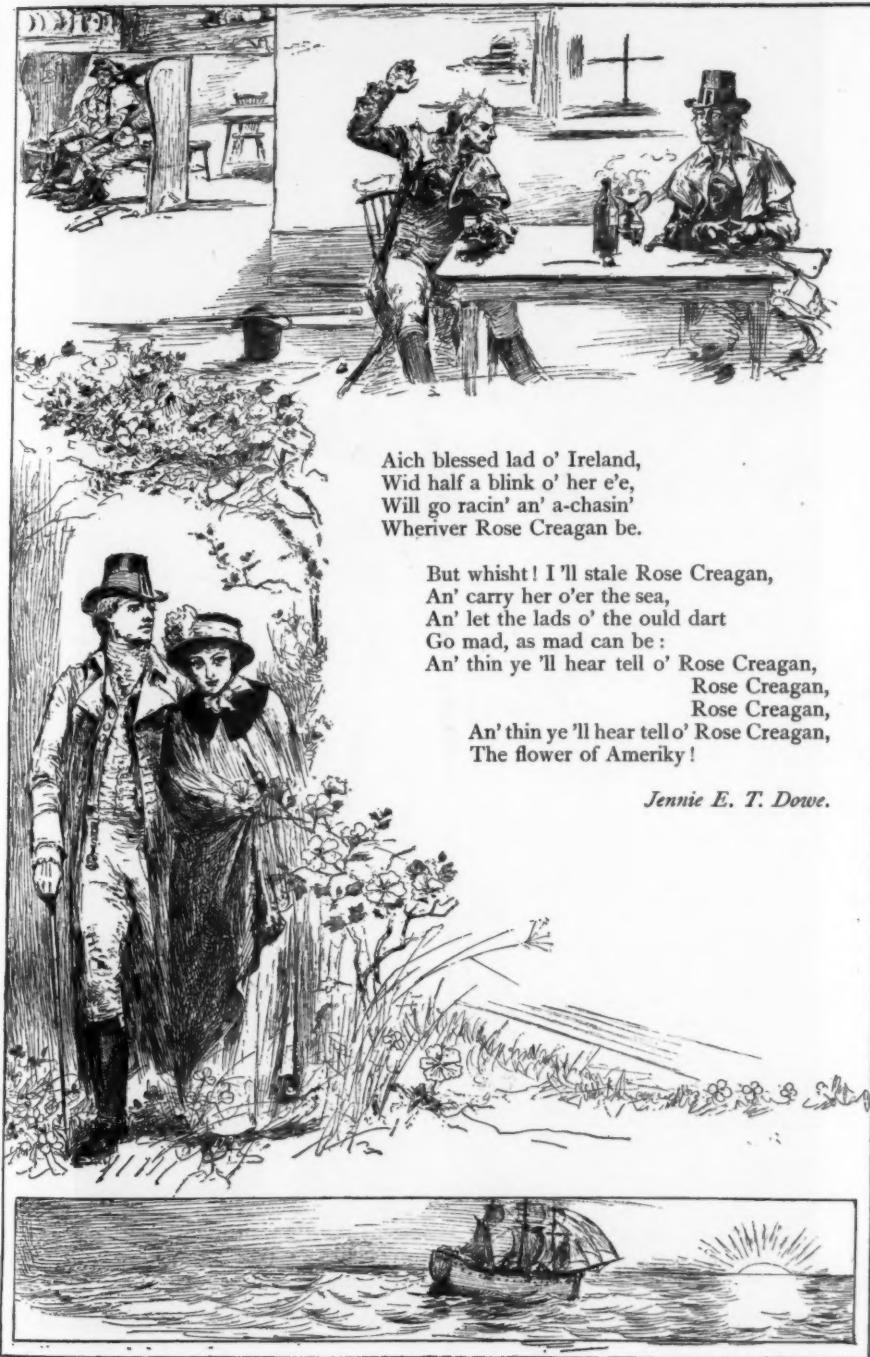
CHARLES CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS.



ROSE CREAGAN is a fisher-lass,
A fisher-lass is she ;
I met her as the ling-boats
Went pushin' out to sea :
Have ye never heerd tell o' Rose Creagan,
Rose Creagan,
Rose Creagan,
Have ye never heerd tell o' Rose Creagan,
The flower o' the ould countrie ?

Her eyes are like the summer skies,
Her bosom like the blea,
Her shadow puts the sun to shame —
Wisha that she loved me !





Aich blessed lad o' Ireland,
Wid half a blink o' her e'e,
Will go racin' an' a-chasin'
Wheriver Rose Creagan be.

But whisht! I'll stale Rose Creagan,
An' carry her o'er the sea,
An' let the lads o' the ould dart
Go mad, as mad can be:
An' thin ye'll hear tell o' Rose Creagan,
Rose Creagan,
Rose Creagan,
An' thin ye'll hear tell o' Rose Creagan,
The flower of Ameriky!

Jennie E. T. Dowe.



PAINTED BY EDMUND C. TARRELL.

SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

MY SISTER LYDIA.

SWEET BELLS OUT OF TUNE.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON,

Author of "The Anglomaniacs," "Flower de Hundred," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. GIBSON.

X.



IN the weeks that followed her first perception of Gerald's intention to falsify his actions to her, Eleanor tried to persuade herself that the fault was on her side in demanding that he should sacrifice for her those pleasures of outside companionship she was so eager to give up for him. With the rest of the unsought knowledge the young woman was daily absorbing, came a relentless conviction of the inherent difference in their natures that made it impossible for him to be happy without perpetual movement, variety, change of occupation. If he had been thrown upon his own exertions for their livelihood, he would have been better balanced in this community, where work is the rule, and an idler is by public opinion forced to herd with a little band of his kind, more or less held in reproach for the gifts of fortune. Jerry would have made a capital man of business. His natural industry, daring spirit, gaiety, quickness of intuition, surface good temper, eminently fitted him to deal with American leaders of affairs. For politics he had little taste, but the whip-and-spur atmosphere of modern commerce or finance would have suited him thoroughly. Soon after leaving the university, Jerry had showed symptoms of weariness of the vacuity of his life in New York, and, to his mother's dismay, had made a movement to join the ranks of those men noted curiously by aliens to the metropolis—men who, possessing long purses, addict themselves to money-making through heredity, and toil all day in office or counting-room, returning tired at night to houses that are palaces, and to wives better equipped in luxury than are most princesses. Mrs. Vernon, in dread of a return to hated "trade," protested vigorously. And Jerry, who, but for a few thousands a year left him by his father, was dependent upon her for means, was overcome, and contented himself with making time pass merrily, as did the others of his class.

After Eleanor found out that the world—

the sharp-tongued world that must have food for talk, and thought it no ill nature to discuss the relations of this conspicuous pair—was openly commenting on her Gerald's early return to his allegiance to Hildegarde, who was neither invited nor petted the less, the young wife ventured upon the common resource of a proud, wounded creature under such circumstances, and went out of her way to include Mrs. De Lancey in their domestic intimacy. Jerry's passionate protests that Eleanor alone had power to sway his love (uttered in their reconciliation after bursts of impatient anger that terrified his wife), that for Mrs. De Lancey he felt only the sympathy all men must feel for a dear sweet woman whose sorrows had made her sacred, that Hildegarde thought Eleanor the most charming, noble, generous being in the world, and valued her friendship beyond all earthly boons—these assurances the wife often hugged to her heart to soothe its aching.

Sometimes, when puzzling over the contradictions of her married lot, Nell felt inclined to ask some one of wider experience if there had been anything her ignorance had left undone in her relation to her husband. She could not speak to her mother, or even to Betty, for that would be to reveal Jerry's deficiencies, and them she would have shielded from her own people until death. It would have been a relief to talk to Jerry's mother, who, whatever her faults of judgment, loved him fervently. But Mrs. Vernon, in the aroma of plutocracy upon its travels, had steamed away in the *Teutonic* weeks before, and was heard of as in the act of establishing herself in Prince's Gate as a householder among the aristocracy of London; and Eleanor had not been long in realizing that intercourse between the son and mother seemed to result rather in pain to both than pleasure to either, and that separation between them was the price of peace.

No; the wings of appeal to the sympathy of fellow-beings must lie folded in a case like this. All that Eleanor prayed for was that her own love for Jerry might not be strained. In silence, in the night, abroad in gay gatherings where a chance word summoned it, this feeling was ever vigilant.



"OH! I AM GLAD THAT TEMPEST IN A TEA-POT IS OVER."

Aunt Tryphena allowed—and Tryphena was a virgin of uncompromising hostility to modern fashionable life—that Jerry had drawn a prize in Eleanor. The colossal lady, who, always at odds with her sister-in-law, lived alone in a great, tasteless house, was accounted queer and stingy, and would take offense when one least expected it, displayed in her way quite a liking for Mrs. Gerald.

"But for that weak-minded, stand-off mother, and the insufferably sharp Betty, and little giggling Trix dragging about that monster of a dog," Miss Tryphena Vernon would aver she considered that "Jerry had done better than Luella Ann had any reason to expect." Nell, delighted at an opportunity to expend a little tenderness upon anything that came to her from Gerald, was kind and forbearing with the cross old woman, but Miss Tryphena was too wont to burst into invective against Gerald's surroundings and pursuits to make her society a thing to be desired.

There was one of Eleanor's friends of girl-

hood who seemed intuitively to fathom the young wife's embarrassments. Mr. Theobald, who came to her house infrequently, found her one afternoon, after a little difference with Jerry over the luncheon-table, sitting alone with a book in her hand, but her thoughts evidently scattered. He could not deny to himself that her face was more lovely than on the day when, as a bride, she embodied the one passion of his life-time. He wondered, with a sort of fury against Fate, if it could be that those eyes of hers were made so bewilderingly soft by unshed tears. But he sat down, hat in hand, in commonplace fashion, in a three-cornered carved chair, talked of the book she was reading, of pictures in the Spring exhibitions, of a sale of curios, advised her to keep up her French by subscribing for the "Revue Bleue," and complimented her successful costume in the late Centennial Minuet.

"Oh! I am glad that tempest in a tea-pot is over," said Eleanor, smiling. "They say our ball has set the women and half the men in

society at war. Fortunately, my share was limited to allowing Elsa to put on me a 'grandmother's gown' made new for the occasion, and standing up in it like a fraud to dance where Mrs. Van Loon told me to go. You'll believe me when I tell you how tired I am of parties, how I'm wearying for the summer and life out-doors. I always told you that I am a gipsy at heart—in the days when you lent me your copies of 'Lavengro' and the 'Bible in Spain,' don't you remember?"

Did he remember? The staid, conventional man sitting opposite her felt his heart thump at an unjustifiable rate of speed. Theobald made haste to lead the conversation back to its safer channels.

"If you were sovereign, Trix was a formidable rival at the ball," he said. "I could not imagine the little witch would come out such a stunning beauty as she was that night. Everybody has been talking of it."

"Trix is a darling," Eleanor said, affectionately proud. "But, Tony, she's begun to mystify even me, of late. It looks—I don't like to think so, but it looks—as if she means to feed the flame of Timothy with fuel. When I question her, she evades me, laughing and jesting. Oh! I shall owe a grudge, indeed, to the world we live in, if it colors Trix to make her tolerate that man."

"They are making bets at the clubs she'll take him," Theobald said grimly.

"Trix and I have seen less of each other recently," said Eleanor. "I'm afraid I have been more absorbed than I meant to be in my own affairs, and Betty,—Tony, you know Betty as well as I do; you have always had such an influence in 'quieting her down,' as mama says—Betty's such an oyster about herself,—do you think she can't be well?"

"I think you were always one to distress yourself with imaginings about those you love. I remember, when you were a little girl, going once to your mother's house to find you walking up and down the floor hushing a doll to sleep that you said had scarlet-fever, and your eyes filling with real tears as you implored me to make no noise."

"I suppose I am foolish," Eleanor answered, her eyes deepening with the remembrance. How dim and far away that play-time seemed! How clear the present! How vast, how surcharged with realities!

Betty, arriving on the moment, answered their speculations by an appearance of plentiful good spirits.

"I am just from a final meeting of the ball committee," she said gaily. "Such high jinks! Every one was flurried, and we voted every way the cat jumped. The chairman and the treasurer don't speak, and the secretary cried

with vexation when she announced a letter from the Bureau of Authorized Charity warning us against Mrs. Calliope Duncombe as an egregious impostor. Mrs. Duncombe was missing, there was a general row, and what conclusion we arrived at I have not yet found out. But I think we are certainly pledged to keep the matter out of the newspapers."

"And the 'Fund for Oppressed Wives'?" asked Eleanor.

"What Mrs. Duncombe has got—if she has any—will no doubt be made up quietly out of the pockets of the heads of the committees; and it seems to me we voted the rest, after expenses shall have been paid, to the Baby Hospital. But one comfort is, there won't be very much to give. Oh, it was beautiful!" said naughty Betty Halliday.

"It's lucky summer is at hand to afford you indefatigable workers a rest," said Theobald.

"I don't know what you call rest. Talk, in the intervals of business, to-day, was just like one of those newspaper columns called 'Summer Plans of the Four Hundred.' I was worn out with listening to the trials of people with cottages to rent, and of people who have rented cottages. One really has enough, in the course of time, of the holes in other people's saucepans. And I'm free to say, I don't care a rap whether Mrs. Bullion is going to try Bar Harbor, or whether Hilda de Lancey has taken that tiny box of the Willie Witherells' at Newport. Nell, you are actually pale; it is this warmish weather, and that bunch of heliotrope too near. Tony, put it away, and open another window, please."

"Thank you," said Eleanor, attempting to smile. "I told Tony just now, I am wearying for the open."

"Has Jerry told you when you are to sail?"

"No—it is not settled; he has not decided," Eleanor answered, her mouth quivering a little.

"Not Newport, I hope? I thought there was no doubt of your summer of roaming in Switzerland. It is just what you need; you have talked of it so long," said Betty in a vexed tone. "Tony, do help me to make this pair of weathercocks decide on their plans."

"You show the influence of your meeting of 'Oppressed Wives,'" said Theobald, rousing a little, to shake off a sort of apathy. "Perhaps, if there's time, you'll both come with me now to the gallery where they've that picture I was just telling Nell about,—the swan-song of a young artist who died on the threshold of his fame,—and you must, of course, see the 'Carmencita,' an astonishing piece of execution. Some one calls Sargent the Paganini of modern painters. Come, Nell; a walk will do you good."



"YES; IT IS TOO BAD."

It was like old times, this hurrying on her bonnet, and setting out between Betty and Theobald to look at pictures, and Eleanor enjoyed it. They strolled down the avenue leisurely, the soft air of May inclining them to indolence, and the brightly tinted groups of saunterers offering amusement to the eye. Within the gallery, they paused for a while before the dazzling "Carmencita," and then went back to a frame shrouded in black, with a tablet to show the name of the artist and dates of his birth and recent death.

"Surf and Fog" was the title. Billows crowned with foam rolling in at the feet of the

looker-on, the sun, a disk of orange, striving to burn its way through a veil of sea-fog. Only that; but the power and color and life in it had fixed a masterpiece upon the canvas.

Betty, captured by a bright-eyed little man with hair like a pony's mane, to whose lightest utterance about art she listened with respect, went off to make the round of the gallery. Nell and Theobald, busy in conversation which had drifted back into their old untrammeled familiarity, wandered on till they paused before a breezy bit of landscape called "Grouse-Cover," and there remained, waiting for Betty to find them out.

Neither noticed that they were the objects of scrutiny from two people who stood back of them, then abruptly crossed in front of Eleanor, and went to the other room.

"Do you bow to that woman, Nell?" asked Theobald, surprised.

"I — my husband has known Major Shafto for a long time. They were old comrades traveling in the East," she answered, coloring deeply. The sight of Mrs. Shafto's face brought to her so much she fain would have forgotten.

"And that cad, Leeds. When did you give him the right to speak to you? Have you done anything to affront him? I should like to kick the little beggar for the way he glowered at you out of those mean eyes of his."

"Oh, Tony, I will tell you. He thinks I set Friar Tuck on him." And, half-laughing, she gave him a recital of the episode with Trix's big St. Bernard.

"It served him exactly right, and Tuck should be awarded a new collar for his good judgment. But it made Leeds ridiculous, and humbled his enormous vanity, so I am not surprised at his vengeful look. Keep out of his way, Nell — that fellow would stoop to anything; and I may as well put you on your guard about Mrs. Shafto. I 've known her always, and in addition to her other shining qualities she is brimful of spites against women. I happen to know that she hates your good mother as the devil hates holy water."

"My instincts have been all against her," Eleanor said, with a sigh. "I wish we had not met those two, to spoil such a pleasant old-timey afternoon as you have given me."

"I have made the circuit," Betty said, rejoining them. "For the last ten minutes Carver has been pointing out to me the beauties of an impressionist landscape where they have upset a mustard pot on the lower part of the canvas, and laid on pink plaster with a trowel up above; and I have sworn it is inspired, and he 's gone home to write it up for his paper. But, on the whole, I must agree with you, Tony; this is a brilliant and creditable show."

Betty was cheerful and kindly; her dark face full of animation; her *pince-nez* did not conceal a sparkle in her eye. Eleanor's fears for her health and spirits must have been figments of a fancy disordered by over-search for hidden motives!

AWAY from the stir and bustle of the town, its activity made languorous by one of those bursts of heat that so often come to New York in spring, a young man was speeding as fast as the Washington express could carry him — and that went no more rapidly ahead than his eager fancy, released to revel in the thought of a

glimpse at home and mother. Brock Vyvan, going off for a two-days' holiday, put away moping thoughts as every station brought him nearer to the one he desired to see — a stopping-place whence a way-train presently would jog him leisurely into a country as green as Eden, and as quiet, too.

The little old station, of which one half was a country "store"; the few, shabby, mud-splashed, slow-speaking loungers who stepped up to greet the sole descending passenger; the store-keeper, who was also station-master, and who saluted Brock sociably, shifting his quid; the two or three negroes who hung about at train-time, looking the epitome of the old South's decay, — as much as the passing traveler generally sees of the South *in transitu*, to prejudge all accordingly, — Brock viewed with forbearing eyes. Passing out to the rear platform, he saw the old buggy coated with red mud, containing a patriarchal negro — attired in a Confederate army-coat, from which the brass buttons had been removed, and wearing an ancient Panama hat — who smiled a toothless welcome, as he controlled the quivering pair, Flash and Starlight, that Brock's own hand had broken to harness. The young man stopped to caress his beauties, and to fancy them in Park array, drawing some shining vehicle with rubber tires over perfect roads. If they lacked proper grooming to bring their coats to satin, it was because old Enos had been at work in the field since "sun-up."

Putting his portmanteau into the trap, the young man sprang up beside Enos, and took the reins. Obedient to his voice, the horses went forward with a bound, coming down, despite themselves, ere long, to a snail's speed through mire sometimes hub-deep in holes.

"You 'll have to be a mite keerful here, honey," the old negro said, as they plunged down a steep incline to a valley where a yellow current rioted, sweeping their way from sight. "Pears like I disremember ever seein' Goose Crik git up so high. It was for fear of her gittin' wet, I done 'suaded Miss not to come to de deepo to meet you. You knows de best crossin', Marse Brockenbro' — close long o' dem stakes. Hol' in Starlight, suh; dat filly 's kind o' feared o' water to dis day."

"Look out for my bag," called Brock, and in a minute they were in the midst of the fierce little river, battling smartly against its rush, the water rising in mid-stream to the horses' necks, and washing to the seat, where the two men had gathered themselves up into a bunch.

"Dat ar little fresh' save me a-cleanin' off de buggy," grinned Enos, when they emerged dripping on the farther side.

Brock's spirits rose. He knew every nook and dingle of the flower-besprinkled woods,

every landmark of the rich farming country forsaken by modern enterprise. Beguiling the way with the old negro's talk about plantation and quarter incidents, he, in turn, brought many a stare of wonderment to Enos's eyes by chance disclosures of the scale of New York's magnificence in things of every day. It was when they finally pulled up at a venerable gate, which Enos scrambled down to open, that the patriarch lost a little of his sprightliness.

"You mout take de lower road to de Gret Hus, suh," he said. "It's easier on de hosse."

"It's a good mile longer, you old humbug," answered Brock, looking over-head and before him into the green arcade, filtered with sunshine, and sentinelized with boles of ancient trees. These woods were to be his own, and of their witchery nothing he had ever seen elsewhere had robbed them. He had his way, and followed the customary road leading to the house, until ringing sounds of the axes of busy woodcutters made him rein in the horses shortly.

"What's that, old man?" he asked, a frown coming upon his face.

"Oh, Marse Brockenbro', suh," Enos said mournfully, "it was 'cause o' dis I was wantin' you to go de udder way, an' let Miss hab de breakin' o' de news. Old Marse has done tuk a contrac' to supply de new railroad wid ties, suh, what's goin' to run nigh heah. Farmin' s powerful po' down dis a-way, an' we ain' been flourishin'—we needs de money mightyly, Marse Brockenbro'."

"That 'll do. Don't say any more about it," Brock answered, biting his lip. He drove through the hollow in which the men were at work, and vouchsafed not a glance at the clearings where unwanted sunlight peered into nature's hiding-place for a lush growth of ferns and mosses. The piles of wood, already cut and stacked, seemed to him so many funeral pyres for the sacrifice of things beloved and reverenced. When they had gained the higher land beyond, and were trotting briskly along under a forest archway, his quick eyes saw at the end of it, waiting by the roadside beneath a huge old cherry-tree, lately a pyramid of bloom, a tall figure clothed in black, at her side a couple of hounds, and a hearth-bred lamb that followed like a dog.

Brock uttered a boyish shout as his mother waved her hand. She was in his arms, and the trap sent forward, a moment later. There was no frown left upon his brow as they strolled toward the house, her thinner blood pulsing a glad answer to the rich current in his young veins. In the perfectness of love between these two was to be found the religion of Vyvan's life.

THE old dwelling of Mount St. Dunstan stood near the summit of a hill crowned with

an orchard, its famous gardens sheltered from the wind. Farther down the slope were the quaint colonial stables where tradition said many grandees of early American society had sent their steeds (which must have been giraffes) to be tied under racks suspended high upon the walls, while their masters enjoyed the good cheer of the mansion-house. Here Enos, who was already engaged in unharnessing Flash and Starlight, looked from Brock to his mistress with an imploring gaze, as the young man paused at the stable door.

"One minute, mother, till I've had a peep at Houp-la," he said.

"Brockenborrough—my dear boy," she answered, holding his hand within her own, "I hoped you would wait till to-morrow. We have sold the colt to Rhynders for a gentleman in Washington, at a price we could not afford to refuse."

Brock's lips were compressed, but he said nothing. He could not bear to visit the empty stall, and squeezing his mother's hand, he walked on with her past the house to the terrace above, and stopped by a moss-grown sundial to look back.

Built of substantial brick, with white stone groins and mullions, the two advancing wings to the house formed a central court where the turf grew fine and soft over vaulted wine-cellars beneath. Tall old trees stroked the hipped roof with their branches, and ivy, long unpruned, curtained the walls. Pigeons wheeling and circling in the air, a collection of dogs of assorted breeds and values, the distant view of wagons following a farm-road from the fields, the sound of negroes whistling—all served to relieve the almost somber influence of the scene.

"We shall find him in the garden," said Mrs. Vyvan's low voice, breaking Brock's reverie.

"You will be glad to see your dear grandfather so wonderfully well. The spring, when he can live out of doors, seems to bring him a new lease of life."

They passed through a turnstile set in a hedge of box, and lo! they were in a fairy-land of bloom. Fled away were the young man's thoughts of sorrow. The declining sunlight here lay cradled on verdant spaces of turf, alternating with flower-beds of ancient pattern aglow with fragrant color. Leaning over a plot of late-blooming tulips, the aged master of Mount St. Dunstan was described, his familiar, the golden collie, swept by his faded coat-tails.

"Brockenbro', my dear boy, you are welcome home," the old man said in a reedy voice, his blue eyes filled with merry twinkles. "Just look at my tulips, will you? It's the first year I've made 'em jostle the roses. Ah, building houses to last for all time is very well for you,

sir, but give me the planting of flowers that come fresh every season, and that have a thousand freaks of beauty you can never count upon."

It was no wonder the county was proud of old Mr. Octavius Brockenborough, his grandson fondly thought, while surveying the lines of the cameo-face, the long silver locks that fell upon his slightly stooped shoulders, the genial kindness of his smile. Eighty-four, and the survivor of a once numerous and influential family, his sons had dropped away before him, and of his daughters, married and scattered, only Mrs. Vyvan, the youngest of his children, had presented him with a descendant. "A fine type—a fine specimen of our best old stock," his neighbors would say on the rare occasions when the old gentleman showed himself in public, at church, or court-house. "No business sense," they would add reluctantly. "Never had any idea of holding on to his money, or of running his farms to pay. And, to sum all up, he's been giving and putting his name to notes, and letting dead-beats prey on him, all his life. And that's what's become of the fine Brockenborough property, once as good as any in the State."

There was no pinch of fortune visible in the old man's face to-day, as he led Brock hither and thither among his darlings, showing their various perfections and shielding their defects. The young fellow could not help thinking how somebody he knew would like to patter about these blossomy walks, and listen to their kind old master's talk. How it would make her laugh—one of those hearty, ringing peals—to see all of the dogs, save Colin Clout, the privileged, stand in a ring around the turnstile, eying the insider with abject envy!

When Mrs. Vyvan, with her store-room keys and her pet lamb, had betaken herself away on supper thoughts intent, the old man led his grandson in-doors to the best parlor, where, throwing back the shutters, he admitted the full light.

"You'll be sorry to see dampness has played the mischief with the Vandyck," he said, pointing to a portrait in a tarnished frame hanging above the chimneypiece—a cavalier in court-dress, whose lip and cheek were overspread by a stain like a lichen upon a stone.

"Yes; it is too bad," went on old Octavius, answering his grandson's comment. "But I believe your mother has been writing to an artist in New York, who will come down to set it straight when we can raise the money to send for him. What'll ye think, Brockie, my boy, of a Senator's wife in Washington, who'd heard of our pictures, sending me an offer for the Vandyck? Well, well, they and the land and the books are about all we've got

left. Those two portraits Woolaston painted of my father and mother—no great value as works of art, perhaps, but I'm fond of them. And my Aunt Dolly, in hunting costume, yonder, over the door, was married in the very spot where you're standing. Dead and gone all! Such a fine frolic as we had—I was a boy of nineteen, and, during the week of merry-making over her wedding, danced out a pair of pumps. The house full, and the neighbors' houses full, plenty of wine in our cellars, and the stalls of the stables filled—heigh-ho! Did I tell ye, boy, when the locust-tree blew down a month ago, we found upon one branch nests of half a dozen different kinds of birds? Recently your mother was troubled by bees in her pantry-window, and we could find no trace of 'em. At last old Tom took off a plank or two of the clapboarding outside, and, by George! sir, he got five pounds o' delicious honey up under the eaves. And I've laid hands on the Camerarius Plautus you wanted—it was tucked away on the shelf with the 'Sporting Magazines,' where you left it yourself, you rascal,—meant to send it by express, but it passed out o' my mind, there's so much to do, and so much going on—"

With the old man's voice in his ears, Brock stepped out of the moldering room full of phantoms of long-gone solvency. In the corridor beyond they found an aged negress, tidily dressed, and bobbing droll courtesies to the gentlemen.

"Dilsey, what you want, girl?" said old Octavius. "Why, Brockie, it's you Aunt Dilsey has come in to see, of course."

"Sarvant, marsters, hopin' you's well. I's uncommon pol'y, thank de Lawd. I des drapped in to pay my respects to Marse Brockenbro', en brung him two guinea-eggs for his brekfus. Ain't you got no news to tell de plantation folks, Marse Brockie, 'bout some mighty rich lady what we's spectin' you to git married to, so's to fatch de old Moun' St. Dun's'n times back ag'in?"

"No news, Aunt Dilsey," Brock answered, trying to smile; but the question hit him hard. When, before bedtime, at an hour they had always chosen for mutual confidence, the mother and son were alone together, he sternly put away the desire to tell her of his bewitchment. He even repressed the intended request to his grandfather for a box of the "rarest, fairest" of Mount St. Dunstan roses, to take back to "a friend who had been kind" to him in New York.

XI.

"My dear Trix," said Miss Halliday to her youngest sister, one June morning when they were sitting together in their second-story room

looking into the Square,—Trix, with her "Promessi Sposi" and dictionary, Betty, who had been writing the usual notes, emerging from a darkling reverie,—"you may as well pay attention, for I 'm about to be hateful."

"Don't bring me back to things of every day, please. Here am I doing my best to forget my gnawing anxiety as to Jack's getting into the boat. I think it 's positive cruelty to animals to keep the men—and their sisters—waiting on the anxious bench this way, and never to know till the last minute whether he is going to row in the race or not."

"I have a vague idea the universe will keep on about the same if Jack does n't row this year. There are matters more important nearer home, my dear. I wonder if you know how abominably poor we are."

"I 've heard it ever since I could think," said Trix, carelessly. "Everybody in New York who is n't rich is abominably poor."

"It has come to a crisis, now."

"I thought so, when the stair-carpet is so worn it is n't worth sending to be cleaned again; and our dinners,—it 's a mercy, with my appetite, that we 're invited out so much,—and I really don't know how I 'm clothed. I 'm quite aware that in spite of our dear little mummy's plotting and piecing to turn me out a credit to the family, I never am equipped from head to foot like other girls. When I get a good jacket, there 's no skirt to wear with it, and my winter hats have to go with spring costumes. Just think of Nell, Betty—what richness! Mama was very liberal with her trousseau, and Jerry has made her buy such a lot more. Nell wanted to give me her new marron cloth that just came home; but I would n't hear of it—would you?"

"No, certainly. Let us be independent of wealthy brothers-in-law, or perish. But do you know what the mother has gone to her lawyer's again this morning for?"

"Something about that mortgage, that's like Poe's raven on our door, I suppose. It 's been there forever, but we still keep along."

"She 's been eating up her capital for five years past, and thought she could hold out, poor dear, until you—I 'm hopeless, and don't count."

"Until I—what have I got to do with eating capital?"

"Till you follow Nell's example, and supply yourself with a somebody to give you such an establishment as mother thinks a Halliday girl should have."

"I don't know why a Halliday girl should n't be easy her own way," said Trix, still lightly, but sitting more erect and looking more woman-like.

"That 's mother's weakness, and she 's had

it so long we can't alter matters now," went on Betty, persistently. "She—she asked me to have this talk with you. She thinks we have kept you long enough in ignorance of the real state of affairs. There 's been an offer to buy the house."

"This house—my father's house!" said Trix.

"It is too big for ordinary people, and would cost immensely to do over in modern fashion. But the——Club has had an eye on it for a long time, it seems, and mother got their offer yesterday."

"She will never accept it!" protested Trix.

"The money would free her from a load of care, and pay Jack's way through college, and—oh, a hundred things."

"It would break Jack's heart to sell this house. We have always planned how he is to live here with his wife,—at least I have,—and I could see Jack was pleased."

"Jack, like the rest of us, will have to submit to common sense. Of course the matter won't be decided immediately, but mother thought you ought to know; and, Trix, I believe she wants, too, to warn you a little—against—we see what outsiders do not, of course—how much is depending upon you."

The smooth-spoken Betty was actually hesitating, nonplussed for proper words. Trix, with the impulse of a colt in a paddock, wanted to shy off and gallop away to the other end of it.

"I don't know—yes, I won't tell a lie, I do know what you mean," she said suddenly, turning scarlet. "But you may just tell mama she 's no cause to warn me,—I have n't been running the risks she fears,—it is n't likely I 'll go after a man who don't want me. And if he did, does n't every soul I know tell me that to marry a young professional man in New York is putting a clog on him that holds him back? Who wants to hold anybody back?" our Trix ended, dangerously near to tears.

"It was n't only that," Betty said, for her, wretchedly embarrassed. "People have been talking to her a good deal about the encouragement you 're supposed to be giving Timothy Van Loon—"

"O girls, how good to find you in here and alone!" cried Eleanor, who, interrupting Betty, saved her from a stormy answer. While they gave her glad welcome, Nell's sisters read in her face traces of recent disquietude. It had not taken long for the young wife's family to find out that her life was not all on velvet, and they had wisely agreed to invite no confidences. And so Mrs. Gerald's entrance, preceded by old Andrews, who had never walked before Nell Halliday up to the second floor, had about it just the right amount of flutter and importance the movements of the brilliantly

successful member of the family should have. Betty got up to meet her, and Trix gave her the best arm-chair, sitting down on a stool at her feet prepared to admire indiscriminately all that Eleanor said, or did, or wore. And old Norah, arriving in a clean cap and apron, hovered in the background, casting fond looks upon her former nursling.

"You dear thing, how good of you to come!" said Trix, hugging her sister's knees. "You're just in time to prevent Betty and me from squabbling."

But she took care not to tell the subject of their difference, nor was Mrs. Gerald Vernon admitted into the family discussion about what Betty called their "crisis." It was tacitly understood among them that no possible representation should be made to Eleanor that might seem to appeal for aid from Eleanor's husband. Until and after the arrival of their mother, pale and jaded, from her expedition down-town, the talk was as cheerful as the sisters three could make it. Trix could not but note how, in gazing at her comfortable, smartly dressed daughter, whose carriage and footman stopped the way, Mrs. Halliday's face relaxed from its lines of settled care.

Before Nell arose to go, it was clear she had something particular to say. Her sisters, who knew every expression of her candid face, watched a blush come into it as she divulged the object of her call.

"Jerry has made a plan. He says all the boating-men think there is no doubt Jack will be on the Yale crew. And in any case it will be a treat to Trix—"

"Don't say to go up to New London for the race, or I shall lose my senses with delight!" ejaculated Trix.

"Yes; he thinks we shall all enjoy it—mama and Betty too."

"Count me out," said Mrs. Halliday, promptly. "I could n't bear to see my poor dear boy strain himself in any such dreadful way. And if he don't get 'on,' he'll be so blue I had rather not be with him."

"I had," said Trix. "Jack will need me, in any event. And if Jerry knew how I've been turning over in my mind every respectable way of getting to New London for that day—oh, he's a perfect dear to have thought of it!"

"He had already talked of it to me," went on Eleanor, visibly embarrassed, "and I was planning a surprise for Trix. And then, it appears, Jerry found out that Mr. Van Loon considered us engaged to go up for the Yale-Harvard race in his new yacht, the *Incognita*."

"So we are to meet you there?" exclaimed Trix, beaming. "That's not quite so good as going with you, dear, but still—"

"No; Mr. Van Loon asks Jerry to—ask

mama,—he wants you both to come on the yacht,—and if mama won't go, he thought you would be satisfied to be chaperoned by me—"

"I like being chaperoned by you," said Betty, to bridge over the awkward silence and the effect of Trix's altered face. "You will find me such a giddy little thing!"

"I am awfully sorry," Eleanor went on. "I said everything I could to Jerry; but he feels bound,—you know men are so punctilious about engagements with each other—are they not, mama? He says he really could n't consent to throw over Mr. Van Loon; and the trip is a short one—we need n't be on the yacht more than three days. Mama, tell Betty and Trix whether you want them to go or not, and we'll all abide by you."

Poor Mrs. Halliday's eye at that moment lighted upon a pigeonhole in her desk that she knew to be full of unpaid bills. The talk with her lawyer had sent her home with a driven feeling. The big house they lived in could not be maintained upon air. If they sold it, the mortgage would absorb all but enough of the purchase-money to give her a pittance of additional income. By the necessity for keeping appearances up to the mark of gentility in New York of the present day, she had to acknowledge herself badly beaten. And, now, by shifting her gaze she could again see the reassuring spectacle of Eleanor's carriage and Eleanor's servants in the street. Only that morning she had made some excuse to old Andrews in telling him that he must leave her service.

"I think when Jerry and Eleanor are so much put out about it, you had better make no difficulties, girls," she said vaguely, her tongue dry in her mouth.

"You will go? It is settled," said Eleanor, rather hurrying the thing. "I shall tell Jerry. It will please him so much, you can't think. I shall take care that the whole affair is made pleasant; I believe I can promise that—"

"Are we to be the only women on board for the race?" asked Betty, Trix remaining obstinately glum.

"Oh, I think so, certainly," said Eleanor. "It is my party, Jerry says. There will be another man or two, of course. But, dear me! it is nearly a quarter past, and I'm due at Fiftieth street at half past one. Good-by, and come to me soon to lunch or dinner. Good-by, mammy darling. I have had such a mean little glimpse of you. Oh, I must n't forget to tell you it is settled we're to sail about the middle of July."

With Eleanor, Trix also vanished from the room.

"Jerry meant Nell to bring us into this," said Betty to her mother. "That is the reason I made no spoken objection. I should n't be surprised if our consent were the price she

pays for getting him to say they will positively sail."

"Jerry is an only son, and accustomed to domineer a little over women. I can't understand why he has wavered about their plans. Nell will be happier traveling with him, and it has always been intended they should spend this summer in England and Switzerland, and the autumn in the East," said Mrs. Halliday, dwelling comfortably upon schemes for her favorite child that involved such liberal expense.

"I won't tell mama," thought Betty, "that everybody says Jerry's completely in the toils of Hildegarde again, and that is the reason he wants to make Timothy secure with Trix."

"It's all one to me, mother," she said, with a whimsical attempt at gaiety. "But this much you must understand. I've had my talk with Trix, and I felt like a sneak-thief all the time. If it were anybody but that—Timothy Van Loon—"

"Who a month or so ago was ready to marry another woman if she would throw her handkerchief to him, and was driven off the field by Jerry's occupation of it," was what passed through her mind—to be suppressed.

"Every one says Mr. Van Loon is a devoted son," ventured poor Mrs. Halliday, forlornly. "And our families have long been allied—since his great-grandmother married your father's great-uncle's brother-in-law. It has always been considered a safe family," she added; and Betty, wrung with sudden pity, bent down and kissed her mother's brow.

"As if any one were satisfied with married life—or gets exactly what she wants!" she meditated, further, in her room. "If I had even a medium-sized purse, I'd begin to think a spinster's lot the only 'happy one.'"

ONE beautiful moonlight night in the end of June saw Mr. Van Loon's much paragraphed new yacht, the *Incognita*, steal away from her moorings near the foot of—street on the East River, and glide in a ghostly manner out into the Sound. On her deck was a small, not particularly well assorted party of guests, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Vernon, Betty and Beatrix Halliday, a couple of club-men, hangers-on of Timothy, a new Swedish attaché in process of illumination about the States, and the owner of the boat. Down in the women's cabins, with their wondrous modern upholstery and brass beds, Elsa was engaged in laying out her ladies' belongings for the night, as if it were some country-house at which they had arrived for a three days' visit.

Van Loon, in naval blue, and with gold-laced cap, treading his own deck by moonlight, Betty decided to be Van Loon at his best. He did not obtrude his attentions upon Trix, and

yet somehow she, and every one else, was made to feel that this floating fairy palace under the snowy sails was waiting that lucky young woman's nod to dip its colors into her keeping. "Oh, if it were always moonlight on a yacht, and Timothy were always thus subdued!" Betty wanted to whisper in her sister's ear, yet dared not. The next day found them at anchor off the far-famed hostelry known as the Pequot House, near the staid old town of New London, where on the morrow the annual race between Yale and Harvard was to be won and lost. Electing to go ashore, the ladies found themselves at once in the merry turmoil of Regatta week. The halls and verandas of the hotel were thronged with brilliantly dressed women—mothers, sisters, sweethearts, and general admirers of the rival crews. Collegians from both universities swarmed in attendance on their fair, but the handsome young Harvard men seemed to predominate in numbers.

Trix, upon landing, began to look about her for somebody to whom she might confide her growing emotions about the question of the hour. To be so near her brother Jack,—now, without dispute, exalted to be an actual member of the great Yale crew, and about, for the honor of his university, to row at number 2,—and to hold no intercourse with him, not even to hear how he was passing these last trying days in that mysterious stronghold up yonder at Gale's Ferry, tantalized her cruelly. It was absolutely of no use, the girl had made up her mind, to expect the right sort of sympathy aboard the yacht. Jerry and Van Loon were Harvard graduates; Nell basely took sides with her husband; Betty made fun of everything; the other men aboard had no bias either way. Among the numbers of people encountered at the Pequot, it was her ill fortune to know only those who claimed Van Loon and Nell and Jerry as sympathizers with the crimson.

It was, therefore, with a throb of keen joy that she beheld Mr. Brock Vyvan, with a knot of dark-blue ribbon in the buttonhole of his neat tweed coat, and a band of dark-blue ribbon around his straw hat, walking up and down the veranda in attendance upon a mother and daughter, the latter vivacious and pretty enough to give Trix a sober second thought. Her first impulse was to thrust herself upon young Vyvan's attention, to lean forward, to fix him with a bow and smile that should be followed up at his earliest convenience by his adjournment to her side. The next moment Trix drew back, and hid herself behind her sister Nell, in a blaze of color at her own indiscretion. Mr. Vyvan had indeed seen her, had bowed with the rather pronounced courtesy of the Southerner—but he

had not smiled. Trix fancied he did not want to avail himself of her implied permission. What—oh, dreadful thought!—if he wanted to rebuke her forwardness?

The gala-day was darkened after that. The Van Loon party, observed of all, passed up and down the promenade; the ladies had taken their cups of tea, and were about to return aboard, when Trix fell in with a young woman she had known casually in town, and had ignored hitherto—a plain girl, with no especial points to praise or to decry. At this juncture, if she had had, in girls' language, "every hair of her head strung with diamonds," Trix could not have valued the plain girl more. For she wore a tarpaulin hat with a broad blue band, and five minutes' conversation developed the fact that she owned a cousin on the crew. Eager as Trix was to ask was she to answer. The very latest news from Gale's Ferry was hers, thanks to an undergraduate brother, who had brought word that their men were as "fit as fiddles" and "regularly smooth."

"Thank Heaven!" Trix said, kissing the plain girl, fervently. In the relief of the moment she almost forgot Mr. Brock Vyvan. "You see, I don't know a single Yale person here to ask," she explained.

"There are plenty, and the very nicest," answered the plain girl, bridling. To which Trix answered: "Oh, of course! I shall know thousands of them to-morrow," and kissed her new-old friend again.

When they walked down to the wharf to get into the yacht's boat, she ahead with Timothy, Beatrix again saw Mr. Brock Vyvan—a back view only. He had parted company with the pretty girl and her mama, and was striding away as if shod with seven-league boots. She did not see him turn, after their own little party was embarked, and gaze over at the *Incognita*, lying at anchor and flying under her official colors a crimson flag.

"Blank him! I should like to strangle him," murmured this peaceful young Vyvan.

Gerald, after dining on the yacht, went ashore for the dance, as did the other men, the women preferring to save themselves for the excitement of the morrow. But they were not without a visitor. A small boat, coming alongside, sent up a dapper youth, who presented himself, following his card, as a reporter for a New York daily newspaper.

"I will not intrude on you, ladies, for more than a moment," he said in a businesslike manner. "I merely wanted to ask if Mrs. Gerald Vernon, as an exponent of the Four Hundred of New York, would object to giving 'The Planet' her opinion of the Bob Cook stroke."

"My opinion?" gasped Eleanor, fairly aston-

ished. "Why, I have n't any. And if I had, what possible value or interest could it have to the editor or readers of the 'The Planet'?"

"It is a special thing, gotten-up for the issue of our paper that announces the result of the race," he said, unabashed. "We think ladies should have a voice in every question, nowadays, and I have quite a list of society leaders known to be visiting New London to interview."

"You must excuse me," said Eleanor, and, bowing and smiling, the dapper man, who had no time to lose, took himself away to glean in more remunerative fields.

AND now the day has dawned that is to crown and quench so many hopes on the New World Thames. Bright and early the yacht, flying every pennant and oriflamme on board, waits orders to push ahead to follow the race, to be rowed at eleven, down-stream. A smart little breeze is blowing, and the choppy sea causes the yacht's boat, returning from the hotel, to dance up and down merrily, to the excitement of her cargo of womenkind.

For, to the strong disgust of Eleanor and Betty,—Trix just now is above details,—Gerald has announced to them that Mr. Van Loon, having met Major and Mrs. Shafto and their party at the Pequot dance, could not get out of inviting them to pass the day on the *Incognita* to see the race. Who makes up the party, Eleanor does not ask, or Jerry say. All too soon there arrive Miss Kitty Foote, the vague young Foote her brother, Mr. Carteret Leeds, and — Mrs. de Lancey!

"And I shall expect you to be civil to these women," ends Jerry, remonstrating against his wife's too plain distaste. "I don't want your offish ways with them, any more than Betty's infernal spitefulness."

"But, Jerry, you gave us no idea —"

"Who had an idea?" he answered, his face flushing. "Nell, if I were you, I should try to bear in mind that, however much he loves his wife, no man can stand petty jealousies and heavenly superiority. No man, I say."

"I make neither charge nor assumption," Nell replied, fronting him haughtily.

"Oh! I know what a jealous woman is. Suppose I were such a goose about Theobald?"

"Theobald?" she repeated faintly.

"Yes. Do you imagine people have n't tried to put it into my head that he's still in love with you? Now, I've no time to say more, for here they are; but mind what I have said."

"O Gerald!" her pale lips syllabled. The next moment this bit of tragedy of every day is crushed out of sight; the young couple are advancing from where they had walked

aside for a brief conjugal talk, and are greeting the newcomers as if nothing had occurred.

OVER the course steams the little white launch *Yale*, bearing the referee with the unwelcome tidings that because the water is so rough the race has been postponed till 6 P. M., and is to be rowed up-stream instead of down. While the party on the *Incognita*, and other pleasure crafts lying around them in the stream below the Shore Line Bridge, solace themselves with luncheon and the popping of champagne-corks, steamboats, tugs, sloops, every variety of water-vehicle, go hither and thither in vexed confusion.

Trix, who has nerved herself with real heroism to bear the delay, makes an excuse to leave the cabin, and goes again on deck. With her blue silk shirt belted around her slim, maidenly waist, her close-fitting blue serge skirt, her white straw sailor-hat with the blue band and bit of white tulle tied across her bright eyes and blooming cheeks, she presents a captivating image of fidelity to *Yale*. In vain had Timothy tempted her with a bunch of Jacqueline roses supplied by his steward from the unromantic ice-box. She had almost stamped her foot at him as she waved the insidious crimson beauties off. Oh, for one who has the impulse and the thought to give her a little posy of *Yale bleuets* to wear on her loyal breast! But there is none, not one in that band of jesting folk around the long cabin-table a-glitter

with glass and silver, to understand the yearning of her heart! As she walks out toward the railing, and strains her eyes in the direction of the crew's quarters, and longs to have speech with Jack, dear, eager Jack, who must be suffering so cruelly with the delay, a step is heard behind her, and she turns to confront little Mr. Foote, exquisite in a costume invented for the day.

"I'm going ashore for an hour," he said. "A little business at the Crockaw House."

A drowning man in his extremity is said to clutch at a straw, and into Trix's wilful head pops the idea of utilizing Mr. Foote.

"Would it trouble you very much to drop me at a friend's house in the town?" she asked, oh, so sweetly!—"and to pick me up on your way back to the yacht?"

"Delighted, I'm shaw," said the flattered youth, never doubting that her plan was pre-arranged.

Trix pencils a note to her sisters, and without delay descends into the boat in waiting to take off Mr. Foote. She has a delicious sense of escape from bondage, a childish tremor lest she be overtaken and called back. It is her purpose to repair to the home of a certain kindly matron, an old friend of her mother's, who is sure to have a houseful of wearers of the blue, and in a half-hour's chat relieve herself of some of the pent-up emotion of the day. Nell and Betty certainly can't take her to task for the civility of a call on Mrs. Mordant, who had invited her for the whole Regatta week.

(To be continued.)

Constance Cary Harrison.

THE DEAD KING.

THE king was dead. His body lay
In splendor, stern and grim,
While round him fell the solemn day
Sifted through windows dim.

His sword was clasped within his hand
As firm as when in life
'Mid battle-clouds that dreadful brand
Had flashed, and led the strife.

Beside his gray and stately head
His jeweled crown was set
In readiness, as though the dead
Had need to wear it yet.

And flags from many a battle-plain,
Standing about his bier,
Told of rebellious chieftains slain,
And nations taught to fear.

And there, with plumes of tufted snow
Cresting their figures tall,
Stood steel-clad sentinels, arow
Like pillars of the hall.

And all day long with curious stare
And timid, bated breath
The people passed, and eyed him there,
Dead, yet defying death.

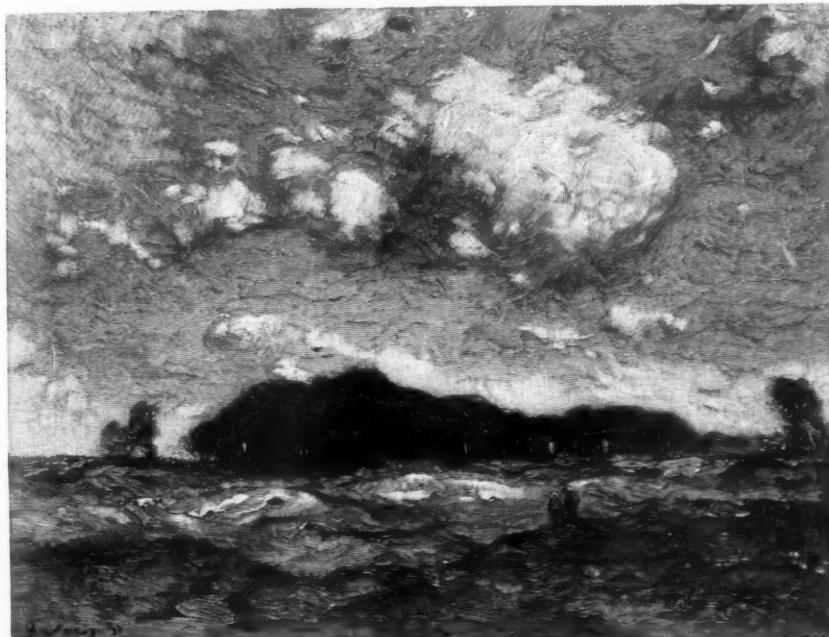
Right royal seemed his upturned face,
For on it lingered still
The majesty of all his race
And of his own high will.

The king was dead: before God's throne
A soul stood in the light,
Shriveled, misshapen, stripped, alone,
And trembling with affright.

George Horton.

ARTIST LIFE BY THE NORTH SEA.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.



ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

SAND-DUNES.

ONE of the most ideal spots which it was ever the pleasure of a painter to discover, is a little village, two hours' journey from Amsterdam, called Laren by Hilversum, to distinguish it from the other Laren by Zutphen. It is in itself one of the most insignificant hamlets of Holland—nothing, in fact, but a succession of thatch-roofed cottages strung along a few intersecting roads and lanes, and surrounded by waste lands the only growths of which are heather and stunted pines. On the edge of the Zuyder Zee, its sand-dunes have not yet become soil, so only the most promising spots of ground, made fertile by centuries of incessant labor, are cultivated. On the not over-frequent oases in these wide wastes, one comes upon the little villages of Laren, Blaricum, and Huizen, near together, yet separated by a strip

of heath. The people are all peasants, and both they and their homes are very picturesque.

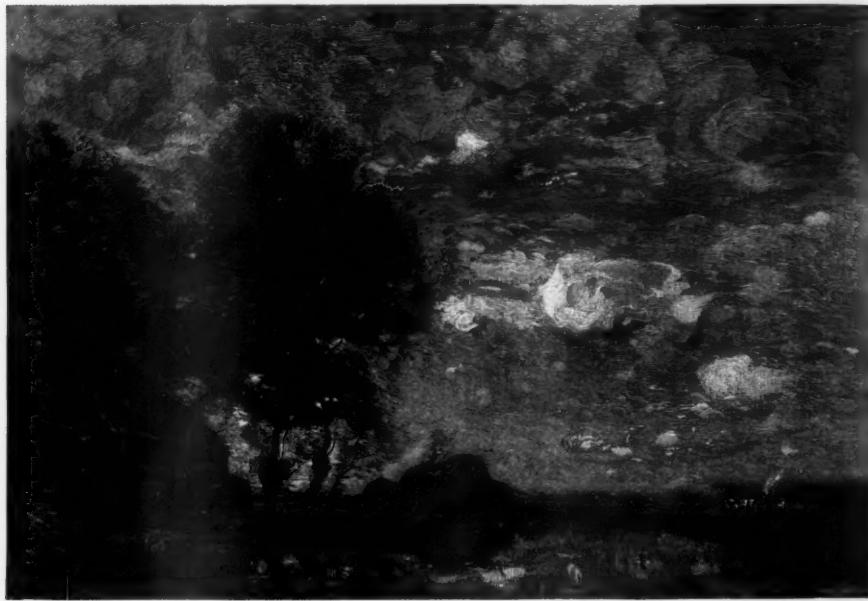
When the artistic explorers first found out Laren, its only accommodation for strangers was a little inn that gloried in the name of "The Gilded Post Wagon." The peasant proprietor, finding that the painters were coming more and more numerously, built addition after addition to his house, and each addition made it more rambling and prettier. Now each season finds it full of artists from all parts of the earth, and the desolation of Laren contributes materially to the luxury of the art-loving world. The inn is the center of the village life, and may well be called the pulse of the place. It has two large rooms, one on each side of the central hall. The easterly room is reserved for the painters, who use it as a dining-room and, incidentally, also as a salon. The other apartment is the public room, containing the bar, which is delightfully decorated with old delft and rows of bottles, the billard-table,—for the Dutch peasant is a

tireless if not skilful amateur with the cue,—and the little tables devoted to the games at cards that take place each evening between a choice coterie consisting of the village blacksmith, the village tailor, and a few peasants. These play interminable games for infinitesimal stakes.

In this room the "vergunning," or auctions, take place. The waste lands surrounding the

ergies for a go at the evening sky. The routine may be condensed into coffee from five to ten, lunch at one, dinner at six. After dinner come gossip, exploring strolls in the neighborhood, and a return for the tea, which is served under the trees at nine. A game or two of cards or billiards finishes the day.

One relief from the tedium of amusing ourselves is in the kermess, an annual event which



ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

villages are held in common between them; each village has a right to graze a certain number of sheep upon the downs. There are also some reclaimed patches of soil that are the property of the village, and the rights of these are disposed of under the hammer. The sale is a village event. The spectacle of the rival peasants bidding for a half-acre of ground has for this quiet world the flavor of a gladiatorial combat, and furnishes material for conversation a month afterward.

Even if the quaint and simple charm of nature and native life did not spur the sympathetic appreciation of the painter into activity, he would drift into a regular system of labor to avoid being bored to death. Some enterprising spirits will arise at daybreak to study sunrises; others struggle with previously secured models; some are off to the heath for sheep subjects, or toward Naarden for the polder country, after canals and ditches and pastures with black-and-white cattle; while others are saving their en-

takes place in the market-town of Hilversum, and for which the peasant scrimps a few guilders from his wages, that he may have a few days of wine and fleshpots, though he fast for the rest of the year. As good wages are here only one guilder (about forty cents) a day, and not steady work at that, it may be inferred that the margin for feasting is narrow; in some cases whole families—man, wife, and children—pool their labor for this sum, and, though poor, are yet content. At the time of the kermess the market-town gives up its public square for the erection of booths of various kinds, interspersed with merry-go-rounds and swings. Here are to be found troupes of acrobats; "ladies" who possess second sight, and tell your future for a *dubbeljetje*; itinerant theaters that perform a comedy or a tragedy every twenty minutes, invariably winding up with a ballet in which three generations—grandmother, mother, and daughter—pose and smirk; the marvelous boy without arms who writes with his toes; in

short, every variety of the cheap or freak show that travels on wheels. At convenient intervals appears that great Dutch institution, the bakery of waffles "cooked in the open air before your eyes." This and its rival, the pancake-booth, do a rushing business. These booths are very gorgeous in white and gold, ornamented in the highest style of the art, with paper-lace trimmings and mirrors everywhere. It is a bewildering dream of magnificence to the humble peasant who, seated in one of the cupboard dining-rooms, engaged in putting out of sight plate after plate of waffles, feels that he is for once, at least, dining in princely state. The waffle is really an institution of Holland. It presents a temptation which no healthy Dutchman with a guilder in his pocket can resist. If Alva, instead of beleaguering Leyden with cannon and cantonments, had erected waffle-bakeries outside the moats, I verily believe the city would promptly have capitulated.

On the second day the crowd really begins to swarm, and by evening all the avenues of the fair are jammed. The gasoline-lamps shed a flaring light over the sea of heads; the hurdy-gurdies of the different merry-go-rounds try to drown one another; the managers of the theaters, with their companies in tights and spangles on the platforms beside them, are bawling through speaking-trumpets descriptions of the wonderful pieces about to be performed inside, occasionally giving short sketches as alluring samples; parties of young peasants and their sweethearts "charge" through the crowd. This "charge," which is peculiarly Dutch, is accomplished by from ten to twenty persons locking arms, with the weight forward, and acting on the principle of a battering-ram. It is very effective, and will open a lane through the densest throng. The chargers sing cheerfully during the onset, and the collisions are generally taken as neat bits of pleasantry. When the chargers reach, or have created, a comparatively open space, they form a ring, and jump up and down, shouting, "Hustle! Hustle!" in time to the steps, while the tempo is accelerated till the feet give out and the breath is gone.

What the Donnybrook Irishman would term "a fine bit of a fight" now



follows. A cry has gone up from two combatants who have squabbled about nothing—"Laren! Laren! Laren!" from one, and from the other, "Huizen! Huizen! Huizen!" Our village (Laren) is Catholic; Huizen, just beyond, is Protestant; and the feuds of the rival creeds, though mild in comparison with those of the past, are bitter yet. No decent and self-respecting Larenite would dream of marrying into Huizen, and vice versa. The women's caps and earrings are of another pattern; so are the sabots, even those of the children. There is absolutely no social communication between the communities. In the olden days there was constant fighting, and many a head was broken and many a knife-stab given; but in these times, except on special occasions, the towns preserve a surly peace. But hot blood boils at kermess time, and the old trouble breaks out again, and the war-cries bring the reserves hurrying to the field, clearing for action as they come. In this case the police separate the brawlers, taking one to one end of the fair, and the other, with a handsome cut on his head from his opponent's wooden shoe, in the opposite direction. It may be well to state, by the by, that a wooden shoe of the size worn hereabout, snatched off and used either as a club or projectile, makes a weapon of great effectiveness, and one very convenient to get at upon the first call of necessity.



The cafés adjacent to the main square have done a quiet, conservative business in smoked eels, hard-boiled eggs, and Schiedam during the fifty-one weeks preceding the kermess. For the fifty-second they adopt quite another policy, savoring somewhat of the wholesale line of trade. Dancing is really the base upon which the kermess rests, and the crafty café proprietor caters to the demand by clearing his large room, inclosing the verandas with canvas, and converting the garden into a restaurant. A band, usually of brass and of four pieces, of which the trombone plays the leading rôle, is stationed where it can best be heard and take up least room. In the old days "The Hoplen of the Kettle," "The Ship and Sail," "The Karen of the Dom," danced in wooden shoes, and full of pantomime, were the only dances seen; now these alternate with the waltz. The natives dance with vigor, and manifest determination to get their half-guilder's worth out of the exercise. Under the excitement of the



WINTER AT LAREN.

ENGRAVED BY K. C. ATWOOD.

dance and the gin-and-water, they gradually lose the air of sheepishness that hung over them earlier in the day; the boys' arms steal round their sweethearts' waists, and finally each cozy or convenient nook contains a pair of lovers entirely oblivious of the rest of the world, her helmeted head resting confidently on his shoulder.

The multitude of little lanes and footpaths which environ the village are always presenting fresh beauties and invitations for pictures, and as it is also the custom to drop in at any peasant home and look about *sans cérémonie*, one finds subjects indoors as well as out. Their houses—barn, living-rooms, and all—are under one great roof. The barn occupies most of the space, while the living-rooms are cubby-holes partitioned off at one end. The barn part is always interesting, with its cemented floor, the beams and rafters going off into the gloom overhead, the grain and hay hanging down from platforms. The cow and goat have one corner to themselves, and the spinning-wheels and loom take up another.

One night in October we

were startled by the ringing of the alarm-bells. We expected to find a fire, but the peasants, as they tumbled out of their doors, shouted, "The cows! The cows!"—which brings us back to a curious bit of local history and custom. As is well known, the Zuyder Zee is kept back from these villages by a great dike that connects sand-dune with sand-dune. During the low water of summer the sea retires for a long distance, and the uncovered shore becomes fine pasture, giving the farmers a chance to convert their own meager grass-patches into hay for the winter. Unfortunately, this provision of nature cannot be enjoyed by all. It is a bequest to these villages from a countess who died in the year 1642; to speak exactly, each descendant of a resident of the villages of Laren, Blaricum, and Huizen, of that date, has inherited the right to pasture seven cows. This privilege cannot be bought or sold; it can be acquired only from an ancestor of the village of that date. When the spring comes, the cattle are driven to the pastures, where they remain for the summer. Their owners commonly live miles away, and



it necessitates two daily milking-trips, on which they jog over in a cart with the cans and pails at midday and midnight. The pastures are hundreds of acres in extent, and for a long time it puzzled us how an owner could find his cows on a dark night; but we discovered that they have trained their animals to come to a certain place at the same hour each day and night by always carrying to them some dainty in the shape of salt or potatoes. During the summer these pastures are used without danger, but in the autumn the succession of northerly gales, in conjunction with a high tide, will put the land many feet under water. Sometimes the inundation is so sudden that the cattle are caught by the rising waters, and drowned. So, at the beginning of September, watchmen are always stationed on the dike to keep a sharp lookout upon the sea. The church towers of the villages are all in sight of one another, and the Huizen tower is in close communication with the dike. With a rise of the sea, the man on the dike hangs up a lantern;

year none were drowned; but it was perilous work, and the peasants heaved long sighs of relief as they told us the details, and announced that the cows were safe in the stables for the next six months.

Jan, the waiter who presides over our meals, has bought a new pair of trousers. As they are of unusual material and color, it is really a great event in the village, where for centuries the successive village tailors have worked from plain cloths and from one shape. We have tried to trace this shape to its origin, but the trail vanishes in the obscurity of the sixteenth century. It would be impossible to describe it with exactness, but the general effect is to make the straightest legs seem bowed. The only measure the tailor takes is the circumference of the body and the length of limb, and the result is always the same. It is also a local tradition, which goes with the trousers, that an honest man shall have three pairs, one of black cloth, for Sundays, marriages, and funerals, which shall last him his life, and which he can will to his eldest



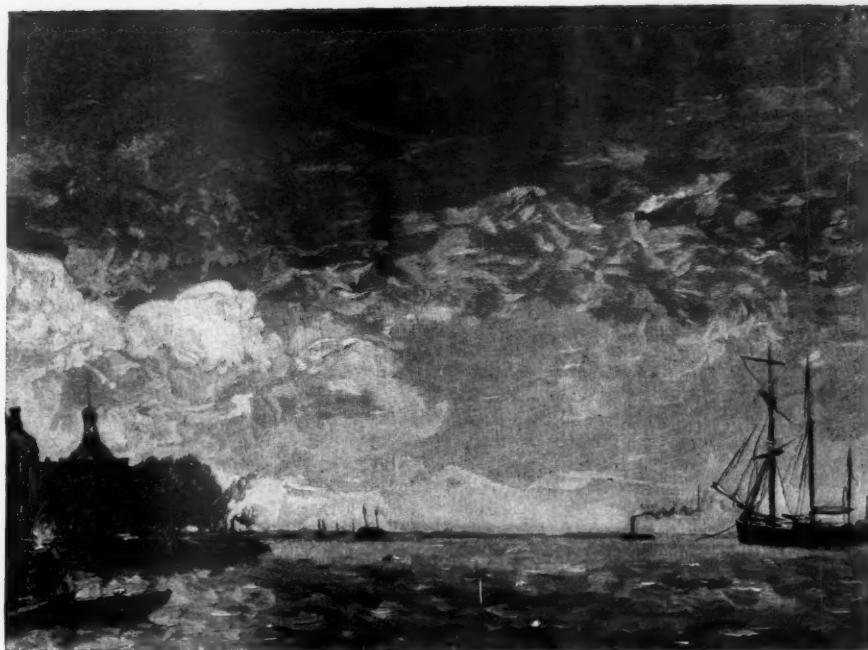
COTTAGE YARD.

ENGRAVED BY A. NEGRI.

if the sea rises more, he hangs up two, which is a danger-signal; but if it rises fast, three, which says, "Great danger; come quickly." Similar lights are flashed from tower to tower by watchers in the belfries, and at three lights the alarm-bells are rung. This was the alarm we heard, and in ten minutes the roads were thronged with people on foot and on horseback, rushing to the rescue of the herds. This

son; the other two, which form a never-ending cycle, are made of cheap, strong cloth for working purposes, a new pair being ordered when the second-best will hold no more patches.

Jan is a very good boy. In addition to waiting on us, he keeps our boots presentable, runs our errands, transacts our small business arrangements, takes a sincere interest in our artistic progress, and delivers our mail. He is



THE ZUIDER ZEE.

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

studying English with the aid of a dictionary and our postal cards—the latter portion of his method sometimes keeping us waiting an indefinite period while he struggles with a hard word or a complicated sentence. Our grammar evidently gives him trouble, but he smiles contentedly when he finally permits us to have our mail, remarking: "This is a card from Mr. So-and-so, who says," etc. He is the son of a respectable peasant in the neighborhood, and is learning how to run an inn of his own. He is also in love with a very pretty young thing of some twenty summers whose father sells ounce packages of tea, spools of thread, wooden shoes, etc., in a room of his house which he has converted into a store. The trade is not extensive, so between calls on the shop she keeps the kettle boiling and digs in the garden. One evening when we saw Jan steal out of the side door, wearing his new trousers, and with a package done up in tissue-paper sticking out from under his coat, and pass in the direction of Mynheer Watels, we must confess that our curiosity so got the better of us that we were base enough to follow and look in at the window. We had heard of the betrothal custom, and now we saw it for ourselves. Jan entered, and said, "Queen Avand." The girl's father and mother responded, "Queen

Avand," and then she said, "Queen Avand." Then Jan pulled a half-guilder from his pocket, and laid it on the table, and the girl hung her head, and blushed a pleased sort of blush, after which she took the half-guilder and a pitcher from the shelf, and disappeared. In an incredibly brief space of time she was back with the pitcher full of beer—plain, every-day sort of beer to outsiders, but to them, no doubt, true nectar, for when they had each drunk a glass they were betrothed. Then the cake came out from under Jan's coat, and all took a piece and ate it, and the betrothal ceremony was complete. The old folks having discreetly gone off to bed and left the young couple to build plans for their future life, we too beat a retreat. The next afternoon Jan's father and mother were over to see her father and mother, and the old ladies took tea, and the old men something sharper; while Vrouw Watels showed the chest of sheets and pillow-cases and caps and helmets which went with the match, and the old men arranged how that two-year-old black heifer should be balanced by a pig, nine hens, and a stock of hay, and discussed starting Jan in a little inn over at Amness.

But here is the cold weather: outdoor work is no longer possible, and we break up, some



MOONLIGHT.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

for Paris, some for London, and some for New York. As one looks over the long rollers with which this strange, humble, patient, and heroic

people wage a perpetual war of self-preservation, the charm of the life grows stronger as the life itself recedes.

H. W. Ranger.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

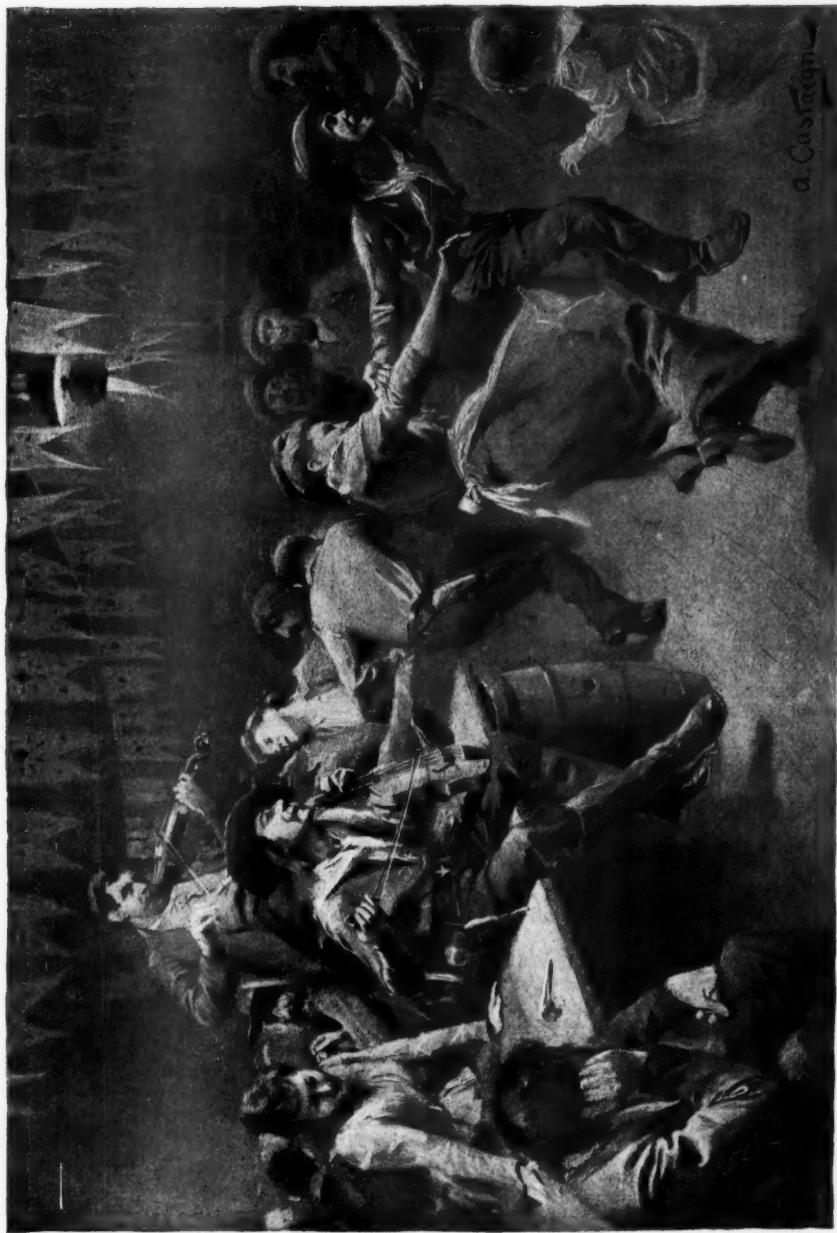
I BELIEVED thee, friend, with unflinching faith, I revered and loved thee well,
Till the foe drew near whom I need not name, with his hints like sparks from hell.
He showed me a blot that I dared not doubt on thy large unsullied soul;
He tore from the sacred head of my saint its illumining aureole.

Oh, strange by the shattered statue's form to watch where its fragments lie!
From the lute's half-ruptured strings, oh, strange to hear the old music sigh!
Oh, strange where the bounteous lamp once beamed, its enfeebled flame to scan!
In place of the white-browed god, oh, strange to behold but the earthly man!

And yet is perfection always rich in the rarer, the subtler charms?
Would the Venus of Melos lure the same were she reendowed with arms?
Has the speckless pearl a delight to match the pearl that must always bear
Its pathos of one little birth-mark flaw to remind us it still is fair?

So now, while I feel thee fallible thus, I find (as 't were fate's choice boon!)
That reverence had keyed my love too high, and that sympathy sets it in tune.
Nay, the fault I have loathed for the stain it stamps on a purity such as thine,
Makes thee dearer still to my human heart, since it leaves thee less divine.

Edgar Fawcett.



THE DANCE.

AT THE KEITH RANCH.

By the Author of "Pratt Portraits," etc.

THE dance was in full swing — a vehement, rhythmic, and dead-in-earnest ranch dance. Eight couples on the floor tramped or tiptoed, as the case might be, but always in perfect time with the two unmelodious fiddles. The tune, if tune it might be called, went over and over and over again, with the monotonous persistency of a sawmill, dominating the rhythmic tread of the dancers, but not subduing the fancy of the caller-out.

The caller-out for the moment was a curly-headed lad of twenty, with a shrewd, good-humored face. He stood in a slouching attitude, one shoulder much higher than the other, and as he gave forth, in a singsong voice, his emphatic rhymed directions, his fingers played idly with the red-silk lacings of his brown flannel shirt. To an imaginative looker-on those idly toying fingers had an indefinable air of being very much at home with the trigger of the six-shooter at the lad's belt. So, at least, it struck Lem' Keith.

"Swing him round for old Mother Flannigan !
You 've swung him so nice, now swing him
again, again !
On to the next, and swing that gent !
Now straight back, and swing your old man
again !"

Tramp, tramp, tramp went the rhythmic feet; diddle-diddle-dee went the fiddles. There was not much talking among either dancers or sitters-out. Occasionally one of the babies in the adjoining bedroom waked and wailed, but on the whole they were well-behaved babies. There they lay on the bed, six in a row, while their mothers eagerly snatched their bit of pleasure at the cost of a night's sleep.

Lemuel Keith, joint host with his brother on this occasion, sat on a bench against the wall, contemplating with wonder the energy of these overworked women. Beside him sat the husband of one of them, a tall, gaunt ranchman, with his legs crossed, poising upon a bony knee an atom of humanity in a short plaided woolen frock.

"How old is your baby?" asked Lem, mindful of his duties as host.

"Four months," was the laconic reply; and as though embarrassed by the personal nature of the inquiry, the man rose and repaired to a

remote corner, where he began a solemn waltz with his offspring in his arms.

It was an April evening, and the windows were open to the south. A cool night-breeze came in, grateful alike to dancers and lookers-on. Lem sat watching his twin brother Joe, who was taking his turn at the dance. Lem usually watched Joe when he had the chance; for if the brothers were bewilderingly alike in appearance, they were animated by a spirit so unlike, that Joe's every look and action was a source of interest to Lem. Indeed, it was his taste for Joe's society that had made a Colorado ranchman of him. Nature had intended Lemuel Keith for a student, and then, by a strange oversight, had made him the twin-brother of a fascinating daredevil for whom the East was too narrow.

Lem sat and watched Joe, and observed the progress of the dance, philosophizing over the scene in a way peculiar to himself. For his own part, he never danced if he could help himself, but he found the dancing human being a fruitful subject of contemplation. Joe's partner, in particular, amused and interested him. She was a rather dressy young person, with a rose-leaf complexion and a simpering mouth. Rose-leaf complexions are rare on the sun-drenched, wind-swept prairies, and the more effective for that. The possessor of this one, fully aware of her advantage, was displaying, for her partner's delectation, the most wonderful airs and graces. She glided about upon the points of her toes; she gave him her delicately poised finger-tips with a birdlike coyness which the glance of her beady black eyes belied. Joe was in his element, playing the bold yet insinuating cavalier.

Lem Keith found a fascination in this first ranch dance of his. He liked the heartiness of the whole performance; he enjoyed the sharp-cut individuality of the people, their eccentricities of costume and deportment; he was of too sensitive a fiber not to feel the dramatic possibilities of the occasion. "Tenderfoot" as he was, the fact could not escape him that a man in a flannel shirt, with a pistol at his belt,— and most of the men were thus equipped,—was more than likely to have a touch of lawlessness about him.

There was a pause between the two figures of the dance. Joe had taken his partner's fan, which he was gently waving to and fro before

her face. She stood panting with affected exhaustion, glancing archly at her new "young man" from under studiously fluttering eyelids. The gaunt father, having stopped waltzing, had discovered that the woolen-clad baby was fast asleep on his shoulder. Over in another corner, under a window, was a red-faced cowboy, slumbering as tranquilly as the baby, his head sunk on his breast, a genial forelock waving lightly in the breeze. The fiddles resumed their function. "Swing your pard's!" cried the curly-headed boy; and once more all was commotion.

The room seemed hot and crowded. Lem had shifted his position, and was standing opposite the windows. He looked toward them, and his glance was arrested. In the square of light cast outside by the lamps within was a sinister, malignant face. It was the face of a man whom the Keith boys had seen to-night for the first time. He had paid his seventy-five cents, and had received his numbered ticket like the others, by which simple ceremony all the requirements of ranch etiquette were fulfilled. Bub Quinn they called him—Bub Quinn from the Divide. Rather a nice-looking fellow, the brothers had agreed, attracted by his brilliant smile and hearty hand-shake. It was Bub Quinn who had brought the girl that Joe was dancing with, and now that Lem came to think of it, he could not remember having seen her dance with any one else, besides Quinn himself. Lem's heart gave a heavy thump almost before his brain had grasped the situation. Yet the situation was very plain. It was Joe and his little fool of a partner that those malignant eyes were following.

They were light eyes, looking out from under level light eyebrows, and Lem frankly quaked at sight of them. The man's face was clean-shaven, showing high cheek-bones and a firm, handsome mouth. He stood in an indolent attitude, with his hands in his pockets; but all the reckless passion of the desperado was concentrated in the level glance of those menacing eyes.

"Meet your partner with a double *sashay*," cried the curly-headed boy. Diddle-diddle-dee squeaked the fiddles. Lem looked again at his brother. He was flirting outrageously.

A door opened behind Lem, and a woman called him by name. He stepped into the kitchen, where two of his prairie neighbors were busy with the supper. It was Mrs. Luella Jenkins who had summoned him, kind, queer, warm-hearted Mrs. Luella. The "Keith boys" were giving their first dance, and she had undertaken to engineer the supper.

"We've got the coffee on," she remarked, pointing over her shoulder at a couple of gallon-cans on the stove, from which an agreeable aroma was rising.

"That's first-rate," said Lem, who had a much

more distinct vision of Bub Quinn's eyes than of the mammoth tin cans. "Is there anything I can do to help?"

"Well, I dunno," Mrs. Luella ruminated. Her speech was as slow as her movements were quick. "I was thinkin' 't was 'most a pity you had n't had bun sandwiches." She looked regretfully at the rapidly growing pile of the ordinary kind with which the table was being loaded. "The buns taste kind o' sweet and pleasant, mixed up with the ham."

Through the closed door came the scraping of the indefatigable fiddles. "Hold her tight, and run her down the middle!" shouted the voice of the caller-out.

"Over to Watts's last fall," Mrs. Luella rambled on, slicing ham the while at a great rate, "they had bun sandwiches, and in the top of ary bun there was a toothpick stickin' up. If you've got toothpicks enough about the place, we might try it. It looks real tasty."

"Mrs. Jenkins," Lem broke in, "do you know Bub Quinn?"

"No; nor I don't want to," Luella answered curtly.

"Why not?"

"He's too handy with his shooting-irons to suit my taste."

Then, resuming the thread of her discourse: "You don't think, now, you've got toothpicks enough? They'd set things off real nice." But Lem had departed.

"I s'pose he's kind o' flustered with givin' their first dance," she said apologetically to her coadjutor among the sandwiches.

Lem was a great favorite with Mrs. Luella. She liked him better than she did Joe. She was one of the few people who could, at a glance, tell the two brothers apart. She always spoke of Lem as the "little chap," though he was in fact precisely of a height with his brother; and she gave as the reason for the preference, that "the little chap was n't a ramper." Unfortunately for Lem, perhaps, she was right. He was not a ramper.

As Lem stepped out into the other room the caller-out was shouting, "Promen-ade all—you know where!" The sets were breaking up, and Joe with his best manner was leading his partner to a seat. The face had vanished from the window. Bub Quinn was striding across the room, and now planted himself in front of the recreant pair.

"You're to come with me, Aggy," he growled.

"Pray, don't mention it!" cried Joe, relinquishing the girl to Quinn with a mocking reverence.

Shrugging her shoulders, and pouting, Aggy moved away with her captor; not, however, without a parting glance over her shoulder at

Joe. The two brothers met at the kitchen-door.

"I say, Joe," Lem begged, "don't dance with that girl again."

"And why not?"

"You would n't ask why not if you had seen that ruffian's face at the window."

"Did n't I see it, though?" scoffed Joe, in high spirits, and Lem knew that he had blundered.

A new caller-out had taken the floor, and was shouting, "Seventeen to twenty-four, get on the floor and dance!"

The pauses are short at a ranch dance, for each man, having a right in only one dance out of three or four, is eager for his turn. The women on this particular occasion might have been glad of a rest, for there were only ten of them to satisfy the demands of all the men, and steady dancing from eight o'clock to three is no light task. Nevertheless, each one rose with sufficient alacrity in response to the polite inquiry, "Will you assist me with this dance?" and in a few minutes the same many-colored woolen gowns, and much befrizzled heads, which had diversified the last sets were lending luster to the present dance.

Neither Bub Quinn nor Joe Keith was included this time among those admonished to "get on the floor and dance," and Lem, thankful for the respite, stepped out on to the piazza, where a group of men were lounging and smoking. The air outside was sharp and invigorating; the moon was full, and in its cold, clear light Pike's Peak glimmered white and ghostly.

Lem strolled off the piazza, and over to the group of sorry-looking broncos, in saddle or harness, standing hitched to the fence. He pushed in among them, patting their heads, or righting the blankets of the few that were fortunate enough to have such luxuries. He felt as though he should like to enter into confidential relations with them. They seemed, somehow, more of his own kind than the rough, jostling, pugnacious beings passing themselves off as men and brothers within there. He poked about from one to the other of the sturdy, plush-coated little beasts, till he came to a great white plow-horse harnessed to a sulky, and looking like a giant in contrast with the scrubby broncos. The amiability which is supposed to wait upon generous proportions proved to be a characteristic of this equine Goliath, for at Lem's approach he cocked his ears and turned his head with marked friendliness. Lem looked across the creature's rough neck to the firm, strong outlines of "the range," showing clearly in the moonlight; he drew his lungs full of the keen, thin air. But neither "the strength of the hills," nor the elixir of the air,

could restore his equanimity. He could not throw off the weight that oppressed him. There was no shirking the truth. He was deadly afraid of Bub Quinn; the sight of that lowering face at the window had caused in him a horrible physical shrinking; the dread of an undefined mischief brewing weighed upon his spirit like a nightmare.

"Great heavens! What a coward I am!" he groaned aloud.

The white horse rubbed his velvet nose in mute sympathy against the young man's shoulder; but there was no solace that the white horse could give. Lem leaned against the friendly neck, and shut his teeth hard together. A lifelong chagrin welled up in him, flooding his soul with bitterness.

If Lemuel Keith had not adored his brother, he would have hated him—hated him for possessing that one quality of rash courage beside which every other virtue seemed mean and worthless. Presently he found himself looking in at the window again. Joe had disappeared from the scene. Bub Quinn and his Aggy were sitting side by side in stony silence. The fiddles had fallen into a more sentimental strain; hints of "The Mocking Bird" might be heard struggling for utterance in the strings. In this ambitious attempt the pitch would get lower and lower, and then recover itself with a queer falsetto effect. Charley Leroy, the crack "bronco-buster" of the region, was caller-out this time. He was less inventive than the curly-headed boy, but he gave out his commands in the same chanting measure, and the tramp, tramp of the feet was as rhythmic as ever. The curly-headed boy was having his turn at the dance, "assisted" by a sallow, middle-aged woman in a brown woolen dress, who made frequent dashes into the adjoining room to quiet her baby. Lem noticed that the hands of the curly-headed boy were so tanned that the finger-nails showed white by contrast. He also observed that Aggy's neck was as pink as her cheeks, which had not been the case half an hour before. In his effort not to look at Bub Quinn, Lem's attention had become vague and scattered. He fixed his eyes upon an elderly man of an anxious countenance, with a shock of tow-colored hair sticking straight out in all directions. The man was having some difficulty in steering his partner through an intricate figure; he was the only person on the floor who did not keep step, and his movements became at every moment more vague and undecided. When, at last, the wiry, determined-looking "bronco-buster" sprang upon the company the somewhat abstruse direction:

"Lady round the gent, and the gent don't go;
Lady round the lady, and the gent *so-lo!*"

the "gent" in question became hopelessly bewildered, and stood stock still in the middle of the floor. By the time the set was disentangled, the dance seemed to be over, and the "bronco-buster" dismissed the dancers with the cynical prophecy, "You'll all get married on a stormy day!"

At this juncture, midnight being well passed, supper was announced. The kitchen door swung open, and the fragrant smell of the coffee took possession of the room, and floated out through the open window. As some one closed the window in his face, Lem followed the other loungers into the house. The men had all made a stampede for the kitchen; the women sat on chairs and benches against the wall, some of them leaning their heads back wearily, while others fanned themselves and their neighbors with vigor, not relaxing for a moment the somewhat strained vivacity which they felt that the occasion demanded. Bub Quinn's Aggy—no one knew her last name—sat a little apart from the others. She was apparently absorbed in the contemplation of her pocket-handkerchief, a piece of coarse finery, which she held by the exact middle, flirting it across her face in lieu of the fan, which had slid to the floor.

Lem paused on his way to the kitchen, and observed her closely. He saw the pink of her neck take on a deeper tinge, and at the same moment Bub Quinn and Joe brushed past him and stood before the girl, each offering her a plate on which reposed two sandwiches and a section of cucumber pickle.

This was Aggy's opportunity. She shrugged her shoulders, which were incased in red velvet; she lifted and then dropped her eyes, poising her head first on one side and then on the other; she clasped her hands and wrinkled her forehead. Lem felt as though he were watching the capricious sparks which mark the progress of a slow match toward a powder-train. Bub Quinn, meanwhile, stood rooted before the girl, while Joe, having possessed himself of the fallen fan, met her coquetry with blandishments of the most undisguised nature. At length, hesitatingly, deprecatingly, she took Quinn's plate, but at the same time she moved along on the bench and offered Joe a seat. He promptly took it, and Quinn went away with the calmness of a silently gathering thunder-cloud.

Quinn did not dance again that night; he withdrew to the piazza, where he kept guard at the window hour after hour. Joe danced with no one but Aggy, and sat beside her between whiles. Lem wandered about, trying not to watch Quinn. He knew his brother too well to remonstrate with him again by so much as a look.

As the night wore on, the hilarity of the company increased, nothing daunted by the sight

of a man lying here and there under a bench with a telltale black bottle protruding from his pocket. When the favorite figure of the "Bird in the Cage" was danced, and the caller-out shouted, "Bird flies out, and the crow flies in," everybody in the room cried "Caw! caw!" in excellent imitation of the sable-hued fowl thereby typified, and the dancers, conscious of an admiring public, "swung" and "sashayed" with increased vehemence. Toward three o'clock Joe was again dancing with Quinn's Aggy, and as the caller-out chanted:

" Swing that girl, that pretty little girl,
That girl you left behind you!"

he advanced toward her with an air of mock gallantry. At the same moment Bub Quinn stalked into the middle of the set, a sombrero planted firmly on his head, a long cowhide whip in his hand. He seized Aggy by the arm with a grip that must have hurt her, and said, "I'm going home now; you can do as you d— please." A pistol-shot could not have made half the sensation caused by this breach of etiquette; indeed, it would not have been half so unprecedented. Aggy turned with a startled defiance, but at sight of Quinn's face she recoiled.

"I'm all ready to go," she said suddenly; and too thoroughly cowed to cast even a parting glance at Joe, she hurried away to get ready for her twenty-mile drive. Joe, meanwhile, with perfect composure, provided himself with another partner, and the dance went on. And so the thunder-cloud had withdrawn, and the bolt had not fallen.

It was not until the gray dawn was in the sky that the last of the revelers drove through the cow-yard, and out across the prairie to meet the rising sun.

By the time a second dawn had come the daily routine at the Keith ranch was running in its accustomed grooves. The cows had already been milked, yesterday's butter already packed for shipment, and Joe, surrounded by bustling men and barking dogs, was attending to the departure of the milk-carts for the town. The Keith brothers had a young but thriving dairy-trade, and Joe was a great success in his character of "boss."

In a field bordering upon the highway, a mile away from the ranch-house, Lem Keith was plowing. There was something about this pastoral labor which was peculiarly congenial to Lem; perhaps because he did it well. Not one of the ranch "hands" could guide the plow with such precision through the loose prairie soil. Certainly, very few of them would have taken the trouble to set up a stake at the end

of the furrow, with a flying bit of red flannel to steer by. Lem had the habit of plowing with his eyes fixed upon this stake, his shoulders slightly stooping. Yet the sense of what was going on in the sky and on the prairie was never lost. To-day the sun rose as clear as a bell, flooding the fields with gold. Lem was plowing from east to west, a quarter-mile furrow. Whether he faced the mountains, answering the sunrise with a crimson glow, or the yellow prairie sea, with bold buttes standing out upon it like rock-bound islands, he could not go amiss. His eye met nothing, his thoughts touched upon nothing, which could jar upon his peaceful mood. The horses plodded steadily on with hanging heads; the plow responded like a live thing to his guidance; he knew that the long narrow furrow he was leaving behind him was as straight as the wake of a boat in still water. After all, ranch life was a fine thing. A man must be the better for breathing such air; a man must be the wiser for living so close to good old Mother Earth; a man must be—hark! Was that Joe's pony galloping across the field? Lem turned. No; the pony was a strange one. And the rider?

Bub Quinn had leaped to the ground not ten feet from him. He had flung the rein over the neck of his steaming bronco; but he himself was as calm and as cool as though he had not ridden twenty miles before sunrise at a break-neck gallop.

"I've come to settle accounts with you, mister," Quinn remarked in a drawling voice.

If the fellow had raged and cursed, if he had seemed to be in a passion, if his fists had been clenched, or the muscles of his face set, it would not have been so appalling. But this deadly composure, the careless indifference with which he held his pistol in his right hand, while his left hung loosely at his side, was more than terrifying; it was fairly blood-curdling.

Lem's hands had let the reins drop, and the horses had gone plodding on, the plow lurching and swaying at their heels.

For an instant Lem's brain whirled.

Swing that girl, that pretty little girl,
That girl you left behind you!

His brain seemed to be whirling to the tune of that jingle.

"If you've got anything to say," drawled Quinn, fingering the trigger, the pistol pointed at Lem's forehead—"if you've got anything to say, now's your chance. Sorry I can't allow you time to make a will," he added facetiously, "but I've got to get back to my work."

Lem's brain was clear now. There were no more jingles in it. Nothing was there but an overwhelming conviction that, if the man did

not shoot quickly, Joe might arrive, and show Quinn his mistake. That must not be. Joe was too fine a fellow to end like this—like this!

Lem Keith was shuddering from head to foot, and his lips were stiff and blue, yet there was an odd, masterful ring in his voice as he cried, "Make haste, will you, and shoot!"

A shot rang out, and Lem fell, pierced, not by Bub Quinn's bullet, but by the living horror of death. On the furrows beside him Bub Quinn lay stretched, with blood oozing from his right shoulder.

That shot of Joe Keith's, as his pony tore across the plowed field, was long talked of on the prairie. The echo was still ringing in his ears when he sprang to the ground, and knelt beside his brother, searching for a wound. He could find none. He pressed his hand to Lem's heart; his own pulse was pounding so that he could feel no other motion. He lifted his brother's head and laid it against his own breast; he loosened his shirt and chafed his hands. The sun shone straight into the white face, and the eyelids moved.

"Lem! Dear old pal! Speak! Do speak!" Lem's consciousness returned slowly, reluctantly; but he knew his brother's voice.

"Joe!" he muttered; "Joe!"

He made an effort to look about him; and first his eyes followed vaguely the wanderings of Quinn's bronco, which had strayed far afield, and he strove feebly to account for the pang that the sight gave him. Suddenly his consciousness adjusted itself, as a lock falls into place. He turned his eyes on Quinn, lying where he had fallen, the blood still flowing from his wound; and then he knew that he himself had only swooned.

He sat upright, clasping his knees with his two hands, and Joe stood over him, tenderly brushing the earth from his shoulder. At last Lem spoke, while a dark flush mounted slowly up into his temples:

"Joe!" he said, "I'm not hurt. You may as well despise me. I am a coward."

A look went across Joe's face, half-assetting, half-indulgent.

"Never mind, old boy," he said, with patronizing good-will; "we can't all be cut after the same pattern."

He extended his hand to help his brother to his feet. A movement caused him to turn. Quinn had gathered strength to speak. He was leaning on his left elbow, staring at the two brothers. His face was ghastly, but his voice had lost none of its drawling scorn as he said to Joe, slowly and distinctly, "You in-fernal idiot!"

Then a great light broke in upon Joe Keith's mind, and he knew the truth.

BENEFITS FORGOT.

By the Author of "Reffey," "A Common Story," "Captain, My Captain," etc.

VI.



S Philip asked for his father at the hotel which Deed was accustomed to make his home during his frequent visits to Leadville, it was in his heart to wish that he had not always been the unsatisfactory son. The day before he might have wished it in a spasm of contrition for the necessity of asking his father for more money; but he was wishing it now because the things they were saying about Deed at Maverick pained and angered him. He was sure his father was in trouble, and he had come up to Leadville with an impulsive desire to help him if he might. He had telegraphed him from Bayles's Park of their safety, and from Maverick, as soon as the rumors reached him, that he was coming up to Leadville.

He wanted to help his father in the trouble he merely guessed—he had not stayed to hear the story: but to speak to him as he would like to speak, their relation should be more equal; it ought to depend less for its harmony on his father's forbearance. He wished heartily that he had always persevered in some particular occupation; or, lacking that, that his failures had cost his father less. In these moods he always denounced his failures to himself as the result of crude and silly experiments which he should have known enough to avoid; but when he was as sensible as this he was usually a little more sensible, and perceived that the whole fruitless drama of his life, thus far, was inevitable; a fellow like him, he supposed, had to make an appointed degree of fool of himself.

In this light the restless longing of his boyhood to possess himself, to lay hands on the charter of his life on his own account; his refusal to please his father by going to Columbia; the unquiet wish for a different, a freer life, another set of conditions—a man's, say; his aimless and resultless year in Chile as a civil engineer; his six months of orange-growing in Florida; his other six months in which he saw a fortune in evaporating peaches in the Southern States,—it was the fortune which had evaporated,—and this last empty-headed folly at Piñon—all seemed foolish indeed,

but necessary, like the stages of a disease. He always said to himself in these contemptuous reflections on his doings that he knew better now, had learned a lesson. And this was in so far true that he seldom made the same kind of fool of himself twice.

He was thinking how glad he should be to see his father again, as he followed the bellboy out of the crowded hotel office along the creaking hallways, and up the swaying stairs (the hotel had been built of unseasoned timber, when sawmills were fifty miles away, and money was worth four per cent. a month, and the structure had begun to fall apart); and was adding to himself that since it was in his blood to do undesirable things, it was trebly undesirable that they should be destined to be the disappointment and trouble of so good a fellow as his father. He treated him so handsomely, always, that his disappointment was seldom in evidence; but Philip knew that it existed, and knew—he recalled the fact now with a bitter smile—that it had been left for Jasper to realize his father's ideals.

Jasper had been a cautious and conservative investor at ten, a patient, thoroughgoing man of business at seventeen. He sold foreign stamps at school while he was in the first reader, and drove hard bargains in marbles and calcomania pictures before he knew his Latin paradigms. He was eight when it occurred to him that he might as well turn a penny by serving the morning paper to his father, and to the gentlemen whom he knew on the block (it was in New York), as to let the regular carrier earn it. He rose at five o'clock in the morning to look after his papers, and he had been getting up early ever since.

Philip never got up early unless to go hunting, or bird-nesting, or fishing, or to catch the train at the end of the term when he came from boarding-school. He was glad to be going home then, and did n't mind: it was always a happiness to see his father again. He was not merely his father, but a kind of hero to him. Jasper often got home rather late; there were trades to be settled with the boys at school. As the elder brother (he used his advantage of a year for all it was worth) he was properly reserved in his feeling about the coming. And when the time came, Jasper went into business, liked it, stuck to it, succeeded in it; and then took charge of the ranch, and made a success of that.

Jasper had known what he wanted to do from the beginning, and was entirely capable of doing it. Philip had known clearly only what he did not want to do, and thus far had not done much. It was this that made him hesitate as he came to the door of his father's room. He wished again that he could feel that he stood near his father, that the invariable kindness which he remembered in him from boyhood had nothing to forgive in him, that he had not disappointed him.

But he turned the knob and went in. His father was sitting under the ineffective light of a huge bronze chandelier wound about with a brambly wreath of gilt. He was absorbed in work upon a heap of legal documents scattered over the table, and did not hear Philip's entrance. When the son touched him on the shoulder, he turned hastily, and for a moment did not perceive who it was. When he saw, he rose hastily, stretching both hands out to him. "Why, Phil! Phil!" he cried, and stopped, choking and not knowing how to go on. "I—the fact is—I thought we should n't be seeing you—should n't—O Phil," he broke off, dashing his hands to his eyes, "what luck—what blessed luck! I had given you up. I—find a seat, will you?"

Deed sat down hastily, and buried himself in his papers. His lip shook.

Philip found a seat on the bed. He himself was much agitated. He had not counted on this at all. He had allowed for his father's anxiety, and had telegraphed him as soon as they reached Bayles's Park; but that he would think him lost in the storm was outside all his thoughts. Yet no one knew better how near they had all actually been to death in the snow. "Dear father!" he said to himself, as he watched him making his poor feint of going on with his work. "It's awfully good of him to care!"

Deed glanced up at him once, venturing a smile, and looked down again forthwith. When he was done with the last practicable pretense, he folded his papers slowly. Philip had never seen him so careful about adjusting them.

He rose at last, clapping the bundled documents on the table briskly, and came over to where Philip was sitting on the bed. Deed dropped down beside him, laying his arm lightly about his shoulders.

"Well, boy, how goes it?"

Philip dropped his eyes. "Why, that was what I came up to ask you, father. How does it go?"

A spark lighted in Deed's eye. He drew in his breath sharply. He came back and stood before Philip after a nervous turn across the floor.

"Phil?"

"Father?"

"You got my wire at Laughing Valley?"

Philip nodded. His father regarded him for a moment in pained question of his face. He thought he read his condemnation in it.

"Say it, Phil! Say it!" he cried hoarsely. "Don't sit there dumb! I know what you think. You're right. I sold you out. I signed away your rights. I did you out of your future with a foolish, amiable stroke of the pen. I trusted a scoundrel, and you've to pay for it. I wanted to do the handsome thing by Jasper, and I did it—at your expense. It's been your treat all along, Phil," he said with a miserable smile, "though you did n't know it."

Philip leaped up. "Great heaven, father! you have n't been thinking that I was shouting around about my miserable little share in that business? Surely you don't think that I could name it beside your trouble, much less be fooling with the poor question of blame? I should think Jasper was enough to blame for half a dozen."

His father smiled sadly. "What Jasper has done can't excuse me. He could n't have done it if I had n't thrown the way open to him. If I had n't trusted him—"

"And you expect me to accuse you of having trusted him? Would n't a father trust his own son, I should like to know? Is it a thing he must answer for?"

"My God, Phil! has n't he answered for it, is n't he answering for it, will he ever get to the end of answering for it?" He covered his eyes.

"I know, father," said Philip, taking a turn across the room. "Ingratitude is like that. It hurts—it keeps on hurting."

"Yes," owned Deed grimly; "it hurts."

"Surely it's enough then. Pray don't bother about me. You would have done it for me in the same situation. Do you think I don't know that, or that I don't know that I never gave you the chance? I've not been doing the approved thing. I never have. When I do, it will be time enough for me to trot out grievance."

"O Phil, I've not been fair to you." It was the expression of his sense of his whole course toward him from boyhood; but Philip took it to refer to the contract.

"Pshaw, father, I shall rub along for the few years left of the partnership. What difference can it make? I shall be all the better for having to make my own way for a while."

"Few years?" exclaimed his father.

"The partnership—it's five years, is n't it?" said Philip, dropping on the bed again, and curling his legs up comfortably. "You won't mind my smoking?" he asked, producing a cigarette.

His father did not speak, as he drew a match

across his boot. "You have n't given Jasper anything. I could understand your feeling that unfair. He has nothing permanently that is mine. At worst, you 've lost me nothing, father; merely postponed it. It 's only five years, and if it were ten or fifteen, it 's not your act; it 's Jasper's. Don't talk of my loss; there is none. And if there were, what would it be to yours? I could only lose money by him. I 'm—well, I 'm not his father. I have n't protected him, and worked for him, and kept him from every sort of harm, and done all I knew for him since he was a child. I never gave him a father's love and trust to wound me with."

Deed groaned. "Oh, stop it, Phil! Stop it! You make it impossible to tell you." He rose and wandered about the room aimlessly, picking up the rose-flushed vases on the mantel, and studying their red and gilt flowers, turning up the gas, and leaving it hissing, detaching the loop that caught back the window-curtain, and returning it to its bracket again. Philip watched him wonderingly. His cigarette went out.

"Oh, come, father!" he said at last, smiling. "One would think you had been putting up some infernal job on me."

His father looked up, eying him haggardly. "You 've said it."

"Said what, father? I don't understand."

Deed paused with the poker in his hand to say over his shoulder, as he stooped to the fire, "They did n't tell you at Maverick, then?"

"I gathered you were in trouble. I heard that your marriage was postponed. I thought you would rather tell me?"

"Oh, so I would! So I would!" exclaimed his father, absently, as he turned from the fire. He looked remorsefully into the eyes that met his. "Why did n't somebody tell you!" he cried. Philip made a place for him by his side, as he came meditatively toward him, with his head down. Deed guessed the grease-spot on the carpet, clouding one of the fruit-bearing boys in their ovals, to be kerosene, as he paused a moment in study of it.

He had decided it was champagne, as he looked up and faced his son again.

His voice melted. "How the deuce am I going to tell you, Phil?"

"What 's the use, father?"

"Oh, use!" exclaimed Deed, impatiently. He tapped his foot above the curly head of one of the dove-colored boys. "You 've got to know. Pshaw! Why did n't some one tell you!" He strode away to the other corner of the room, snapping his fingers noiselessly.

"Tell me, father—" began Philip.

"You won't believe it! She did n't." He breathed a heavy sigh. "I suppose it is n't very

credible," he said, staring into the air. "I don't understand it myself all the time."

"But—"

"It 's infamous, I tell you. You don't want me to tell it. Better go hear it from the gossips, Phil. I supposed they knew about it by this time; I trusted to your having heard it from them. They will know what to think about it. I don't. I think it magnificently right one minute, and the other thing the next. It 's cost me enough to be right; it 's cost every one else enough to be wrong."

"Tell me, father," insisted Philip, "what coil has Jasper got you into?"

"Ah, now you have it, Phil! That 's something like! Stick to that! That 's what I say to myself when I 've accused myself black and blue. I say it was Jasper. It *was* Jasper; and it was Adam, too, in the same way. Things have got to have a beginning. It would be a poor sin that had n't some sort of provocation to its back."

"You forget who you 're talking to, father. You don't think you can make me believe you have done anything wrong."

"I don't know what I can make you believe. Suppose, Phil, you are fool enough to trust a man to wear a diamond. He is n't only wearing your diamond, you see, but your trust. One day he simplifies things by pocketing the stone. In a wrestle for it, you snatch it from him and throw it into the river. You are not strong enough to get it back for yourself and keep it; only just strong enough to keep it from him by losing it yourself. You see how you could n't let him have it, don't you, Phil?"

"Yes, I see," said Philip, thoughtfully.

"It 's not the stone, you know."

Philip stroked his mustache thoughtfully. "No; it is n't the stone."

"You could bear that; the other you can't. I 've sold the range for \$25,000," he said abruptly.

Philip started. "But it was worth \$150,000."

"Yes," said his father, drily; "that 's the point."

"My dear father—you can't do this."

"Why not?" demanded Deed.

"It 's illegal, for one thing. You can't sell even a partner's property out from under him."

"Certainly I can—this sort of property. I can sell the cattle as if they were dry-goods or drugs—things a partner is as free to sell to an innocent purchaser, without the knowledge and consent of the other partner, as if they were altogether his own. They 're chattels. And as to the range, whose land is it in Colorado? Not mine. Not the partnership's. You don't suppose I 'm conveying a fee simple to four or five thousand acres of land, I hope. I have n't

got it to give. The purchaser holds it as he can. Of course there is the question of damages with Jasper. But I'll risk that. Trust me for the law of it, boy."

Philip stared at him. "And what does Jasper say?" he asked, in a voice which he seemed to hear speaking in the tones of some one else from a distance.

His father glanced up at him doubtfully. He caught his hands behind his big head as he crossed his legs and threw himself back in the deep sleepy-hollow chair. "Jasper? Why, that's just the pity of it. We have n't heard what Jasper thinks. It's too bad, because that's where all the fun comes in—what he thinks. The fun has been rather slow so far in other quarters."

"Do you mean that you have ruined yourself to even things up with Jasper?" demanded his son, making no answer.

Deed glanced at his nails. "I should n't put it that way," he said huskily; "but that's what it comes to."

"And Miss Derwenter—Mrs. Deed, my mother who is to be!"

His father looked steadily into his eyes a moment. "I meant to ruin her too, but she objected."

"And that is what—"

"What parted us? Yes," said his father.

Philip turned suddenly upon his heel and strode away to the window, brushing aside the lace curtains, and vanishing within the embrasure. The street was alight with the night gaiety of Leadville. He bent an unseeing eye on the spectacle.

As his father gazed after him, a look of desolation settled on his face. The lightness he had forced fell away from him, and he fixed a glance upon the spot where his son had disappeared—bitter, doubting, wistful.

He saw suddenly how the self-accusations of his loneliness—the miserable loneliness which had overtaken him since he had broken with Margaret—had instinctively looked to Philip for contradiction all along, how he had relied on Philip's comprehension. At his lowest he had said to himself that Philip, cruelly injured as he was by his act, must see how he had come to do it, must recognize its inevitability. Jasper had always had his admiration, his approval—Philip was right about that. But he had always understood Philip better. He was more like himself. And now he trusted him to understand him, to make allowances for a thing which he had known well, even in his passion, must need some allowance from anybody, and would never be understood at all by more than one or two. One of these he had supposed confidently would be Margaret. To repeat his disappointment in her with

Philip would be merely killing: he could not bear it. Why, he began to ask himself, had he done this thing?

"Oh, come out of that, Philip!" he cried at last, in an irresistible burst of impatience. "Come out, and say what you've got to say! I can stand it, I guess."

Philip obeyed slowly. He paused just outside the curtains, fastening his eyes on the floor.

"There's nothing to say, father. You've done it, have n't you?"

"Do you wish I had n't?" asked his father, quickly.

"Why, it's hardly my part, is it, father, to question what you do?"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed his father, contemptuously. "I'm not asking for criticism. I ask about your feelings. You know about them, I suppose. You understand, I dare say, how it feels to lose \$50,000?"

Poor Deed! Why should the wrong which he was conscious of having done Philip and Margaret make him hard toward both of them, where he most wished to be gentle?

Philip winced, but controlled himself to say: "What has my feeling to do with it, father? It's the thing itself that matters, is n't it?"

"You mean on high moral grounds?" asked Deed, the color rising in his face threateningly. Philip knew the approaches of one of his father's bursts of passion too well to feel guiltless in provoking one of them, however remotely.

"Do you want me to say I like it, father? I don't. But would my liking better it? Surely you see, father, that the thing is wrong in itself."

"Oh, I don't know what I see," cried Deed, gnawing at his bristly mustache as he paced the floor. "I know it seemed the only right thing there was when I did it. I know I had to do it. That's my safest ground, perhaps—I had to do it. Good God, Phil! you see that! You would n't have had me leave him with his plunder?" He sat down, and instantly leaped up again. Philip wandered restlessly about. "I have n't it, it's true; but he has n't. It's cost the whole subject of dispute to beat him; but I have beaten him. I have rounded on his devilish falsity. And I would do it again. Yes; rather than have to think that he had done such a thing and prospered in it, I would do it twice over. Why, Phil, I've beaten him! Could I pay too much for that?"

Philip bit his lip. "Why, since you ask me, father, I'm bound to say that I think you could. I think you have. His being a blackguard does n't help it. It makes it worse."

Deed's face darkened. "You mean that you have paid too much. You mean that I let you in for enough in making you pay for

my whim of pleasing Jasper without making you pay for my squaring of accounts with him?"

"No," said Philip, looking in his father's face; "I don't mean that. They are my accounts, too. It's against me that Jasper has done as much as against you. Heaven knows," he said, as his face darkened, and he doubled his fist under his sleeve, "I'd be glad to square my account with Jasper. If there is going to be a settlement, I'm ready to pay my share. But, father, there must n't be a squaring of accounts on this basis. The thing's wrong, it's indefensible, it's impossible."

Deed drove his clenched hand into his open palm. "Impossible? For whom? For you? For Margaret?" he demanded. "Or perhaps you mean for Jasper?" he asked mockingly.

"I do mean for Jasper. It's a wrong to him."

"A wrong to Jasper!" cried Deed, in scornful amusement, kicking a chair out of his path as he walked back and forth. "T-s-s-s-s!"

"See here, father, I've no love for Jasper. You must know that. But I can't be part of a scheme for burking him like this."

"Burking him?"

"Well, selling him out, wiping out his share while he's away. You don't want me to help you do a wrong like that to yourself, father?"

"Did I ask for your help?" inquired Deed, in a tone of offense.

Philip flushed. "Why, I should have said that you had used it."

"In wiping out *your* share?" said his father, with threatening calmness. "Do you object to that?"

"I suppose I must say that I object to the purpose you are wiping it out for. Why, father, you see it yourself. You've as much as owned it. The thing's not fair!"

Deed's mouth fell. He stared at him in an amazement that gave way to a look of inexpressible grief, as he came and stood before Philip, and laid a doubting hand on his shoulder. "Phil, *Phil!*" he cried, miserably interrogating the eyes which his son let fall. "You're not going back on me!"

"Going back on you, father?" Philip snatched the hand hanging by his side. "I'm trying to save you. You're letting yourself in for a lifetime of remorse. You'll kick yourself for this thing before you are a week older. Think, father! Can you afford to do a wrong like this to Jasper?"

His father gave an inarticulate grunt of contempt, and bit his lip as if he feared what he might be tempted to say. It had been in his mind to tell Philip that he had done his best to buy his word back about the range, in order to keep his word with Margaret, and that he had

had his trouble for his pains. But he would not give him so much satisfaction, now. It had not been done for Jasper's sake, at all events, he said to himself scornfully.

"Drop it, Phil!" he said suddenly, at last. "This is n't a safe subject between us. I know what I've done. I've never had a doubt—not one single moment's doubt, mind you—about this as far as Jasper is concerned. He's done me the cruellest wrong that a son can do a father. Do you think it's a time to be nice about what I do to him?"

"Why, father, is n't it the time of times? If he had never wronged you, one might afford a luxury like that. One can do it with best friends. But to do an indefensible thing,—you own that, father: it is indefensible,—and to choose Jasper for the object of it!—you see, yourself, it won't work. When you put him in the right by putting yourself in the wrong with him, you're simply taking a permanent lease of torment. There's no end to the mess, this way. Don't you see it? Aggression of some sort becomes his right. It will be almost a virtue in him. Where will there ever be an end to it? It will make you unhappy, father. That is what I'm thinking of. And the unhappiest part of the whole business will be when you see that, after all, it was n't fair."

"Fair!" cried his father, hoarsely. "Fair! Oh, the devil!" He sat down, clutching his hands. The blood rose in his face.

"Did you wish to be unfair?"

"Yes!" shouted Deed. "Yes! I wished to be all that you imply! I wished to be unfair to both of you!"

"Both of us!" exclaimed Philip, turning pale.

"Oh, I know what you think! I wished to be unfair to Jasper, and to do it I must be doubly unfair to you, and I did n't care. You don't say it. You talk of Jasper."

"Father, can you think—?"

"Yes—more than you say."

Philip grew white about the nostrils. "I have said all that I mean. I say it's shabby to freeze Jasper out in his absence; I say that you are free to use whatever share I may claim in the range as you like. But not for that. I won't be a party to it. I won't stand by and see you do such a wrong to yourself."

"Say what you mean!" cried his father, with an implication in his voice which maddened Philip beyond control.

"Father!" he cried warningly.

Deed thrust his hands into his pockets, and, facing him with deliberate bitterness, looked into his eyes. "I will pay you every penny of your d— fifty thousand dollars before you are twenty-four hours older."

For a moment Philip stared at his father in speechless anger. Then with a cry of rage he burst from the room.

VII.

THE clerk in the office spared a single gleam of the eye, which was busy challenging the newcomers by the evening express from Denver,—looking them into the earth and pardoning them into existence again long enough to send them aloft in the care of "Front,"—to observe Philip's quick push through the office. The crowd parted before his blind look and determined arm, and in a moment he was in the air, reeling up the street, with his veins aflame and his tongue hot upon his lips.

His anger bore him on through the mob that commonly fills the sidewalk to its edge at night in Leadville. They gave way before his white face and set look. He did not know where he was going until a sharp ascent on the outskirts of the town took his breath in the manner of lesser elevations at the altitude of Leadville. He paused on the summit, and, snatching off his hat, bared his moist forehead and beating head.

The sweet, strong, uplifting keenness of the mountain air swept through his brain. He pushed back the thick hair about his brow, and stared up at the stars, shining down upon him through an atmosphere fined to an ethereal rarity. The intolerable exaltation of the air played upon his fevered spirit.

Standing there, he said to himself that he could never forgive his father; the affront was too deep, the misconception too gross. That he should think him capable of such meanness; that he should be ready on the suggestion of an instant to class him with Jasper; above all, that he should asperse him with the thought that he could use a pretended impulse of fairness to a man who had done him a wrong—an impulse of generosity, if one liked (standing out there in the air Philip said to himself that, after all, it was generous), to cloak a low appeal for himself—it was too much! It was not what any man could be expected to forgive another. He repeated to himself often that he did not care that he was his father. No human relationship could give a man the right to insult another like that.

And then, in a moment, he laughed at the boyish self-assertion, and could have wept for his father. The air was really too tense; he could not think in it.

He recalled inconsequently that he had meant to ask his father to lend him \$400. The recollection was a fresh pain. It seemed to him that his father could not have suspected him in just that way if he had not given him good

cause to know that he was always in want of money—that the whole question of money ruled him, at times, in a way which he himself could not reconcile with better things in his nature. No wonder his father had thought his urgency interested. Had he ever shown himself disinterested where money was involved?

As he went back through the town he thought he would go straight to his father and make it right for him. But the low instinct of pride, which Philip was disposed in heated moments to take for the noblest thing in himself, withheld him. He could not do it. Finally, perhaps, he would do it—indeed, the subtle second consciousness knew very well that in the end he must do it, for he could not live unreconciled to his father; the amiable need, mixed of generosity and selfishness, to live at one with those nearest him would force him to it at last; and he knew that he could never let his father make the advance. That would be too shameful; yet he must refuse himself the happiness of going to bed with it righted.

He knew for a folly the honor that he did the shallow conceit of dignity, in waiting; but he could not get himself into the door of the hotel and up the stairs to his father's room when the time came. He crossed over to the other side of the street when he reached the hotel, and then he saw that his father's light was out. He told himself, now, that he had probably meant to do it to-night, after all; that he had been postponing it until he should have had a glass of something at Pop Wyman's to clear his head; and he believed that he was sorry his father had gone to bed. But when he found him playing at the faro-table, where he paused for a moment, after his glass at the bar, he sheered away hastily, avoiding his eye; and went unhappily down Chestnut street, plunging into the first dance-hall he passed, and suffering one of the "beer jerkers" to wheedle him into treating her to a mint-julep. She said she never took anything but mint-juleps. He saw again remorsefully the look on his father's face as he bent over the faro-table (he was losing heavily), while he chaffed the girl vaguely, from some exterior nimbus of intelligence, on herfad for mint-juleps. When she would have dragged him upon the floor, however, to join the quadrille that was forming, he broke away without ceremony, and made for the door.

The miners in their blue shirts and brown, copper-riveted trousers stuck into their boots, and with their armories belted around their waists, beat time to the music which was just beginning in the hot and reeking hall, dimly lighted by kerosene-lamps. One of them shouted after him by name to come back. Philip, as he turned for a moment at the door, recognized the speaker for a man he had known at

Piñon. It was young Hafferton, the tutor who had given up his post at Dartmouth to come West for consumption, and, recovering, had not yet found enough money to take him back. He had been the single reporter of the daily paper at Piñon. He had a long nose and a thin, straggling beard, and wore glasses. Philip supposed he was working the mine he used to talk to him about taking, with half a dozen other impecunious young men of his own sort, on a lease.

"Oh, hello, Hafferton!" he said, in listless recognition. He went back for a moment to shake hands with him over the rail dividing the dancing-floor from the drinking-bar. Hafferton told him that, as he had supposed, he was working the "Come to me Quickly" on a lease. They were hiring no labor, but putting in their own. They had found good pay dirt, he said, and were doing well. He hoped to start for home in the spring, and to have a little left when he got back to keep him going until he could find something to do again. He was tired of mining. He had given up all the brave hopes with which he had begun. He was content to take a fair day's wages out of their leased claim day by day, if he might.

"I suppose we shall think of this as a stereopticon view we've seen, rather than as a real experience, a year or two hence, when we're back East," said Hafferton, glancing about the dingy room. "But we must take what fun's moving. 'Everything goes in Colorado,'" he said, repeating the current slang phrase.

Philip refused the inclusion of himself in this point of view with a glance which should have explained to Hafferton what an ass he was. But Hafferton went on, undisquieted:

"You're down on your ranch, now, I suppose?" Philip's plans for leaving Piñon had been known before Hafferton left for Leadville.

"I've no ranch," growled Philip, ungraciously.

"Why, but I thought—" began Hafferton, doubtfully, beginning to feel the distance in Philip's manner.

"I know you did. So did I."

"Somebody jumped your claim?"

Philip surveyed him a moment, wondering if he could have heard anything. "No," said he, truculently, as if Hafferton was likely to dispute it; "I sold it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Hafferton. He had a chirpy manner, and a polite little voice which twisted every nerve in Philip. "I hope you got a good price for it."

He looked at Philip uncertainly. "I think they're waiting for me," he said, glancing behind him, where the three sets on the floor were making the preliminary bows to their partners. His own young lady was beckoning to him.

"So long!" he said, waving his hand lightly as he disappeared.

At the theater across the way Philip made out, through the cloud of tobacco-smoke hovering between him and the stage, an elderly woman in a ball-dress, the skirt of which reached to her knees. She was describing to the audience from the footlights in song how she met her "Harry" on Carbonate Hill every pleasant afternoon at the change of shifts. The burden of the matter was that Harry was "such a *nice* young man!" Philip found himself waiting for the wriggle with which the cracked voice attacked this phrase at the end of each stanza; and came to wonder duly, as she would begin the amorous tale afresh, how she was going to connect the sense of this stanza at the end with her central truth, while the thought went buzzing in his head: "He means to raise that money to-morrow. How?"

The epithets which he would use against himself on ordinary occasions of remorse did not enough blacken his act. How could he have allowed the talk with his father, which he had meant should console him with the knowledge that he, at least, remained faithful to him, to issue in an estrangement between them, and in this miserable resolve of his father's to pay him a foolish debt of pride? His father had been trying. Oh, of course. But might he not have guessed that he must be trying? He knew his temper. Knowing the fine, the good, the generous man behind it, had he ever cared for that before? And remembering the trial through which he had just passed, recalling that he had found him still trembling from the hurt that Jasper had dealt him, should he not have forbore? Should he not, at all events and at all costs, have avoided losing his second son to him? But what he had implied was intolerable; he turned hot at thought of it. Yet if to be imagined so base was maddening, what must it not be to his father to think him so? He rose with the determination to hunt up his father, and to make him know his thought before he slept. They could settle the Jasper question another time. Just now his only anxiety was for reconciliation.

He refused the return-check offered him by the frowzy being who guarded the exit to the theater. The assurance that Harry was "such a *nice* young man" followed him with a dying quaver and simper into the street.

On the sidewalk he encountered Vertner. It appeared that the latter had come up to Leadville from Maverick to see Deed about a mine they were interested in together—to speak accurately, a mine which Vertner had induced Deed to join him in purchasing. The mine was filling with water, and it was a question between putting in expensive machinery to

pump it out, and abandoning it. Vertner had in his pocket an assay of the vein they were working.

"Your father says we can't afford to go on with it; says *he* has n't got any money (I believe him, for he was just trying to borrow \$25,000 when I struck him); but I say we can't afford to give it up. Taber might; we can't. It's a chance in a lifetime. With dirt like that in sight, it's only the rich who can afford to economize. You don't happen to have \$10,000 in your clothes, do you?"

"No," said Philip; "I was just going to ask you if you knew where I could borrow \$50,000."

Vertner stopped short (they were walking together toward Harrison Avenue), taking Philip unceremoniously by the arm. "See here, put me on to this thing! What are you and your father up to? Is there a dollar in it?"

"Are n't you in schemes enough, Vertner?" he asked, to turn the subject.

"No, my boy. There are not schemes enough in the cosmos for the energy I feel in myself when I get up any of these fine mornings. And the mints don't manufacture the money that I feel I could use. What's the use of living if you have n't a new idea for the new day, as it comes along? These fellows that get an idea when they are eighteen, and spread it thin over the rest of their lives, to make it last, give me a pain. Come, whisper it to your uncle! What are you up to—you and your father?"

"Oh, drop it, Vertner!" cried Philip, wearily.

Vertner's quick ear caught the accent of pain in his voice. "Oh, well, *now* you've got to tell me, or own up that you won't let a fellow help you. The scheme is dropped with pleasure. I'm starting a popular subscription that's worth two of it. I call it 'Vertner's Grand Popular Subscription for the Presentation to Philip Deed, Esq., of a Nickel-Plated Derrick to be Employed in Elevating Him from some Confounded Muss.'" He wrote the words on the air with a fluent hand as they walked up Harrison Avenue toward the hotel. The crowd had begun to disperse; the shops were dark, and the gambling-houses cast the only light, save that of the electric lamps, upon the street from behind their glass fronts. "There's going to be one subscriber to my fund—just one. If you want \$50,000, you've got to have it, and I'm going to get it for you."

"It's deuced white of you, Vertner," said Philip, with gloomy gratitude; "but you can't do it. I want it to-morrow." He threw away his cigarette and began rolling another. "Try

something possible. Prevent my father from borrowing \$25,000. It will do me the same service."

"Oh, come! I call for a show-down!" cried Vertner. "I don't know what you are driving at."

"My father has a crazy notion of paying me \$50,000 to-morrow. Other men would threaten it. He will do it. He fancies—he thinks—" Philip gulped down the lump in his throat—"he has an idea that I am kicking about that business with Jasper. You know about that?"

"No," said Vertner, a quickening glance of curiosity passing over his shrewd face; "I don't. What was it?"

Philip told him fully, as they paused under an electric lamp, the knife-edge glare of which showed their faces, and would have tempted an observer to note the contrast between them—to remark how Philip's sinewy bulk made more than its impression by the side of Vertner's slight, wiry build, thin, alert little face, and medium stature; and how Vertner, who, in his own way, was as sufficient as the driving-wheel of an engine, took an aspect of ineffectiveness from the power expressing itself in every line of Philip's frame.

The deceptive outward look of ineffectiveness, which was accented by contrast with Philip, was always what impressed those who met Vertner for the first time; and coupled with the still, sleepy gaze habitually dwelling in his eyes while he was engaged in the approaches to "talking business," it had often encouraged men with whom he dealt in his early Colorado days to trade on the unsophistication of an under-endowed young innocent,—as, with a twinkling eye, Vertner said, in, the Western slang that often displaced the inadequacies of his Massachusetts English, "It was the kind of case where a man picks you up for a sucker, and lays you down for a shark."

To the casual eye Vertner looked about Philip's age, not because he was not seven years older, but because Philip's superior height and weight, his tanned cheek, heavy mustache, high-growing hair, lips closed firmly on each other from habit, and a certain look of manly self-command in his quiet eyes, added five or six years to his twenty-three summers; while Vertner, who went always clean shaven, whose hair was fair and thin, whose smooth, clever, keen, good-humored face had the incurable boyish look through all its shrewdness, that every one will remember in some man-boy he knows—Vertner, I say, procured a diminution of his thirty years by six or seven in the eyes of the casual observer. The observer, when he

came to know him better, would have perceived the shrewd lines beginning to gather at the corners of his mouth. By this time he would have liked Vertner, or he might have gone on to add that it was a sophisticated, even a calculating mouth; and might have found something hard in those shrewd lines.

"Father imagines," concluded Philip, as they moved on,—"something I said gave him the idea,—that I feel myself swindled by what he did—selling Jasper out. You know my father. He does n't need facts for his anger, and what I said was easily misunderstood. It was in the nature of the thing. One word for Jasper looked like two for myself. It ended in his swearing that he would pay me my third share in the ranch within twenty-four hours. That was to-night. He has the \$25,000 by him from the sale of the ranch. That's plain enough from his trying to borrow only \$25,000. But he can no more raise \$25,000 more by to-morrow, as things are with him, than you can, Vertner. He'll do it though. You know that. And he'll do it at a cost that he will pay for with every moment of his life afterward."

"Um. You would n't need the—the trifle you mention very long, would you?"

"Long enough to lend it to my father, take it from him, and pay it back."

"You're not thinking of lending it to him yourself, I take it. There is to be somebody in between?"

"Certainly. I suppose it would n't be hard to find a man generous enough to lend father \$25,000 of my money without security if I could get the \$25,000."

They were at the door of a saloon. Philip said he had just been drinking, and wanted nothing; but he went in with Vertner, who ordered vermouth, and insisted on his taking something with him. Vertner had learned to drink vermouth in the fast set into which he had fallen at the preparatory school from which there had once been an intention of sending him to Harvard.

"No; no more," said Philip, shaking his head in answer to Vertner's urge, after their one glass together.

"Well, then, take my good advice," said Vertner, as they went out into the street together. "Take *something* with me. If I were in your shoes, I'd skip."

"Oh, no, you would n't, Vertner. You'd know my father if you'd lived in my shoes as long as I have, and you'd see the folly of it. He'll pay that money over to me just the same, you know, whether I am here to take it in person or not. It's not difficult to deposit a check to my credit at his bank, and

notify me by wire. If I am going to attempt refusing it, I can do it better by staying. The other way I should be helpless. If I stay, though I can't really refuse it, perhaps I can manage what will come to the same thing."

"Oh, all right," exclaimed Vertner, good-naturedly abandoning the point. "Count on me!"

They walked Harrison Avenue for an hour or more, discussing plans for preventing Deed from borrowing the money. Philip could not have given a name to his fears. He merely knew that since his father had stripped himself of the ranch he could not lay hands at such notice on \$25,000 of his own; and he knew no less well that somewhere, in some way, he would lay hands on it, and would pay it over to him, if he would let him, next day, together with \$25,000 more. He was haunted by a strange dread.

They went into one saloon and another. Philip was restless. At several places they overheard talk about Deed. It was one o'clock, and they had dropped into St. Anne's Rest, when Philip, as he put his glass to his lips (he was drinking too much, and was conscious of it, but was incapable of stopping), heard a red-faced man standing next him at the bar, say, with an oath:

"Just my luck! Deed and I are on this here Church Building Fund together. Our committee subscribed the square thing, and now Deed'll shirk his share when the time comes, and the committee'll have to make up his subscription among themselves. I always said we ought to have subscribed it separately 'stid of as a committee; but Hank Jackson wanted to keep his subscription dark. He was n't ponying up as much as usual. Should n't wonder if he was going same way as Deed. 'Iron Silver' or 'Morning Star,' did you say?"

His companion, whose florid face was supported upon a bull neck, and whose mustache had been trained to wanton in a grandiose curve, and to hang its spreading boughs within easy twirling distance of his collar, said that it was the "Iron Silver" he had spoken of.

"He *must* be hard up! Men in this town ain't putting up 'Iron Silver' stock even when they want to borrow \$25,000 pretty bad—not very brash!"

Philip had put down his glass. His muscles grew rigid. The impulse to seize the bull neck, and to choke the man until he denied it, was a mastering need; but he forbore. Perhaps the man spoke the truth. He turned pale, and pinched his eyes with his fingers, and beat his head to clear his brain of the fumes of the liquor he had drunk. "Come!"

he cried to Vertner, clutching his arm. Vertner stood still, listening. "Come!" he repeated hoarsely.

"You heard?" he said, when they were outside, in the cold, strong air.

"Yes. The thing's got to be stopped! I'm with you."

"Stopped!" exclaimed Philip. "Stopped! My God, man, do you know whose 'Iron Silver' shares those are?"

"Your father's."

"Humph! Listen!" He whispered in his ear.

Vertner started. Under the ghostly glare of the electric light his face paled. He repeated Philip's word in the same whisper. He caught his arm vehemently, inquiringly.

Philip nodded. "Come!" he said.

"Where?"

"To the telegraph-office."

"It's closed."

"They'll open it for a thing like this."

"What are you going to do?"

"Do? I'm going to get that money."

Vertner went with him.

VIII.

BEATRICE did not wholly respect her fancy that she occasionally saw a look of dogged repression or patient pain in Dr. Ernfield's eyes lately. She had fallen into the wifely habit of seeing things a little qualified by her husband's probable comments on her observations; and she knew that Vertner would make fun of her if she told him of this fancy. But the listless step, which had replaced the briskness prevailing through the worst of his former weakness, and the growing haggardness of his whole outward aspect, were things which any one must see, she said to herself after a day or two. She wondered that Margaret, who saw so much of him, appeared to be blind to them; but then, Margaret *was* blind. For her part, she resolved to say nothing. It was not her affair.

Fred Kelfner, his stable-boy and factotum, the warmth of whose affection for his employer was one of the jokes of the town, noticed the change, at all events, immediately, and told at home that, "Doc was growin' peaked ag'in, and losin' all he'd gained." Fred drove Ernfield about, and was frequently at the house. Beatrice and Margaret often exchanged a word with him: his loyal adoration of the doctor, taking no account of the derision it won him among boys of his own age, touched them.

"It don't make no difference to a feller what he does for a *brick*!" he had said at some intimation from Beatrice on one occasion that his fealty might lose him caste among the boys.

He said it with the exaltation of a noble of King Henry's at Ivry, chanting,

And be our oriflamme to-day, King Henry of Navarre!

And Beatrice gladly abandoned him to the consequences of his faith to his liege.

His talk about Ernfield's health, reaching Beatrice at last through her kitchen, suffused her prophetic soul with a glow of confirmation not all pain. When it finally reached Margaret, through Beatrice, she took shame to herself for having leaned on him so much. She recognized that, in the week since Deed's departure, she had fallen into a habit of dependence upon him for part of her daily support—a habit which she could not help seeing was growing upon her. A perception of the way in which others must have leaned on his generous strength, if she, so entirely accustomed to stand alone, could fall in a few days into the habit, overwhelmed her at the same moment. In the light of this she seemed to understand how he had come to his present condition.

When Margaret had worked so much out in her own mind, she had a conscience about suffering him in any way to help her bear the weight of her own misery. But her resolve to deny herself the support of his strength was found to be less easily carried out by a mere exertion of will than some of her other resolves. If she was to see him at all she discovered that he must constantly lend her a part of himself unconsciously. It was not a question whether she could feel free to accept the beneficent sturdiness that walled her about from the poignant world that she dared not yet take a look at, and sustained her from day to day in her own sense of the duty that remains, though pleasure goes. It existed for her, as the sun exists; if she put herself in the way of its rays she could not be less than warm if she would.

When, at length, she took this scruple to Beatrice, she was openly scorned for it.

"But what a girl it is!" cried Beatrice. "Poke, poke, poke at a fire that even *your* conscience could n't prod into burning a fly; and let a regular conflagration—a Chicago fire—kindle under your very nose! O Margaret!" she exclaimed with an indescribable accent of despair.

"Why, what in the world have I done?" asked Margaret.

"I don't know whether you *have* done it yet; but if you have n't, it's his character rather than your carelessness that's to be thanked for it. You remember what I used to tell you before—before the other day. You would n't believe it then. You would n't tell him, or let him tell him, of your engagement. But I've seen

it going on this five weeks. A week ago it might n't have been plain to a girl whose modesty won't let her believe that she can matter to anybody. But even to her it must be plain now. Maggie! Surely you 've seen!"

They were seated in the room above the parlor in Beatrice's little two-story house. Beatrice was running a long seam on a pinafore of green gingham for her baby, and, bent over the sewing-machine, in this motherly occupation, and delivering herself of these sagacities, the air of matronly wisdom seemed to have descended upon her.

When Margaret took her meaning, after a moment, the shame of it seemed as bad as the newspaper article—worse indeed, for of that she had read only a dozen lines, which it was possible to forget; but of this she tasted the entire ignominy. She did not know what to say. She wanted to fall on Deed's shoulder, and to beg his protection from such thoughts. Why was he not here to shield her from them? But her next reflection was for Ernfield.

"Beatrice!" she cried. "I wonder at you!"

"I thought you would," Beatrice answered calmly. "But it is really time, dear, I made you wonder. I often try to fancy what such people as I can be made for, you know, Maggie. But I never wonder when I am with you. It's our business to cut a path for the feet of people like you, who are made to walk with their heads in the clouds."

"It's an insult to him!" breathed Margaret, irrelevantly.

"Of course; and an indignity to you, and an open affront to Mr. Deed. Don't imagine I don't know that. But it's necessary to say it, all the same."

"How can you think such a thing of him?" cried Margaret, indignantly. She was scarlet. She put back the lock that habitually strayed into her eyes with a gesture of self-control, and went on with the crocheting on which she was engaged.

"Dear Maggie, he is only a man," returned Beatrice, convincingly. "What makes you think him so different from other men?"

"Because he is, I think, for one reason," Margaret returned, studying attentively the baby sack she was making for Beatrice, for a lost stitch. "But if he were ever so like, it would not be cause to suppose him capable of such—" She paused inconclusively, and bent her eyes upon the work again. It had been a fortunate resource since she had been unable to fix her mind on reading or any of her usual occupations. One could think, one could even be as miserable as one liked, or as one must, while one crocheted. "You seem to forget, Beatrice," she went on quietly, after a moment, "that he is very ill—dying, per-

haps, and that I am—" She did not know how to say what she was.

"Why, you dear, crazy, heavenly-minded, impractical thing!" cried Beatrice, trying not to laugh. "Since when did men love women less when they were ill? The people who are most against woman—who won't have her on any terms—agree that she is a famous nurse! O Maggie!" she exclaimed, at a look of deep pain on Margaret's face, "I don't mean that. I mean only that men are just as capable of falling in love with a woman on a death-bed as on horseback, or on a front piazza, in the bloom of health. What has that to do with it? And as to your other objection, it's just no objection at all. He can't know that you hold yourself no less bound to—to him because—because of things. He can't be expected to imagine that you are abhorring him and being loyal to him in a breath. Come! Be fair, Margaret! You must own that there is no reason why the man should n't have tumbled into love with you. The next thing is to rescue him."

"If you mean that I am to show him by my manner that I know him to have such a feeling, if you mean that I am to insult him, I'm sure you must know I could never do it. To think it would be bad enough; and I don't think it. To give an idea like that the sanction of a word, a silence, a look—Beatrice!" she cried, in an indescribable tone of injury, "there are things which even you must not say!" She went on with her crocheting in silence; the quiet, steady little push of her forefinger, as it ran along the needle and caught the stitch, seemed, for the moment, the embodiment of her sober view of life. Beatrice remained quelled, but unconvinced.

Margaret's judiciousness could not keep a certain change out of her manner toward him, of course, when he came again. Beatrice, though she had retired from the contest defeated, had contrived to poison her thought of him with consciousness. But it was pleasant to see that he seemed to have no sense of the change.

Ernfield continued to come, and Margaret allowed herself without a prick of conscience to look forward more and more to the cheer he brought into the desolate days on which she had fallen. It was certainly true that Margaret always saw her own point of view so plainly, and was so simply faithful to it, that she was in danger of reckoning too confidently upon the counterpart of her own feeling in another. It was at least a faith that any one understanding it must have abused with reluctance; and in so far she was protected by her very rashness. But Beatrice was probably on unsailable ground in thinking it the reverse of worldly wise.

Yet if Margaret had been bothered by two consciences about him, instead of feeling quite free with her one, her need for distraction from the gnawing of her thoughts must have been equally real and equally irresistible. She could not turn over in her mind the scene with Deed on that morning quite every moment in the day. She must have gone mad if no diversion had offered from the circle in which she had come to argue about her conduct on her wedding-day. Sometimes, in desperation, she would go into Maverick with Beatrice — the Vertners lived just outside the town — and wait about while Beatrice did her marketing. She still hesitated before the thought of returning the calls which had been made upon her, in her capacity of stranger, during the month preceding her wedding-day. When she said she did not care what people said, she exaggerated as little as any one who has made that hardy statement can ever have done; but she owned to herself that, just at first, she could not like to court the questions, and the polite and indirect, but not the less rasping, comment that she must meet if she made these calls.

It was different with Dorothy, who had reached Maverick after that fatal day, and might be supposed not to be privy to her shame. Of course Margaret knew that she must know; but it was quite possible between them to sustain the convention that she did n't. Dorothy would sometimes come to the house, as they became better friends, and sit for an hour or more accepting Beatrice's advice about arranging the house they had taken, while she was really listening to Margaret's silence. Sometimes she would find Margaret alone, and would make certain modest and doubtful advances. She liked her without being sure she understood her. They exchanged many confidences short of the real ones. They never spoke of Deed, of course.

Maurice had preached a trial sermon, and was staying on at Maverick in the hope of receiving a call to the pulpit of St. John's.

Ernfield did not cease to be a question between Beatrice and Margaret; but it was not until Margaret accepted an invitation from him to ride up Ute Pass with him, that Beatrice definitively washed her hands of her.

Ernfield and Margaret skirted the town, and directed their horses toward the gulch that opened beyond the railway round-house between the small, bare red hills that lay just without the limits of Maverick to the north. These hills, which rose from the plain abruptly, cut off the view of the great mountains behind them unless one climbed to their summits, when the horizon was seen to be populous with snow-peaks.

The town, after they had passed out of the

narrow belt that was really "city," and which was densely populated by as many as five families to the acre, strayed lackadaisically along their road, until it reached the edge of the hills, where it paused at an Irishman's cabin so suddenly that, after turning the first curve leading into the ravine, Ernfield and Margaret seemed to themselves as much alone as if Maverick were not engaged in rustling for the mighty dollar just around the bend.

The bridle-path, followed by their ponies at a canter, turned with the windings of the ravine, at the bottom of which a stream might once have run. The rocks, rising in varicolored masses to the high, brown hills above their heads, would sometimes fall back, and leave a space a hundred yards wide or more, in which the grass grew rankly, but not greenly, in the manner of the herbage of the West. In the early morning it had seemed cold enough for snow; but that was no hindrance to weather which habitually takes the Indian summer bit between its teeth just after breakfast every morning and makes a break for the sparkle, the keenness, the un-failing sunniness of the typical Colorado day. It was December, but in the sun at this hour it seemed like a day in June.

Half an hour after they had entered the ravine their horses stood upon a height. The path wound up to this point out of the gulch on its way to the pass. Indeed, this was the beginning of what was known as the pass — a road between the hills, which if one followed it far enough and high enough would bring one to Colorado Springs. They were on the summit of the first considerable rise of the foot-hills toward the mountains, and their station commanded the beautiful valley in the center of which Maverick spread its shabby architecture and sprawling design. Behind, at their feet, lay a small park, into which the hills dipped from all sides, and through the midst of which a thready brook ran. Margaret, who had seen nothing so vast as this bewildering prospect, running on all sides to the horizon, caught her breath at the expanse.

The sunshine, bathing with an enchanting radiance the tops of the white peaks far on the thither side of the valley, danced above the plain on which Maverick sat. The kindling air that breathed about them on their height seemed, as always in Colorado, to be drinking the sunshine and making it part of its substance, as one is sure the nobler wines must have done, in their grape days.

In this atmosphere everything was seen afresh, and Margaret found all her thoughts of the time since she had parted with Deed discovering themselves in new aspects, as she and Ernfield looked out on this great world — this world thrilled with its own silence. In the

face of the boundless light and air and earth, and the limitless sweetness of the sunlight; her world, too, seemed large and serene again.

"We talk of dying when we are sorry," she said to him. "Suppose we should be taken at our word, and remember too late that *this* is life. Whoa, pony!" She leaned over and patted the restive animal's neck. She circled the hills with her eyes as she looked up again. "I believe I am accustomed to think that all the hard things are the real life; and I've been sure of it lately." The tacit reference to her trouble escaped her unconsciously. "But when one sees things like this, one is not sure."

"I don't know," said Ernfield. "I should think one might be sure they are not. The other things are nearer—the miseries and pains and disappointments; and I suppose they keep tugging at every one's skirts, and crying that *they* are life. But it's an awful whopper, you may be sure. If they are, the moon is our day, and the sun is the dead body."

He alighted to tighten the cinch of his saddle; the pony went through a series of obstructive manœuvres that gave pause to the conversation for a few moments.

"I wish I could be as confident," said Margaret when the animal was still. "But the things you speak of, Dr. Ernfield—don't you see that in one fashion or another they are so many ways of disabusing us of our cozy conceit that personal happiness is the main affair? And that, at least, we must be sure is not true. Can the wretchedness through which we learn that the world is not a contrivance for ministering to our self-love, but has other business in hand, such as crushing it, for example, be anything but very right?"

"Oh, I suppose not," returned Ernfield, smiling; "but how about the pink light on Ouray over there? Is n't that right too?" He shook his head. "I shall never believe, Miss Derwenter, that the sun in eclipse is the normal thing. I have an endless faith—since you speak of contrivances—that the sun was mainly invented for shining purposes; and I'm sure we were n't meant to grudge ourselves its shining."

"Perhaps," murmured Margaret. "Perhaps!" Then, after a moment, she added, "You have a cheerful view of life, Dr. Ernfield."

Ernfield laughed. "Rather necessary, don't you think? I've not enough left to waste in quibbles." It was the first time that he had referred to his condition.

"Don't say that," she begged. "You are going to get well. Since you talk of not grudging ourselves the sun's shining, you must n't grudge yourself that certainty. It has to be. Surely we have not all the responsibilities. And would it not be a shameful thing to believe that all your—your helpfulness and strength,

Dr. Ernfield (I must speak plainly if I speak at all, you see), should be taken from the world, while there are so many thousand drones and incapables left to go instead, and so many thousand tired bodies and minds left behind to weary for the help that you might give them? I can't believe that, Dr. Ernfield, any more than you can believe what—what you were just saying," she concluded, with a sense of having said too much, yet with a pleasure in having let him know her feeling.

"Why, what an abandoned moralist you are, Miss Derwenter!"

He caught his rein upon his arm, and made his pony stand where he could tighten the cinch on her saddle, as he said: "Who was it who was saying a moment ago that the teaching of life seemed to be that it did not exist for us? And here you would have me flatter myself with the old fiction that I—that any man—can count, that fate ought to clap its eye on me and save me forthwith to be a comfort to the world's declining years. The world will decline nicely, thank you, without me—are n't you sure of that?"

His head was down against the pony's side, as he gave the cinch the final twist. Pulling up a cinch takes the breath. But she fancied the long inspiration he drew, as he exclaimed "There!" and put the strap at the end of the cinch through the last ring, was more like a sigh.

"And besides," he went on, after a moment, "there's a thing or so to be said in favor of death. I wonder the poets don't try to say it more, instead of gasping before it in the craven rhymes that seem to please them so awfully. It's a pity, I grant you, that other people have to die; but I never could see why it should be so intolerable a thought to one's self. I mean, of course, if you have a certain thought about death," he added gravely—"the Christian's thought, I suppose we should call it."

"But—" she began, and stopped impotently.

"Ah, yes," he owned; "I admit the 'but.' The slow ignominy of this stupid trouble of mine, you were going to say—the creeping weakness. It's true. I should have chosen a great deal better if I'd arranged my own way of going: any one who knows what a luxurious dog I am down at the bottom of my shirking heart would believe that of me, I hope. But I was n't asked." He glanced at her with a smile. "No, no!" exclaimed he, as she opened her lips to reply; "don't try to deny it for me. It's very good of you; but it's no use, you know. I am a physician. I don't deceive myself. If I could only believe in your denial, you know, I should be glad enough to let you deny it for me by the hour. Or rather, I should be glad to have you affirm the other thing for me. To affirm," he

said dreamily; "it 's the only thing in the least worth while."

Margaret hesitated a moment. Then she said shyly: "Do you know, Dr. Ernfield, I believe that is what has worn *you* out—affirming for other people. Nervous prostration—it 's a kind of physical agnosticism, don't you think? It seems as if we did n't even believe in our own bodies any more."

"You are at least twice too acute for comfort, Miss Derwenter," he said, smiling. "My breakdown was n't due to anything so amiable. It was really because I had n't the temperance to stop there. The habit of absolute power is an irresistible one, I suppose. It made a despot of me, I know; and whatever my subjects might tell you of *their* awful case,—for I assure you I showed no pity,—it is an exhausting thing to be a despot."

"What nonsense!" She smiled.

"No, no!" he disclaimed; "it 's only right that my beastly satisfaction with myself should be taken down a peg or two. I accept this as my punishment." Margaret's lips framed a sound; but he stopped her. "No; it 's not gammon, what I tell you. It 's fact. I was outrageous about the whole business. I was young when I began, and I had a little success quite soon. It made me sure—infernally, intolerably sure. I led my patients a devil of a life. Don't think I 'm inventing. That would be too shameful. Any of them would tell you as much—even those I have done something for; those more than the others, perhaps. Oh, I was a brute, Miss Derwenter, whatever you think. But I 've got my pay. It 's wearing—being a brute." He smiled at her; but she saw that he was in deadly earnest.

"I don't know what you were, of course, Dr. Ernfield," she said simply, "though I don't believe you were anything like that. Only one thing is clear to me—you must live to be more of the same sort."

He bit his lip, and turned his head that she might not see his face. "I assure you," he said huskily, "you must stop wishing me so well, Miss Derwenter. I 'm not worthy of it. If I were, I should be able to bear it better."

The too ready tears started to Margaret's eyes. "What shall I wish for you, then?" she asked. "I will wish anything you like."

"Wish the impossible, please. That is the only thing that can do me the slightest good. Wish me the man I was six months ago; wish me the love of the only person who matters. Come, don't be close, Miss Derwenter! Wish the never-will-be for me! I might get well on the mere hope of it!"

"Do you mean—?"

"Oh, mean!" he cried. "I *don't* mean to be rude, for one thing."

"No, no!" exclaimed Margaret, her face full of earnestness; "I only meant to say—" She had not an idea what she had meant to say.

"The kindest and sweetest thing you could invent. Great heaven! don't I know that? And don't I loathe myself for letting you even think it for me!"

He glanced suddenly at her face, and saw the tears in her eyes. He bit his lips; an inrush of emotion mastered him. The uncommon mood in which the expression of feelings habitually restrained had left him was defenseless before the impulse of love which sprang up in him at sight of the sweet tumult of compassion for him in her eyes. He was standing at her saddle-pommel. Her arm hung by her side. He caught her hand to his lips in a long, blind, reckless kiss. Margaret gave him a swift, scared look as he relinquished it. Then, gathering her reins hastily, she turned the pony back down the road they had come up.

"Pride, ignorance, sufficiency, folly!" she said to herself with smarting eyes, thinking of her rejection of Beatrice's warning. Must she always be so grossly wise? She said to herself that Ernfield was not to blame, and shrank from the thought of him with terror, in a breath. It was her position—her intolerable no position—that made such things possible.

As Ernfield followed her, she gave him a fleeting glance in which he read a reproach that cut him to the heart. He felt like spurring his horse over the edge of the precipice along which they were riding. But he decided to see her safely home first. There were always precipices if one needed them.

He kept her in sight with difficulty. She pushed her horse down the steeps at a pace which made him fear for her. A single thought was in her mind—Deed. Her heart went out to him in a passionate appeal for shelter and defense. The silent loyalty which she had kept for him, in the midst of all resentment of his act, had leaped to flame at the touch of Ernfield's lips; and she could not think how she could live until she could stand at his side again where he could protect her from the world and from herself. Pride and bitterness fell away from her like the properties of a dream. Her eyes were wet with joyous tears.

Ernfield wondered at the radiant look of resolve upon her face as he helped her to alight at her own door. She did not care what he did for her now.

(To be continued.)

Wolcott Balestier.

THE COSMOPOLIS CITY CLUB.

III. WHAT THE CLUB ACCOMPLISHED.

VIII.



IF Mr. Reginald Payne's committee on Charter Reform could have heard the conversation among the authorities at the city hall, reported in our last chapter, they would have been confirmed in their conviction that the first thing to do was to reorganize the city. With that business in hand the committee is now assembled in Mr. Payne's private office. The other members of the committee are Mr. Graves, a retired lawyer who has given much study to municipal questions, and Mr. Davis, a wealthy banker; the three officers of the society are also present, their wisdom having been sought in this important matter. The meeting is purely informal; it is hoped that talk may help to clear the question of some of its obscurity, and to lead toward some practicable plan.

"We might," said Mr. Tomlinson, "get a new charter with no trouble to ourselves, as they did in Vinopolis last winter. The political "outs" of the city had the majority in the legislature; so the managers of the municipal machine proceeded to fabricate a new form of government for the city, took it down to the capital, and rushed it through the legislature, changing the entire system of government, removing all the old officers, and providing for the appointment of the new officials by a local magnate of their own party."

"Perhaps you have n't heard," answered Mr. Payne, "that since the majority of the legislature was changed at the last election, the ejected Vinopolitans are now before that body with a bill simply 'reversing the ripper,' as they call it—pitching the incumbents out of office, and reinstating their own gang. This is a game that the legislatures of several of our States are learning to play; it begins to look as though the reorganization of cities for partizan purposes would soon become a large part of the legislative program."

"They will not try that little game on us," said Judge Hamlin. "It is only when the people are utterly apathetic that any such scheme will be attempted. The people of this city are too wide awake just now to permit such an imposition."

"And yet," answered Mr. Payne, "the legal assumption is that the corporation of a city is the creature of the legislature. May not the legislature do what it will with its own?"

"It is not only a legal assumption," replied Mr. Graves, "it is a constitutional provision. By the constitution of our own State, and of several other States, the legislature has unlimited authority to make, unmake, and remake city charters, and the people of the cities have no power whatever to the contrary."

"That is very true," answered Judge Hamlin. "The legislature has this power. It is, in my judgment, a dangerous power. I hope to see the constitution amended so that the legislature shall have power only to enact a general law, with certain wise limitations, under which all cities must organize. Such a general law is needed, and its provisions and prohibitions should be well studied. But having laid down the general principles on which all local communities should do their business, the legislature should be compelled to take off its hands, and to permit the people to govern themselves. This means that they shall have the power, by conventions which may be held periodically, and for which the general statute shall provide, to frame their own charters; these charters to be submitted to popular vote. The courts of the State could decide whether these charters were in harmony with the general statute. Home rule, to this extent, must be given, as I believe, to American cities."

"But would not this be dangerous business?" inquired Mr. Davis. "Would you dare to give so much power as this to the hordes of foreigners who crowd our cities? Would it not be safer to leave them under the control of the legislature? Are not the morality and intelligence of the State at large rather higher than that of the cities? Has not the State an interest in having the cities well governed?"

"One question at a time," answered the judge. "The State at large has an interest in good municipal government, but the people of the rural districts are not competent to regulate the business of the cities. Whether the political morality of the country is higher than that of the city, I will not venture to decide; my experience with country members in the legislature is not altogether reassuring. As to the question whether it is not safer to leave the cities under the control of the legislature, there is this to say: we

have tried that policy for a good many years, and the result is before us—"the one conspicuous failure of the United States." I do not think that our cities could have been in a much worse condition if they had been permitted to govern themselves. It is dangerous, no doubt, to give power to the denizens of our cities. Democracy involves a good deal of risk. I do not pretend to believe that we have yet passed the danger-point in city or nation. I don't know that we shall ever pass it. Jackson was probably nearer right than he knew when he said that the vigilance which guards our liberties must be eternal. Home rule in cities is dangerous, but it is the principle on which our institutions rest, and I, for one, am not going to admit that democracy is a failure until it has been fairly and thoroughly tried. It is the American idea—the Anglo-Saxon idea, indeed—that local communities shall be responsible for their own order and peace. There is no other way, that I know of, by which local patriotism and public spirit can be aroused and kept active. When the business men of any community know that their salvation from anarchy and financial ruin depends wholly upon themselves,—that they cannot call upon the legislature to deliver them from the bandits into whose hands they have suffered themselves to fall, but must either bestir themselves or be plundered,—they are likely to take a more serious view of their responsibilities. Therefore, I hope to see the day when such interventions of the State legislature in local affairs as are now practised in many of our States shall be impossible everywhere. We must prepare and push a constitutional amendment to this effect. But meantime we must make the legislature understand that it must not interfere with our government for party purposes; that we propose, not as partisans, but as citizens, to reshape our own charter; and that they must give us what we ask for. The power is all theirs, but they must exercise it at our behest. I think that it will be possible to make such a demonstration before them that they will be constrained to yield to our demand. If we have n't the form of home rule, we can get the substance of it, if we stand together and fight for it."

"That is what we are here for," said Mr. Payne. "And now we want to consider, I suppose, in a general way, what form this new charter shall take; what shall be its leading features—its constructive ideas. Any suggestions along that line are pertinent."

"What do you say," inquired Mr. Davis, "to the plan of substituting for our present boards of Police, Public Works, Public Health, and so forth, non-partisan boards, with an equal representation of each party on every board? Would not that do away with some of the worst evils?"

"What makes you think so?" inquired Hathaway.

"Well, it seems that partizanship is the source of many of our miseries, and this ought to muzzle the partizans. I know that some of our cities have non-partisan police boards, and I have heard that they are working well."

"Possibly," answered the carpenter; "but in Oleopolis, where I lived for ten years, they tried it, and it did n't work at all. Everybody said that the police were more inefficient and corrupt under that scheme than they had ever been before. Instead of shutting partizanship out, it brought it in bodily to control the administration. The bill seemed to recognize the fact that places on the force were spoils to be distributed among the heelers, and they were divided accordingly. No man stood any chance to get a place on the board unless he was an active political worker in one party or the other. It is ridiculous to call such a board "non-partisan"; its main business is the service of party. You might call it bi-partisan—that is the proper name for it."

"Mr. Hathaway is quite right," responded Graves. "I have studied the history of these bi-partisan boards, and it is, as a rule, precisely what he has described. An additional weakness is the failure to fix responsibility. Neither party is responsible—nobody is responsible—for the administration. It is far better that the party in power should have the entire control of the different departments of the government, and then the people know whom to punish if there is inefficiency or corruption. I trust that we shall have nothing to do with so-called non-partisan machinery."

"I trust," said Tomlinson, "that we shall have nothing to do with boards of any kind. I believe that the whole scheme of executive boards in municipalities is a device of Satan. In nine cases out of ten the board is the mother of imbecility, the nurse of irresponsibility, and the cradle of rascality. I'll have none of them!"

"You are waxing sententious, Tomlinson," laughed Payne.

"My mind is clear on this one point, at any rate," replied the manufacturer. "I have watched the operation of these boards in this city and elsewhere until I have good ground for my opinion. Where they are not corrupt, they are miserably inefficient. Partisan, or non-partisan, it makes but little difference; they are all abominations."

"This brings directly before us," said Payne, "the one important question respecting the form of our charter. I suppose that we shall organize our government after the American plan, with legislative, executive, and judicial departments. There is n't anything absolutely

binding, perhaps, in this threefold division, but we Americans don't seem to be able to get away from it. We must provide for one or more police justices; we must have a legislative council, with one or two chambers and with certain powers: but the main question, probably, is the distribution of executive functions. At present, as Mr. Tomlinson has reminded us, this power is parceled out among certain boards—the Board of Public Works, which has the care of streets, sewers, markets, and so forth; the Water Commissioners; the Fire and Police Board, which has the exclusive control of the Fire Department and the Police Department; the Board of Health, possessing also certain police powers intrusted to it by the legislature, in which it is independent of all the other boards; and the Board of Education. All these boards are elective; most of them are composed of five members, one of whom is elected every year to serve five years. Under this arrangement the mayor has almost no power at all. He is *ex officio* a member of the Police Board; but the statute gives each of the other four members exactly the same power that he possesses, and he is therefore a practical non-entity. Each of these boards is independent of all the others; there is no consultation among them; they are often at cross purposes. The Board of Public Works tears up the pavement one year to put down a sewer; the next year the Water Commissioners tear it up again to put down a new main; the next year the Board of Public Works authorizes the gas company or the electric light company to rip it up again for its purposes. The pavements, for which the people are heavily taxed, are half destroyed by this mismanagement, and the streets of the city are kept in constant disorder. No man who watches the operations of these boards can be ignorant of the deplorable lack of unity which they constantly display. Any private business would be ruined in a year under such a crazy scheme."

"Yes," answers Tomlinson; "and there is no more unity in them than there is among them. Each board is apt to be at loggerheads in its own councils. Take the Police Board. Everybody knows that the inefficiency of the Police Department is mainly due to the fact that there are five heads, and that when one is ready to move the others are not. The mayor is nominally the head of the department, and issues orders to the men; but the board can rescind his orders at any meeting. After Harper's scathing exposure of the complicity of the police with crime, the mayor was inclined to make an effort to enforce some of the laws, and he ordered the chief of police to close up the gambling-places. So the chief went around and told the gamblers—with

his tongue in his cheek, I suppose—that they had better shut up (*sotto voce*, 'for a night or two'), which they accordingly did, but within a week were running again full blast. The newspapers of the opposition soon began to score the mayor because his orders were disobeyed, and he called the chief and wanted to know about it. The chief said that he guessed the gambling-places were shut up; at any rate, that he had ordered them to be, and that he would see about it. But he went his way, like one of those Scripture characters 'who, seeing, see not.' That night I met him at the railway station. O'Kane has always been rather chummy with me, and when I asked him how he was getting on in his fight with the gamblers, he said, 'Oh, that's all quiet. The mayor wants to be good just now, and he's been stirring things up a little; but the fact is, the mayor's only one man, and there are three men on that board who have told me to go slow in this business. You see where I am. My hands are tied.' That is the practical working of most of these boards. They are contrived for the obstruction, not for the despatch, of business. We shall never have efficient government until they are extirpated and swept away, root and branch."

"Yet," said Payne, "I have no doubt that the mayor might get those gambling-places closed if he were determined to do it. He might find ways of getting over those obstructions."

"Yes; I doubt not," replied Tomlinson. "But it is perfectly easy for him to throw the responsibility of his inaction upon the board; and the members of the board are jointly and severally responsible, by the terms of the law—that is to say, nobody is responsible. The system destroys responsibility. No one can be held to account for such a frightful neglect of duty as that which we are now confronting."

"How about that scheme which they are trying in Frumentopolis?" asked Mr. Davis. "There they have abolished the various departmental boards, and have put the whole executive power into the hands of four men, only three of whom can belong to one political party."

"One board is better than six, no doubt," replied Tomlinson, "just as one boil is less painful than half a dozen; but all that I have said about divided responsibility applies to this four-headed executive. Why, in the name of all that is intelligible, do people insist upon applying to municipal government a different standard from that which they apply to all other forms of government? Why should the executive power of a city be given to a board of four men? Are there any political analogies for such a proceeding? Is there any ex-

perience which warrants the belief that such a scheme would be practicable?"

"I don't know that there is any experience which bears precisely upon this point," answered Graves; "but there is a good deal of English experience to show that a large governing body may govern very well. All English cities are governed by large councils. The council is simply a committee of the citizens, and its executive work is divided among sub-committees. The mayor is chosen by the council, and he is only its presiding officer; he has very little executive power."

"That is correct," replied Judge Hamlin; "but I believe that the committee in charge of each department generally employs a single superintendent, or head clerk, to direct its work, and that this officer is permanent. The committee does not interfere with the details of administration."

"In some cases that is true," answered Mr. Graves. "But it is hard for us to follow English precedents. England is governed by her Parliament; her executive officers must be members of Parliament, directly and immediately responsible to Parliament for every one of their acts. English municipal government is somewhat analogous to the national government. Englishmen ought to be able to make their machinery work; they are familiar with it. I do not think that we could do it, and I find that it is already beginning to be questioned, even among Englishmen, whether their scheme will not break down in their hands. I have brought with me a late number of an English quarterly, in which it is freely acknowledged 'that the attempt to govern London by means of a committee of one hundred and thirty-seven persons is fraught with the gravest possible inconvenience. The scheme of the Local Government Act of 1888,' this reviewer goes on, 'is for London nothing less than administration by public meeting, and it was only by means of the most careful manipulation that a complete breakdown of the machinery did not take place during the past three years. The first County Council for London only avoided administrative shipwreck by splitting itself into a multitude of sub-committees to which special duties were assigned, and in moments of difficulty by placing itself unreservedly in the hands of such skilful pilots as Lord Rosebery and Sir John Lubbock.' I have the printed docket of business for the London County Council for one day,—July 21, 1891,—with the reports of committees to be considered on that day, comprising not less than one hundred and twenty distinct items of business, covering more than forty large folio pages. It was not expected, of course, that all this business could be done on that one day; but the perusal of this

docket is sufficient to indicate the enormous complication of interests coming under the supervision of this body. It is as plain as the daylight that no individual in that body could act intelligently upon half of these questions. The London County Council is a magnificent body of men, but its abilities are certainly overtaxed. This seems to be admitted on all hands. The need of an entirely new organization of its business is manifest. And this reviewer says: 'For ourselves, we have no doubt that what London needs is, as has been pointed out by Sir John Lubbock and Lord Rosebery, a *responsible executive*. To secure this, the County Council must begin by treating itself not as a directly administrative body, but as a local assembly of one hundred and thirty-seven "select" men—chosen to appoint and supervise the actual administration of the metropolis. The council's first business should be to elect from among themselves a chairman, to act as a sort of prime minister; their next, to select, on his advice, fifteen or sixteen councillors to act with him as heads of the various departments of work undertaken by the council. These heads of departments and the chairman could constitute a sort of metropolitan cabinet, and would form the executive of London.' The choice of the heads of the executive departments by the city council is, perhaps, a scheme worth considering, though it is probable that the American plan of choosing executives by popular vote would work better with us. But the main idea which these critics of the London system are trying to realize is the definition of responsibility. 'It is one of the chief safeguards of the Constitution,' says this writer, 'that a minister must be found to take the complete responsibility for every act done in the name of the sovereign, in order that, if that act is ill advised, the country may know on which instrument of state to impose its censure. The sovereign can do no wrong and bear no blame; therefore, before he acts, some person must be found ready to accept any blame that may attach to what is done in the sovereign's name. In the same way, though for a different reason, it is impossible to attach blame to a board or a council. If we are wise, then, we shall insist that no act shall be done in the name of a board or a council so important as the London County Council, for which some definite person is not willing to take the responsibility.' I believe that this principle of concentrating and fixing responsibility is just as sound in America as in England; that it lies at the very foundation of representative government."

"Can any man explain," demanded Tomlinson, "why this sound principle is constantly set at naught in our municipal machinery?"

Why is it that the people of our cities will not see that they cannot have efficient administration until they wisely subdivide their business, and make some individual responsible for every department of it? Why is it that they are bound to believe that a monster with five heads, five pairs of eyes, five pairs of hands, is more likely to see clearly, judge wisely, and act promptly than a man with one brain, one judgment, and one will?"

"Perhaps," said Davis, "it comes from the democratic notion that in the multitude of councilors there is safety."

"But that," said Tomlinson, "is not the same as saying that in a multitude of bosses there is efficiency."

"Perhaps," said Judge Hamlin, "it is the offspring of the American tendency to multiply official positions, so that every man may have a public office."

"I am rather inclined to believe," said Hathaway, "that there is a pretty large class of persons in our cities who have an interest in keeping municipal government inefficient and corrupt, and I think that this arrangement suits them very well."

"Underneath it all," said Payne, "is a profound distrust of the democratic principle. This system of boards and commissions has sprung—as you will find, if you study its origin—from a fear of the people; from an uneasy apprehension that if they are permitted to express their will directly in public matters, they may do a great deal of mischief. Arrangements are therefore made whereby no very decisive changes can be effected in any election. If you have an executive board of five, whose members can be removed only one at a time, it takes the people three years at least to change the character of the board by annual elections. It is almost impossible to keep the attention of the people fixed upon such a matter for three years, and the consequence is that the people's will is practically nullified."

"There is also," said Judge Hamlin, "a dim notion that the main function of city officials is to do mischief, and that the policy should therefore be to give them as little power as possible. The less power they have, the less evil they can do. Municipal governments are adjusted to this estimate of official conduct. It is supposed that by dividing up and parceling out the power the danger will be lessened. A board of five men will act less efficiently than a single man, and is therefore less to be feared. Pessimism of this sort underlies a good deal of our municipal structure. But the trouble is that when we take away the power of these officials to do evil, we also deprive them of the power to do good. We tie their hands so effectually that they can do nothing for us. It is

high time that we had learned that popular government rests not on a basis of distrust, but on a basis of confidence; if we cannot find men whom we can trust, our democracy may as well go into liquidation at once."

"We seem," said Payne, "to be pretty well agreed as to principles. And now let me read the outline of my scheme for a reconstructed charter. It provides for—I. A council of one chamber, with legislative functions clearly prescribed. II. Two police justices, to be appointed by the mayor, their terms of office not to be less than five years. III. An executive department, the head of which is the mayor, who is elected by the people to serve for two years. The mayor's executive staff to be composed of (1) a superintendent of police; (2) a chief of the fire department; (3) a water commissioner; (4) a superintendent of streets and sewers; (5) a health officer; (6) a city solicitor, or legal adviser of the administration. All these officers of the mayor's cabinet to be appointed by the mayor himself, without confirmation, and to be directly responsible to him, and removable at his pleasure. Their terms of office should expire with his own. The mayor to hold weekly conferences with the members of his staff, requiring each of them to report directly to him the transactions of his department. In addition to these officers of the mayor's staff, a city clerk, a city auditor, and a city treasurer are to be elected by the people, each for the term of two years—not when the mayor is chosen, but in alternate years. As to the Board of Education, I am not clear. My own decided conviction is that it should be appointed by the mayor; that it should consist of not more than nine men; that three of these should be appointed each year to serve for three years, and that they should not represent districts or wards, but should be the best men obtainable in the city. Whether a measure as radical as this could be carried at present, I doubt; and I would not endanger the plan by an unpopular feature. About all the rest my mind is pretty well made up. This scheme gives us, for substance, what we want—a single executive, with a clear definition of responsibility."

"The subordinates in your six departments—who would appoint them?" inquired Davis.

"The head of each department," answered Payne; "except that I mean to provide for a civil service commission which shall certify to the Police and Fire Departments, and to the city auditor and city treasurer, candidates from among whom their appointments must be made."

"Would n't it be better," asked Davis again, "to give the council the power of confirmation in the cases of heads of departments, and

perhaps of some other offices? That is in accordance with our national constitution."

"Yes; and that is one of the most questionable features of our national constitution," answered Payne. "No harm has resulted from it, so far as cabinet officers are concerned, because it is an unwritten law that these officers shall always be confirmed without questioning. No intelligent man would ever undertake the responsibilities of the Presidency if he could not name the heads of departments without dictation from anybody. In the case of some other offices, the Senate sometimes exercises its veto power; but it is an open question whether more harm than good has not resulted from this extension of its prerogative. So far, however, as the immediate advisers of the President are concerned, his power to select them is practically absolute. The constitutional provision to the contrary is abortive, and it would be senseless for us to copy that."

"Your scheme," suggested Graves, "is substantially the same as that which is in operation in Kirkopolis and Agropolis."

"Yes; substantially. The principle which they have embodied in their charters is the one that I am after. The details may be varied, but the thing to aim at is a single executive, chosen by the people and directly responsible to them."

"The millennium has n't come yet to Kirkopolis or Agropolis," answered Davis. "I have noticed in their newspapers that even under the reformed charters peculation is charged against officials, and many dubious deeds are done."

"Of course," answered Payne. "There will be carelessness and rascality under the best system that can be devised. We are not going to have the millennium in Cosmopolis, reform we our charter never so wisely. But there has been great improvement in both those cities, as every intelligent man testifies; and nobody there wants to go back to the old system. We can have the same measure of improvement here, and even greater, if we will work for it."

"Well," said Judge Hamlin, rising, "you have the general idea. Work it out carefully. Get all the light you can from the experience of other cities. Frame your charter in simple, untechnical language; submit it to the club for their approval; and when it is perfected we will refer it to a mass-meeting of the citizens."

IX.

It was a field night at the city hall when the Cosmopolis City Club presented its plan for a reorganization of the city government. The charter which Mr. Payne's committee had worked out was as simple and concise in its

expression as they could make it; it had been printed in full in all the newspapers, and had been under discussion for more than a week, and the utmost pains had been taken to enlighten the public respecting the organic law which the legislature was to be asked to enact for the government of the city. The members of the club had not been idle. They had personally invited large numbers of the intelligent citizens to be present at the mass-meeting; they had determined that the best elements of the population should be represented, and the hall was filled at an early hour. The mayor was in the chair, and Mr. Payne opened the discussion by reading and briefly explaining the sections of the charter.

It was well known to the club that their scheme would be opposed: some of the newspapers had assailed it, and various elements in the community were bent on defeating it. As a matter of course, all the corrupt politicians, the contractors, and the lawless classes generally, were in the opposition. The committee strongly hoped that they would reveal their sentiments by open antagonism; but they had evidently held a council of war, and were determined to fight in ambush, putting forward certain puzzle-headed respectabilities to do the talking for them. The main line of opposition was the charge that the proposed system was autocratic and un-American; that it robbed the people of their liberties. It was a one-man power—that was the phrase which was harped upon continually, in the rooms of the ward committees, in the bar-rooms, in the opposition newspapers. Those who, for personal and unworthy reasons, were resisting the reform, were shrewd enough to know that this was the most effective weapon they could use. A great many well-meaning but unthinking persons were frightened by the phrase "one-man power," and were made to believe that this plan really threatened to impose upon them some kind of despotism. It was evidently hoped that in this popular meeting this particular gong could be beaten with telling effect. Accordingly, after Mr. Payne had finished his exposition of the charter, and before a word could be said in its favor, a shrewd lawyer of the city, Johnson by name, gained the floor, and was called to the platform. Johnson was a man of decent appearance, of some literary pretensions, and of fluent speech. He was not believed to have any selfish reasons for opposing the charter, but his mind was full of certain hazy political theories with which this scheme of government was not in harmony.

"It is evident," said Mr. Johnson, "that some measure of reform is needed in our municipal government, and the thanks of this community are due to the gentlemen who for

so many months have been studying the municipal problem with the purpose of giving us a better government."

The applause at this point was so hearty and so long sustained that Mr. Johnson was somewhat embarrassed.

"Nevertheless," he persevered, "we must be cautious in making changes. Better to bear the ills we have than fly to worse conditions. And I must own that the plan which these gentlemen have submitted strikes me unfavorably. I do not like the idea of putting so much power into the hands of one man. I do not relish the anticipation of living under a dictator. I know it is sometimes said that when our democracy breaks down we shall rush to the other extreme, and call in a despot to rule us; but I hope that we have n't yet come to that. Just think of the enormous amount of patronage that we intrust to the mayor under this scheme! Is there any man here, who knows anything about politics, who cannot see whereunto this will tend? The selfish man who gets this power in his hands will use it, of course, for his own aggrandizement. He can reelect himself as mayor just as often as he pleases; he can nominate himself to any office that he covets; he can control the nomination of all your legislators, congressmen, judges. It is too much power, I think, to give to one man. We know what kind of men are in city politics, and we know what they are apt to do with such power as this when they get hold of it. I counsel my fellow-citizens to beware how they intrust such enormous political power to one man."

Mr. Johnson's speech was greeted with vigorous cheers from the opposition; but before he had descended from the platform Judge Hamlin arose and courteously asked him to pause a few moments before returning to his seat.

"Mr. Johnson's objections," said the judge, "are entitled to consideration. Now is the time to consider them. He has stated them briefly, clearly, and forcibly. He is an intelligent and honorable opponent of our plan. I wish, therefore, to beg of him, if his honor the presiding officer will wink at the irregularity, to remain here on the platform for a few minutes, that there may be a little direct conversation between us on the subject. I will ask him a few questions, and he may ask me as many as he chooses. Very likely I shall be obliged to confess my ignorance more than once: that should be no discredit to either of us; the subject is large, and there are aspects of it that neither of us has considered. But I am convinced that we can get at the truth by such a conversation more expeditiously than by set speeches; and if your honor please, and if

the meeting consent, I should like to try that method."

The hearty cheers of the assemblage gave full indorsement to the proposition of the judge.

"Well, then," said Judge Hamlin, "Mr. Johnson assumes that the city patronage is likely to be dispensed by the mayor for his own interests. It is now dispensed by about forty different officials. I suppose that we must therefore assume that the forty are making the same use of it."

"That may be granted," answered the lawyer.

"Is it reasonable to say that forty selfish politicians, scrambling after the city patronage that they may use it for their own aggrandizement, will inflict less injury upon the community than one man who uses it in the same way? Are forty small bloodsuckers to be preferred to one big bloodsucker?"

The audience laughed and cheered, and Mr. Johnson was saved the trouble of answering the question.

"Each of these forty," said Judge Hamlin, "has his own followers, for whom, on this supposition, he is trying to find places. Suppose that he secures for one of these followers, who is utterly incompetent and unworthy, a place on the police force or in the Fire Department; is the public able in any way to hold him responsible for this bad appointment? Does the public know anything about it?"

"Probably not," answered Mr. Johnson.

"It is possible, then, for these forty to fill all the public places with dead-beats and bummers, without the public being able to call anybody to account for the outrage?"

"Doubtless," assented the lawyer.

"To what extent is this done?"

"To a very considerable extent, undoubtedly. Yet there are a great many very good men now in the service of the city."

"Of course; but that is because the forty are not all thieves, because some of them act with public interests in view. I should hope that we might very often find a mayor who would act upon that principle. I am only speaking upon the assumption that politicians always use patronage selfishly. On that presumption the present scheme does not seem to be ideal. But suppose that one of these forty should wish to promote the public interest, rather than his own welfare. Take a man on the police commission, or the street commission, who wants to improve the service. How much can he accomplish, standing alone?"

"Not much."

"Suppose that by dint of courage and perseverance he should succeed in removing some

abuses, and in purifying the administration. How much credit would he get for it ? "

" Very little."

" So that, as things are now arranged, it is almost impossible for any man, by faithful performance of his public duty, to gain any good reputation for himself ? "

" It is much as you say."

" Our present system assumes that every official will be selfish and dishonest, and gives him a great many chances to be selfish and dishonest; it assumes that nobody will act purely and honorably, or wish to receive any praise for so acting. Do you think that we have any right to look for good administration under such a system ? "

" It seems that we are not finding it, at any rate."

" You spoke of the power that the mayor would have under our system to promote his own fortunes by the use of the city patronage. Whatever he did in this direction would have to be done, would it not, in plain sight of all the people ? He would have the entire responsibility for all his appointments; the people would have their eyes all the while fixed on him, and would be able to judge of the motives for which they were made ? "

Mr. Johnson assented.

" Do you think that the executive who uses patronage in this way, in full view of the people, is morally certain to aggrandize himself in the process ? Have you ever heard of anybody who failed in such an undertaking ? "

The hit was palpable, and the audience burst into a roar of laughter, which broke out again and again. Mr. Johnson had been rather conspicuously allied with a noted machine politician of the State who had only recently met with ignominious defeat in this very enterprise. The lawyer made the best of his discomfiture by joining in the laugh.

" I don't think," he said, when the tumult subsided, " that a man infallibly succeeds by the use of patronage; but I think that, as a rule, it gives him an enormous advantage."

" On the contrary," replied the judge, " I believe that our political history will show that it is an enormous disadvantage to any man to have such patronage, and to use it selfishly. When the responsibility for the use of it can be clearly located, the people are pretty sure to punish condignly the man who uses power for his own aggrandizement. The motive for using this power wisely and patriotically would, I contend, be a thousand times stronger under the system we propose than it is under the present system. But Mr. Johnson referred, also, to the danger of committing so much executive power to one man. The idea seems to be that the people divest themselves of their

liberty, and place themselves in chains, when they intrust to one man so much executive power. It appears to some of our friends that they will no longer be living under a republic, but under a monarchy, if our plan is adopted. But all will admit that under the old system, as well as under the new, the people intrust the executive power to officials; that they temporarily put it out of their hands. Let me ask Mr. Johnson *if it is not as effectually out of the people's control when it is in the hands of forty men as it is when it is in the hands of one man.*"

" Doubtless."

" Under the plan we propose, the people loan the executive power for two years to one man, holding him responsible for the right use of it. If it is not properly used, they know exactly whom to blame. At the end of the two years this man must return the executive power directly to the hands of the people. They get it all back again, every shred of it. If it has been abused, they may put it into other hands. If it has been wisely used, they may return it, if they choose, to the man who has been holding it. Every two years he must settle his account with them, and restore to them the power which they had intrusted to him. That is our plan. Under the scheme which this city has been trying to operate, the executive power is all put out of the people's hands into the hands of forty officials, members of various boards and commissions. When will the people get it back again ? "

" It comes back by instalments," answered the lawyer.

" Yes; it comes back in driblets, in such a way that it is morally impossible for the people to replace it wisely. In the first place, nobody can be very sure whether the driblet that returns this year has been well used or ill used; in the second place, it is only an infinitesimal fragment of power, anyway, and it seems to make but little difference to whom it is committed. It is utterly impossible for the people in any election to make a thorough improvement in their government, and naturally they do not care to try. Their hands are so tied by the red tape of our complicated executive that they take very little interest in municipal elections. Now I wish to ask every man of common sense who listens to me, Which of these plans gives the greater power to the people ? Under which of them can the people bring their power more directly and more effectively to bear upon the administration ? Under which of them would the people have the clearer consciousness of their power, the deeper sense of their responsibility ? I affirm, and I challenge any intelligent man in this audience to dispute the affirmation, that the system of government by a manifold

series of boards and commissions reduces the popular power to a minimum, while the system which we propose, of a single responsible executive, exalts, magnifies, and confirms popular power. Your system rests upon distrust of the people; our system rests upon faith in the people. That is the radical difference between them. I call upon my friend here on the platform to dispute this statement if he can."

"I am not now prepared to argue the point," said Mr. Johnson.

"I call upon any opponent of our plan in this house," resumed the judge, "to stand up and deny my affirmation if it is not true. No man answers. Let us have done, then, with this nonsense about the 'one-man power.' Every man who uses this phrase to stigmatize our charter means to convey the notion that its aims are aristocratic, or autocratic, rather than democratic. I suppose that some have ignorantly imagined that this might be true. No intelligent man will make any such suggestion unless he is a demagogue. A very intelligent business man put the matter in a nutshell, the other day, when he said to me, 'What these people call the one-man power is simply the crown of popular sovereignty.' It is that crown, fellow-citizens, which we are trying to place upon your heads. We want you to govern this city, and to see and know that you are governing it. We want to enable you to honor and reward those who serve you faithfully, and to depose and punish those who are false to your interests. We claim for our charter that it restores to the people the power of which they have long been robbed."

The ringing cheer with which these last sentences of Judge Hamlin were greeted showed that the victory of the charter was won already. Mr. Johnson waited until the applause had subsided, and then quietly said: "If his honor the judge will permit, I think I will return to my seat. I believe that I should enjoy his eloquence rather more if I were permitted to share it with the rest of the audience."

"Very good," answered the judge, laughing with the rest, and extending his hand to the lawyer. "I am greatly obliged to my friend for submitting to my catechism. And I will try to be just as patient and courteous as he has been if he will subject me to the same ordeal."

"No," answered the lawyer; "I will waive the cross-examination."

"Then," continued the judge, "I will take only time to make one more remark. It is objected to our plan that it puts too much power into one man's hands. May I ask whether the power intrusted to our mayor is any greater than that which by the Constitution of the United States is vested in the national executive? All the enormous power of the Federal government,

the administration of the civil offices, the control of the army and navy, is committed to one man. The appointment of his cabinet is left to him; all vacancies in the national judiciary, and innumerable other offices, must be filled by him; he is the one man responsible for the executive department of this whole nation. I should like to ask any gentleman present whether he does not think that it is safer and wiser to commit this power to one man than it would be to give it to a triumvirate, or to a commission of five, with equal powers. Does not the single executive give us a purer and a more efficient administration than any such board would give us? Has any man yet been heard of who would dream of applying the complicated method by which our city is ruled to the government of the nation? Does any one suppose that it would be an improvement to replace the single responsible head of the Treasury Department or of the Interior Department by a commission of five men, one to be elected by the people every year to serve for five years? The preposterousness of such a system when applied to the vast affairs of the nation is obvious enough. Why is it not even more preposterous when applied to the smaller affairs of a city? If one man can administer the great concerns of the nation more efficiently than three men; if one man can conduct the enormous business of one of the national departments better than five men, why is it not probable that one man would manage the executive business of our city, or of any one of its departments, more successfully than three men or five men? The fact is, that while, for counsel, it is sometimes wise to enlist a plurality of judgments, for all executive work the principle of a single responsible head is almost uniformly recognized as the only sound principle. The reluctance to adopt it in municipal affairs is a phenomenon which needs explaining. I trust, however, that we are nearly ready to adopt it in this city, and unless I am greatly at fault, this representative assembly of our citizens is prepared to say so with no uncertain sound."

Judge Hamlin was cheered to the echo when he took his seat, and there were cries for Tomlinson.

"My speech will be very short," said the manufacturer, rising. "I wish to reply to one objection which I have heard since I entered the hall. 'It is n't better laws that we want,' said the objector, 'but better men to administer them.' I tell you we want both. This is very delicate and difficult business that we give our city officials to do, and we must have the most skilful workmen we can get, and the best tools, too. The machinery of government must be the best that we can find. Don't tell me that it makes no difference what kind of machinery you have;

that all that is wanted is good and faithful workmen. The best workmen in this land could not do the work that is now done every day in my factory if they were compelled to work with the tools my men were working with five years ago. So it is with municipal machinery. There are some kinds with which it is difficult to do anything; there are some kinds with which it is much easier to do good work; and we are bound to give the men whom we employ the best possible facilities. Of course the need of employing the best men will not be superseded by any sort of machinery, and the people will always be required to exercise their patriotism in selecting the men to conduct the government under the new charter."

Calls for Hathaway followed the conclusion of Mr. Tomlinson's speech.

"I want to add one word," said the carpenter, "to the speech that has just been made. With better machinery you are pretty sure to get better men. If you give an official a chance to win some credit for his work, you will attract to the service of the city men of honorable ambition. If you give him a chance to serve the public efficiently, you will call into office men of public spirit. Why should any clean-handed, honorable man take a place in our municipal service to-day? He can do nothing, honorably, for himself, and nothing for the city. Under the plan which we propose a man may make a record for himself; and if he has any force in him, he may greatly promote the public welfare. I believe that our plan will result here, as it has resulted elsewhere, in pushing better men to the front, and in sending the bummers to the rear."

Hathaway's speech closed the discussion. When he had concluded the house resounded with cries of "Question," and the resolution, indorsing the new charter, and calling on the mayor to appoint a committee of fifty men—an equal number from each political party—to present the matter to the legislature on the following week, and to secure immediate action, went through in a storm of enthusiasm. The noes, indeed, were so few and feeble that the audience greeted their protest with an outburst of good-natured laughter.

X.

THE committee of fifty found little trouble in securing from the legislature favorable action upon the charter. Delegations from the classes opposed were present at the capital, and some secret work was done with various members of the legislative committee on municipal affairs; but the representation of the best citizens was so strong, and the popular demand for the charter was a fact so notorious, that

the opponents of the scheme made little headway. The bill was rapidly pushed to its third reading, and the new charter went into effect in ample time for the spring election.

Hathaway's prediction that the new measures would call to the front a better class of men was abundantly fulfilled. For many years the office of mayor had gone begging among the better class of citizens. Whenever there had been a spasm of popular virtue, and a determination to secure good government, the laudable purpose had been defeated by the flat refusal of men of character to accept the nomination. "Why," said these gentlemen, "should we soil our hands with the dirty business? The mayor is only a figurehead. You have stripped him of power. What can he do to improve the administration? He can gain no reputation; he can accomplish no reform. We have no time to spend upon such a bootless function."

But now it was clear that the conditions were greatly changed. There was a chance for a man of brains and force to make a record for himself. Men of honorable ambition were not loath to consider the call of their fellow-citizens to this honorable and responsible office. Moreover, it was instinctively felt, even by the party managers, that it would never do to nominate a man for this position whose character was not a guaranty of honest administration. The interests were too important. They knew that if one candidate were more upright and more capable than the other, the mass of the conservative vote of the tax-paying and law-abiding citizens would go directly to that candidate. Party lines had been so weakened by the work of the City Club that the reputable classes would be pretty sure to vote for the most reputable man. The only safety for the party managers lay in selecting the best possible candidate. Hitherto the managers had asked who could carry the saloons and the slums. This year the question was who could carry the tax-paying wards. Accordingly the candidates on both tickets were men of good character. It was freely acknowledged on all sides that the interests of the city would be safe, no matter which party might triumph. Another obvious gain was the lessening of the number of places on the ticket. As a rule, there could be no more than four or five persons to be voted for in each municipal election. It was possible, therefore, for the conscientious voter to inform himself respecting the character of each of the candidates presented to him.

"This simplifies things," said Tomlinson to Payne, one day, as they were looking over the list of nominations printed at the head of the editorial columns in one of the party organs.

"I trust that the people will be able to know, this time, for whom they are voting. For myself, I must admit that, in an experience of twenty years, I have never yet voted intelligently in a city election. I always try to inform myself respecting the record and the qualifications of every candidate on both tickets; I have never yet succeeded. A good share of my voting has been done in the dark. When the number of candidates is as large as it has been in our elections, very few men, I believe, vote intelligently. Most of us take the goods the gods of the caucus provide for us, and are compelled to be satisfied. Henceforth, with due diligence, a man may be instructed before he votes."

"Yes," answered Payne; "the popular sovereign is more likely, under this plan, to rule with wisdom. The task we have been imposing upon him was quite too difficult. We have bidden him, every year, to pick out twenty or thirty men from among his fellow-citizens to whom he would intrust the responsibilities of government. That overtaxes his intelligence. But when we tell him to pick out three or four men, the chances are that he will make fewer blunders."

It was the evening after the municipal election, and the five directors of the Cosmopolis Public Library had assembled for their weekly meeting. The business was not urgent, and their minds were too full of the events of the day to give much heed to the librarian's report. Payne had picked up Judge Hamlin in the street, and had brought him in, and Harper had similarly introduced Mr. Graves.

"Well, Judge," said Harper, as they seated themselves around the fireplace, "your party is entitled to congratulations. You have the chance of demonstrating to the city the excellence of the new charter. I would rather it had been my party. I'm quite sure that we would have made a little better job of it; but you have put it into good hands, and I have no doubt that we shall see a great improvement over past administrations."

"Let us hope so," responded the judge. "If we do not, we shall go out with a whirl, two years from now; that's certain."

"One thing is to be noted with sincere rejoicing," said Mr. Graves. "The vote is the heaviest ever polled in a municipal election. The voters were all out; and it was intelligent interest that brought them out. I am told that much less money has been expended this year than ever before. Men like Spring and Chapman will not spend money to elect themselves. They held a conference about it as soon as they were nominated, and pledged themselves to each other that they would not do it."

"Yes," answered Judge Hamlin; "it is all very cheering. We are sure to have a great deal better government than we have had for a long time. We are on the right track. We have got the right sort of machinery. Our system rests now upon the true democratic optimism,—the belief that the people can be trusted,—and not upon the pessimistic notion that they must be pushed as far as possible from the thrones of power, and fenced off, by all manner of complicated checks and restraints, from direct participation in the government. I hope that we shall see our laws enforced now as they have not been for many a day. Chapman would n't dare to put a man into that superintendency who has n't the nerve to enforce them. I hope that we shall see the army of contractors put to rout, and a great improvement in the condition of our streets, and a great reduction in the expenses of every department of the government. But we must not be too sanguine. We have made an important gain, but we have n't solved the municipal problem yet."

"What is lacking?" asked Payne.

"The one thing needful is lacking," replied the judge; "that is, a foundation of principles on which municipal politics can be built. I have said this before, but the experience of this election has made it clearer. What have we been contending for in this election? It was simply a question which was the better ticket. The issue with the political managers was of course the spoils of office; with the rest of us it was a choice of administrators. There was no room for intelligent discussion. The campaign has not been in the slightest degree educational. I do not think this good politics. I am sure that it will tend to corruption. The practical interest of the spoilsmen will overshadow the interest which the rest of us will strive to maintain in the selection of good candidates. So long as our municipal affairs remain in the hands of the two national parties, our municipal elections will strongly tend to become mere make-weights in State and national politics. It is the best we can do now, but municipal politics will never be clean and healthy until we have municipal issues and municipal parties distinct from those of the State and the nation."

"Where are these issues to come from?" demanded Morison.

"I am not sure; but it seems to me that I see them looming upon the horizon," answered the judge. "Have you observed the fight that the people in Oleopolis have been waging against their gas company?"

"Yes," said Harper; "and the people have won the fight. They have forced the price of gas down to eighty cents a thousand feet, and

have compelled the company to pay a heavy annual tribute for its franchise."

"So I read. And have you noticed the sharp questions that the newspapers are beginning to raise respecting the street-railway franchises and the electric-light franchises? It seems to me that the question of municipal ownership of all these natural monopolies is rushing to the front; that it will be upon us in a very few years. For my own part, I believe that these properties must belong to the municipality; that whatever is a practical monopoly the people themselves must own and control. That our cities will soon advance in this direction is evident to me. I trust that there will be no spoliation of those who have invested their money in such properties; that they will be purchased by the cities at a fair valuation. What to do about the franchises that have been stolen is a more puzzling question. Our courts of equity will be taxed to unravel that snarl; let us trust that we shall not be weak enough to wait for the revolutionist with his sword to cut it. But the cities will get possession of the natural monopolies; of that I feel confident."

"But that," answered Tomlinson, "is the road to Socialism."

"Yes; that's the road. And we are going in that direction—no doubt about it. We shall stop before we get there, I think—a long way short of a complete collectivism, I believe; but we shall go that way. Our cities will municipalize certain important industries. That will be the beginning. Then there will be a strong tendency to extend this movement. It will be extended. The city will not only furnish schools, and parks, and public gardens, and art-galleries; it will find a number of other things to do for the promotion of the public welfare, which can be done far more cheaply and effectively by the coöperation of the whole people, through their government, than by private enterprise. And yet there will be vast realms of industry with which, as I believe, the municipalities cannot wisely meddle. Individual initiative and private enterprise will still have a large part of the world to themselves, and must be confirmed in their possession of it. And here, as it seems to me, must appear the line of division in municipal politics. It will always be an open question, and a fair question, how far this municipalization of industries shall go, and where it shall stop. Honest men, patriotic men, will differ about this question. You and I, Tomlinson, would differ about it. You are more of an Individualist than I am; I am more of a Socialist than you are. Men of my way of thinking, who see large possibilities in the way of social coöperation through the State for economic ends, will

have to be restrained by men of your way of thinking, to whom the liberty of the individual seems the chief good at which legislation should aim. Social progress is to be the result of a wise coördination of these two tendencies. Therefore I expect to see municipal politics based, before long, on this division. There will be a party that tends in the direction of Socialism, and a party that tends in the direction of *laissez-faire*; each party will have a great deal to say for itself; the safety of the community will be in keeping the balance between them."

"Is n't that," said Graves, "substantially the division between the two parties now represented in the London County Council?"

"So I understand," answered Judge Hamlin. "The Progressives are Socialists; their program involves a vigorous interference by the municipality with various industries, and an extension of the powers of government in several directions. They propose to 'take over' the tramways, the street lighting, the water supply, and other monopolies; they intend to adopt a drastic policy in clearing out the slums, in supervising tenement-houses, and in regulating places of amusement; they are carrying what some people call 'paternalism' to lengths which a few years ago would have seemed revolutionary. The Moderates are Individualists; they hold to the old notion that that State is best governed which is least governed; they resist the socialistic tendency. The Progressives are to-day the popular party; but they are very likely to overdo the business, and then the reaction will come, and the Moderates will return to power. But it seems to me that we see in London to-day the logical division between municipal parties—a division which has naturally emerged in the economic and social evolution, and which will just as surely emerge in our own cities, because the conditions are substantially the same. I shall be glad to see the lines drawn in the same way in Cosmopolis and in every American city. Then our municipal politics will have some significance; we shall have parties that stand for something; we shall have policies to advocate, and measures to fight for; our discussions will have direct and practical reference to municipal affairs; and our campaigns will not be a brainless scramble for the spoils of office."

"What will become of the old parties under this arrangement?" demanded Payne.

"They will confine their attention to their own business," replied the judge. "They will manage the State and the national campaigns, and let city politics alone."

"Do you not think that if this were the case, municipal politics would be apt to overshadow national politics?" asked Hathaway.

"In the cities, yes."

"But is it not quite possible that the issues

thus raised in the cities would become national?" persisted the carpenter. "Is not the nationalization of certain industries—railroads, telegraphs, telephones, mines, and so forth (those which, according to your own definition, are natural monopolies)—quite likely to be the burning question before many years? Is not this question of the extent to which industries can be profitably nationalized the one which this country has got to face pretty soon? Do we not find in the nation as well as in the city the necessity of drawing the line between State action and private enterprise? Might we not have two national parties, divided by this line,

whose discussions and contests would have ten-fold more significance than those of the existing political parties? And is it not possible that the municipal parties whose advent Judge Hamlin predicts will gradually become national parties, swallowing up 'the ancient forms of party strife,' and leading in the issues of a new political dispensation?"

"It is not only possible, my friend," replied the judge, rising and taking the carpenter by the hand, "it is in every way desirable. I hope that you and I will both live long enough to see your prophecy fulfilled."

THE END.

Washington Gladden.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

How Can We Secure Better United States Senators?

THE need of some change in the method of electing members of the United States Senate has been attracting steadily increasing attention for many years. So long ago as 1875 the State of Nebraska recognized it formally by incorporating in its constitution a provision allowing electors, while voting for members of the legislature, to "express by ballot their preference for some person for the office of United States Senator." In 1881 a joint resolution was introduced in Congress for an amendment to the Federal Constitution, removing the power to choose senators from the legislatures and providing for their election by popular vote. In 1890 the Democrats of Illinois, at their State convention, nominated General John M. Palmer as their candidate for United States Senator, and put a plank in their platform declaring in favor of the "election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people." They made their campaign with General Palmer on the stump in advocacy of his own election, and he was subsequently chosen by the legislature. In the election of November, 1892, the voters of California were invited by the legislature to give at the polls an expression of their opinion upon the question of electing senators by popular vote, and they responded by a verdict of twelve to one in favor of the proposition.

These are a few of the more notable indications that the public mind is interested in this question, and that there is wide-spread dissatisfaction with the results of the present system. It no longer works to produce a body which is at once a conserving and strengthening force in our system of government, as was the case for fifty years and more after its adoption. As is well known to students of political history, the system as adopted by the convention which framed the Constitution was the outcome of long discussion and compromise, and was entirely different from any of the several plans for the composition of the Senate that were originally proposed, one of which was election by popular vote. The convention drifted into the plan finally agreed upon, and was forced to adopt it by the stubborn refusal of the smaller States to accept anything less than equal representation, though the larger States fought hard and long for proportional

representation. The smaller States feared that with anything less than equal representation they would be overborne by the larger States. In practice this equal representation has in notable instances worked against the public good. It was a powerful barrier for many years against the antislavery agitation, helping the Southern States to maintain their institution many years longer than would otherwise have been possible. In more recent times it has enabled the new States of the Northwest to commit the Senate to the most dangerous forms of free-silver coinage legislation.

No plan for a change in the election of senators can succeed, however, which does not preserve this equal representation. The smaller States will never consent to any diminution of their power, and as such diminution could be brought about only by a constitutional amendment, for the adoption of which a vote of three fourths of all the States would be necessary, they could defeat it easily. There were grave doubts in many minds whether three fourths of the States could be induced to consent to an amendment changing the election from the legislatures to the people, but these were removed by the action of the last House of Representatives in passing, without a dissenting vote, a joint resolution for an amendment to the Constitution providing for the popular election of senators. This showed that the popular sentiment of the country is strongly in favor of the change,—so strongly, in fact, that the Senate must yield to it at an early day.

But there are other ways of giving the people a voice in the election which can be put in operation without a constitutional amendment. The Illinois Democrats have set the example by introducing the custom of nominating candidates by State conventions. Of course there is nothing more binding than party practice in this method, but it would soon become an established rule, and would, by a few years' usage, acquire the force of law. No political party which had made a campaign for a particular candidate would venture to throw him over and elect another one when the legislature met. The plan was really originated in Illinois in the famous Lincoln-Douglas campaign of 1858. The country owes to that famous campaign the development of Lincoln into a statesman of national proportions. Surely a system that could call into the political

field men of his type would be a boon to the country, were it to be adopted in every State in the Union.

Another plan, which was proposed by Mr. Wendell P. Garrison in "The Atlantic Monthly" for August, 1891, is for the States to give to their voters the power of nominating, at the proper general election, candidates for the approaching senatorial vacancy. These nominations should be made under the provisions of the ballot-reform laws permitting nominations by petitions. The names of candidates thus nominated should be printed on the official ballots, and each voter could check the one of his choice. From the five or ten candidates receiving the highest popular vote the legislature should make its choice.

Either one of these plans would give the people a voice in the election, which would be certain to raise the general character of the candidates. That improvement is needed, no one can deny. The genuine statesmen of the Senate—all honor to them and to the States that have honored themselves in sending them—are in a conspicuous minority. The character of the Senate has been deteriorating steadily for many years, until it has become too much like "a rich man's club" with a sprinkling of political bosses among its membership. Instead of being the superior of the House intellectually, and a bulwark of conservatism and wisdom against hasty, ill-considered and ignorant legislation, the contrary is more often the case. It has happened many times in recent years that the House has acted as the bulwark against assaults that the Senate has made upon the national stability and welfare. The reasons for the deterioration in the Senate are easy of discovery. Rich men and political bosses have together concocted a system by which the virtual purchase or capture of a seat in the Senate is as certain as it is simple. They go together to the very foundations of the nominating and electing system of government, and poison it at its source. They go into primaries which are to nominate members of the legislature, pledge their men in advance of their nominations, buy them by promising to pay all their campaign and election expenses, often to pay their debts or mortgages as well, and when the legislature with these men composing it comes together, there is nothing to do but to complete the bargain. In this way it has come about that more than one great State is represented in the Senate by men whose wealth is their sole qualification for the place; that other great States are represented by men who are not only merely rich men, but are corrupt political bosses as well; that still other great States are represented by men whose sole distinction is their skill in political trickery, and who have elected themselves through their control over their own political machines. Many of these men would have been impossible candidates for the Senate twenty-five years ago, and would be impossible candidates now if they were obliged to go before the people for election. They succeed because the forces which work for their election are moved in secret, and because their candidacy is not announced to the public till the election has been made certain. The people have lost all voice in their selection.

This corrupting of the primaries and nominating conventions in the interest of a purchased or machine-controlled seat in the Senate has been one of the chief causes for the deterioration of our State legislatures, for it follows inevitably that a man who will sell his

vote for senator, directly or indirectly, is not a fit person to be a legislator. It has come about, therefore, that the degradation in the character of the Senate has been accompanied by a corresponding degradation in that of our State legislatures. Both have passed out of the hands of the people into those of the machines and the rich men who buy offices of them, and both can be redeemed and brought back to their old estate of honor and usefulness in no way so surely as by restoring to the people the power which has been stolen away from them.

Direct Presidential Voting.

No one can examine the working of our antiquated and defective electoral-college system in the last presidential election without becoming convinced that we ought not to incur the risk of holding another national election under it. In an article upon "Presidential Voting Methods," published in this department of THE CENTURY for October, 1891, we pointed out many of the defects and dangerous possibilities which exist in the electoral-college plan, and urged the need of reform at an early day. It is not necessary to our present purpose to recall the arguments advanced at that time. All that we said about the defects of the law, and the dangers of conducting our most important election under a system which has outlived its time and in no wise fulfills the function for which it was created, has been more than justified by our latest experiment with it. Had the election been a close one, the decision resting upon a few electors in a single State, there would have been great confusion, a most dangerous condition of political excitement, and the probability of an outcome which would have been a perversion of the popular will.

There were mistakes of various kinds in many States, but in two they assumed large dimensions. In Ohio, owing to confusion which had been caused by an amendment to the new Australian-ballot law, which introduced a change in the manner of marking the ballots, one Cleveland elector, whose name stood at the head of the Democratic list, received a majority of the votes, while his twenty-two associates failed to do so. There was a difference of only a few hundred votes between his total and that of his associates, but it was enough to give Mr. Harrison twenty-two of the State's electoral votes and Mr. Cleveland only one. There was no doubt that the intention of the voters who gave the first Cleveland elector a majority was to give the entire electoral ticket their support; but their intent could not be considered in the count. In California, a similar result was obtained in another way. Owing to the unpopularity of one Cleveland elector and the unusual popularity of one Harrison elector, the State's electoral vote was divided, eight going to Mr. Cleveland and one to Mr. Harrison. There was another division in North Dakota on similar grounds, by which the State's three electoral votes were distributed among Cleveland, Harrison, and Weaver.

In all these cases the division would not have been made had the voting been direct for the presidential candidates. The Ohio voters would not have made their blunder had they been called upon to mark the names of presidential candidates rather than those of a list of electors. The California proceeding, which

is repeated in greater or less degree in nearly every State, was due entirely to the electoral-college system, and is one of its most curious products. Why a voter should allow himself to be cheated of his purpose to vote for the presidential candidate of his choice simply because he has a personal dislike for an elector who has merely a perfunctory duty to perform in the machinery of election, is a mystery. Yet in every election the names of electors on both tickets are "scratched" by hundreds and sometimes thousands of voters. In 1880 California divided her electoral vote as she did in 1892, giving one vote to Garfield and the others to Hancock. Personal feeling toward individual electors was the cause in both cases. In New York State, in 1892, Richard Croker, the boss of Tammany Hall, received a smaller number of votes as elector than any other man on the Cleveland electoral ticket. This was obviously due to dislike of Tammany Hall, without regard to the merits of presidential candidates. The North Dakota division was due to an error in the final count that was not rectified till after the result had been officially proclaimed by the governor, and could not be altered.

All these and kindred mistakes are due to the use of a system which is made to fulfil another purpose than that for which it was originally designed. When the electoral college was devised, it was for the purpose of having its members exercise individual choice in the election of President and Vice-President. They have long since ceased to do this. Political usage has so changed their function that if one of them were now, as he could do without fear of legal interference or punishment, to vote for some other candidate than the one for whom his party had delegated him to vote, he would be regarded as a betrayer of trust by the whole people. Their names on the ballots are, therefore, a clumsy, useless, and often misleading relic of a practically abandoned system. If they were to be replaced by the names of the presidential and vice-presidential candidates, for whom the people could vote directly, there would be none of the mistakes committed which occurred in the last election.

Several measures were presented to the last Congress looking to the abolition of the electoral college, but the one which found most favor was the simplest and least revolutionary. It provided simply that there should be no more electors, and that the States should vote directly for President and Vice-President, each State having the same number of electoral votes as at present, and the total electoral vote of each State going to the candidates for President and Vice-President having the largest popular vote. In this way it would be possible for a voter to exercise choice in voting for Vice-President, a privilege which is forbidden him under the present system. It might happen that a State would give its electoral vote to the presidential candidate of one party and the vice-presidential candidate of another. This possibility would have a most beneficial effect upon the selection of candidates for Vice-President, and in this respect would be a distinct public gain.

By leaving to the States the right to vote as separate entities, all that is worth preserving in the present electoral system would be retained. For this reason the plan of popular voting by States is certain to find more favor than that of popular voting by the whole country, the candidates having a plurality over all

others in the grand total of all the States to be declared elected. The State plan, besides preserving State entity, which is a very popular idea, also insures an early knowledge of the result in an election, which is an important consideration. If the election were to be decided by popular vote of the whole country, there might be a considerable period, in case the contest were a close one, before the result would be known. This would be a serious source of confusion and uncertainty. In other respects, a vote by the whole people is unquestionably the fairest and most democratic possible. It would help to complete the work, already so well begun by the secret-ballot laws, of abolishing money and corruption from our elections. No man could foresee how such an election was going, or could find any spot in which it would be worth while to attempt to influence the result by the use of a corruption fund.

A General Free Library Movement.

FROM almost its first number this magazine has been in the habit of pointing out from time to time the great value of free public libraries as a means for spreading popular education. In an article in this department in *THE CENTURY* for June, 1882, we said :

A library is of more use in an educational way than a high school. The taste for good reading is the true door to culture, and if the taste for good reading be once established in a young person, there is an absolute certainty of the attainment of a degree of culture which persevering study in school cannot give. It is not enough to have free schools. A widespread movement for libraries, which shall be either wholly free or exceedingly cheap, would be a most wholesome one. The abolition of the low-priced, pirated productions, which we hope to see brought about by copyright, would leave the field free for libraries, and libraries would render American as well as English literature of easy access to the humblest.

This hope about copyright is at last realized, and we are glad to see in many directions indications that its fulfilment has come at a very opportune moment so far as the growth of the free library movement is concerned.

It is most encouraging to learn that within the past few years there has been a steadily growing interest in this subject manifested in nearly all parts of the country. The chief reason of this has undoubtedly been the action of Massachusetts in creating a Free Public Library Commission, whose zealous, intelligent, and successful exertions have commanded the envy, and excited the ambition, of other States. The Massachusetts commission was authorized by a law which was passed in 1890. It is composed of five persons, appointed by the governor, who hold office for five years, but whose terms expire in different years, one new commissioner being appointed each year. They are authorized to expend, on the application of a board of library trustees of any town having no free library owned and controlled by the town, a sum not exceeding one hundred dollars for books to be used in establishing a free public library. The trustees who make the application must have been duly and regularly elected at a town-meeting. The law provides that towns establishing libraries under the act shall appropriate a certain sum each year, according to the assessed valuation of their property, for the use and maintenance of the library. The governor appointed as the first commission, Mr. C. B. Tillinghast of Bos-

ton, Mr. Samuel S. Green of Worcester, Mr. Henry S. Nourse of Lancaster, Miss E. P. Sohier of Beverly, and Miss Anna E. Ticknor of Boston.

When the commission entered upon its labors, 248 of the 351 cities and towns of Massachusetts had libraries in which the people had rights or free privileges, and in 175 of the 248 there were absolutely free public libraries under municipal control. All together these libraries contained about 2,500,000 volumes, or slightly more than the total population of the State. The gifts of individuals in money, not including gifts of books, for libraries and library buildings exceeded \$5,500,000. Yet there were still 103 towns in the State which had no free public libraries. These were nearly all small towns, many of which contained a declining population. Upon these the commission bent its energies, and the results of its first year's labor were very gratifying. An appeal was issued to them to avail themselves of the State's offer of aid, and 37 of them accepted at the spring town-meetings of 1891. Several towns made appropriations in excess of the amount required by the statute. A cheering effect of the law was the voluntary offer by individuals of books to aid in the formation of new libraries, and the commissioners were able to distribute over fourteen hundred volumes in addition to those purchased by the State. In many instances associations turned over their collections of books as gifts to the town; others made appropriations from their treasures to aid in establishing a library; and persons of wealth, sometimes permanent residents of the town, sometimes summer residents or visitors, made handsome gifts of money. The total of individual gifts during the time which has elapsed since the commission was appointed is over a half million dollars, and in the same period individuals have provided the funds for the erection of eleven new library buildings. During the past year several towns have received gifts, ranging from \$25,000

to \$50,000, to be used in building free public library structures. In fact the State is well sprinkled with handsome memorial library buildings, there being something like seventy-five of these in as many towns.

The impulse imparted to this most patriotic and worthy work of popular education has not been confined to Massachusetts. It has spread all over New England, and is felt perceptibly in many Western States. New Hampshire has created a similar commission, and other States are preparing to do the same in the near future. There are memorial library buildings going up in increasing numbers yearly in all parts of New England, and free public libraries are everywhere coming more and more to be a recognized branch of the educational machinery of every city and town. An imperfect report of the gifts and bequests to libraries in the United States of which record could be obtained, which was made to the Conference of Librarians in San Francisco in October, 1891, placed the total at nearly \$24,000,000. The true total is undoubtedly far in excess of that, but this is a sufficiently large sum to give encouraging evidence that people of wealth realize the importance of the work which libraries are doing.

It is urged with great earnestness by the leaders in the free library movement that in order to perform perfectly their high and useful mission all public libraries should be absolutely free. The charging of a fee, however small, greatly diminishes the usefulness of any library. The testimony of statistics upon this point is conclusive. When the public library of Springfield, which had been charging a small annual fee, was made free in 1885, the number of card-holders increased during the year from 1100 to over 7000, and the circulation of books from 41,000 to 154,000. A similar change in the Otis Library of Norwich, Conn., made about a year ago, increased the number of books taken out during the following year from 500 to 3000.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Kindergarten Movement in Chicago.¹

WHILE an extended interest in higher education has been awakened through the opening of our new university, and the establishment of many centers of the university extension work, another educational factor is affecting no less vitally the heads, hands, and hearts of the little children of our city.

There are here three strong kindergarten associations working out Froebel's idea, each one pushing forward in distinctly different methods, yet all working for the foundation of character-building, by the trend given to the child's thought, word, and work during the first seven years of his life.

Each association maintains a training-school, and year by year the standard for admission becomes higher; the course of study is broadened, not only by new insight into Froebel's philosophy, but by a clearer recognition of the relation of the kindergarten to the school and to life in all its phases.

The Froebel Association—or Froebel Society, as it

was first called—was the outgrowth of a Mother's Study Class, organized in 1874 on a plan suggested by Miss Elizabeth Peabody in a circular letter to parents calling on them to investigate Froebel's philosophy and methods. This study culminated in the opening of the first kindergarten in the city, conducted by a regularly trained kindergartner.

In 1876, Mrs. E. W. Blatchford organized the first free kindergarten, in memory of a little child. Later, as the faith in these principles grew stronger, and the desire of others to enter into this work increased, a more definite organization seemed desirable, and several members of one society visited Mrs. Shaw's work in Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Kraus's in New York, and Miss Blow's in St. Louis, and gained much valuable information in regard to the practical workings of the system.

The Church of the Messiah (Unitarian) was the first religious body to recognize the place of the kindergarten in church work.

In October, 1880, a public meeting in the interest of free kindergartens was called in Farwell Hall. The meeting was well attended, and a committee was ap-

¹ See several articles on the kindergarten movement in THE CENTURY for January.

pointed to consult on a basis of organization for extended work among the poor, and the establishment of a free training-school for kindergartners. Through failure to agree upon a training-teacher and a general plan of work, there resulted two associations. One of them, largely composed of members of the study class before referred to, adopted the constitution and practically the name of the older society; the other became known as the Chicago Free Kindergarten Association.

The difference in the work of the two societies as they now stand is mainly this: The Froebel Association recognizes in the plays of the kindergarten, with its gifts and occupations, the fullest opportunity for planting in the child's heart a love of nature and a love of "thy neighbor" which shall be a basis for a higher spiritual life to be developed later, from *within*; looking upon the kindergarten as a place where, in Froebel's own words, "the child may learn to *act* according to the commands of God, before he can learn these prescriptions and commands as dogmas." Moreover, it has ever been the ultimate aim of this association to promote the adoption of the kindergarten as a part of the public-school system; all teaching, therefore, has been on a basis so broad that no objection need be raised by Protestant, Romanist, or Jew.

The training-school under this association is not entirely free, although the fee charged is very small. The course of study embraces, as does that of the two other training-schools, not only a knowledge of the principles and methods of Froebel, applied in the use of his material, but training in physical culture; music, as adapted to the needs of little children; elementary science lessons; special study in form and color; psychology and history of pedagogy.

"The Free Kindergarten Association" holds that clear and positive Bible and temperance lessons, thoroughly adapted to the child's needs, are a necessity in right education. Therefore a progressive series of Bible texts, beautifully illustrated with decorative designs to be wrought out by the child's own handwork, forms a part of each day's work. Little "Letters" containing texts of Scripture are frequently sent to the homes, and an earnest effort is made to bring the parents into full sympathy with the teachings which the children receive. A free training-school yearly enrolls a large number of earnest students.

A third factor in the educational field, which has within a few years claimed a foremost position, is the Chicago Kindergarten College, Miss Elizabeth Harrison, principal. The work of this institution has become widely known through its "Literary School," which includes among its lecturers many of the ablest scholars in this country. The "Mothers' Department," for the initiation and training of mothers in Froebel's philosophy and in all educational growth, enrolls among its members many intelligent society women, as well as those whose one aim in life is an earnest seeking after those truths which shall make their children free. The "Philanthropic Department" is supported mainly by the money received from the "Literary School," all surplus over and above current expenses going to the extension of kindergartens in the poorer districts of the city.

A kindergarten club of some two hundred members—mothers, teachers of private and public schools, and kindergartners—meets for study every Saturday morning.

The officers of the club are chosen from the three organizations already named, and it is, therefore, a common meeting-ground, and is really representative of the different schools. Another significant factor in kindergarten extension lies in the provision which the Board of the Cook County Normal School (Colonel Parker's) has made for bringing to the graduating class a series of weekly lectures in Froebel's principles, with such adaptation of the methods in form, number, color, etc., as may be advantageously used in primary grades. These lessons continue through the year, and certainly do a great deal toward promoting a living and sympathetic interest between school and kindergarten. Colonel Parker will allow none to enter the special training-class for kindergartners at his school who do not take the full normal course.

In September, 1892, the Board of Education adopted nine kindergartens which had been sustained for some years in the school buildings—six by the Froebel Association, three by the "Kindergarten College." We hope that this experiment may be as successful as it promises to be, in paving the way for such legislation as shall make it possible to have kindergartens in any school where they are wanted.

There are in all about one hundred kindergartens in Chicago. This includes those under the auspices of the Jewish Manual Training School, which reaches hundreds of Bohemians, Polish Jews, and other foreign neighborhoods, and the large kindergarten supported by Professor Swing's "Central Church." A German association also has been organized, but I know almost nothing of their plans for work.

If there were three hundred kindergartens to-day in this city, still there would not be room for those children who are being educated in the street. When will the public demand this training as a rational, practical foundation for the education of these children, and not leave it to the chance, voluntary effort of a few interested people?

CHICAGO.

Alice H. Putnam.

The Kindergarten in Turkey.

WE are permitted to print the following from a private letter from a missionary of the American Board of Foreign Missions in Turkey:

"With my circle of girls and young brides in Cesarea, we started a kindergarten nearly two years ago. We secured a good teacher, and soon had nearly seventy little people. We had to get some one to help the teacher. Later, Miss Burrage, who had gone to America for rest and study, returned to us equipped for kindergarten work. She has trained several young girls,—graduates of our school here,—and with them to assist her she is doing a grand work. The children are improving greatly, and the parents are astonished at the work that can be done for little people. They are learning, too, how children should be treated, and they are delighted with the results.

"So far we have had no help from our Board for this kindergarten work. We are longing and praying for a building for the school, and hope the Board can help us to that. The Destderaz Circle, with the help of some personal friends, has carried on the work.

"Carrie P. Farnsworth Fowle.

"CESAREA, TURKEY IN ASIA."

"The Century's" American Artists Series.

EDMUND C. TARBELL.

IN England one often hears the phrase applied to a painter, "He is of the French school," but what the French school is, is never explained; nor, indeed, can it be, for there exists no such thing to-day as a French school in painting. What people mean is that when paint is applied to canvas in a workmanlike manner,—that is, when the artist knows as well how to handle his pigments as a house-painter does his—a striking contrast to the method, or rather the absence of method, in English painting,—he is associated in the British mind with the French school, which is but another way of saying that French artists have learned their trade.

I am not belittling English art; to me the most interesting display in the fine arts section of the French Exposition (Universal) was the English exhibit. From the very fact of absence of method, there was a certain freshness, if not originality, a certain naïveté, in the handling of paint in the attempt to express an idea (and in English pictures there is always an idea) that separated it from the work of Americans and Continentals, for in these it was quite plain that the French method was followed. What good putting on of paint is,—in other words, what good technic is,—is open to question. It may be that the bravura of painting, as in Franz Hals, Velasquez, and Sargent, is right, or it may be that the unseen and unchallenging technic of Raphael and Le Febvre is better. But it can be said without contradiction that French painting, as practised by the younger artists, and as a consequence by the American student, in Paris, has for the last ten years been of the bravura order—that technic which cries aloud for admiration. Happily, we are about done with the extreme of this, and are reaching a place where critics no longer laud a painting solely for its "painter quality" or its "vigorous technic." But it goes without saying that the best idea may be marred by imperfect technic, and that as a knowledge of the structure of language is necessary for literary expression, so a knowledge of the proper methods of using paint must be a part, an important part, of the artist's equipment. Happy, then, the painter who, having an

idea, is able to express it with ease and grace. This ability Edmund C. Tarbell has in an exceptional degree. His pictures look like the work of a man who has no difficulties with, no struggles over, his materials. In some of them, perhaps, this is felt a trifle too strongly; but it is difficult to make up one's mind to quarrel with so expert a workman, the more that his skilful putting-on of paint is quickly lost sight of in his quality of color, for his color is always good and pleasant, and sometimes remarkable. One feels in Mr. Tarbell's work, too, perhaps, that he is not quite emancipated from the influence of Léon Doucet; but he is a young man yet, and has staying power, and has reached the age when his observation of the Old Masters, of whom he has been a diligent student, will do him good service in broadening his power of discrimination.

Edmund C. Tarbell was born in West Groton, Mass., in 1862. He was a student at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and, later, a pupil of the Académie Julian, under Boulanger and Le Febvre. He is at present instructor of painting at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and a member of the Society of American Artists; he also holds the Thomas B. Clarke prize for painting.

W. Lewis Fraser.

The Frontispiece Portrait of Napoleon.

THIS engraving is made from a bas-relief by Boizot, which is thus referred to in Joseph Bonaparte's will, dated June 14, 1840: "To Mr. Joseph Hopkinson, a round bas-relief of marble, representing General Bonaparte, First Consul. It is now in my house at Point Breeze."

Joseph Bonaparte's secretary (Adolphe Mailliard) and Joseph Hopkinson (author of "Hail Columbia") were named as his executors. The bas-relief passed into the hands of Hopkinson's daughter, who died in 1891, at the age of ninety, and, with other portraits, etc., it has since been turned over by her brother, Oliver Hopkinson of Philadelphia, to the Historical Society of that city. It was engraved for THE CENTURY by J. W. Evans, and the decoration surrounding it was designed by H. B. Sherwin.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

The United States Poetry Company (Limited).

WHILE walking home one windy winter's day,
I walked because each car that ran my way
Held twice the number it was built to hold,
Plus one small red-hot stove to kill the cold,—
A great surprise
Did greet my eyes—
They grew, in fact, to thrice their usual size—
As they perceived afar a swinging sign
Whose gilded letters brilliantly did shine,
And which, in brief, was put up there to show
That who should go
Two flights or so
Up wooden stairs would find the company
Of several gifted wights, by no means slow,
Who dealt in poetry.

Now some folks say that I at times indite
A line or two that William Shakspere might

Have liked to write;
And so it seemed to me
I'd better see

Just what these clever fellows had in view.

This course was due
My family.

This is an age, as you perhaps have heard,
Of corporations, some of them absurd;
They have no souls—at least they don't reveal
Those that they have, although we often feel

The corporation's heel,

Or say we do,

Amounting to the same if 't is n't true.
Now corporate ambition, I am told,
Is simply to corral the yellow gold;

And this the bulk of all their business is :
 To mind for him the other fellow's biz,
 Spend the receipts for salaries, repairs,
 And give what's left, if any, to the heirs
 Of him whose work is done.
 They'll undertake all things beneath the sun.
 Indeed, I've heard the question much discussed
 If some day there'd not be a grasping trust
 To buy up all the stars, the Dipper bright,
 The Milky Way, and then to rent their light
 To lovers, or for burglars' work at night ;
 To take the silver moon and let it out
 For parties, balls, and without any doubt
 On stated nights, in large or smaller shares,
 To business men to advertise their wares.
 You think this view ridiculous, but wait.
 The time is coming when the ship of state
 Will go to some big British syndicate ;
 And on its sails you'll find in easy view
 Such sentiments as " Try J. Stickum's Glue,"
 " Use Prohibition Soap. All Cakes. No Bars,"
 Or " Can't you sleep ? Try Opium Cigars."
 The day will come when corporations rich
 Will undertake our sinful boys to switch,
 And in our base-ball games to catch and pitch.
 They'll come into our homes and keep our books,
 Employ our maids, and help us bounce our cooks ;
 Relieve a victim from the horrid suit
 Brought by the maiden old and resolute,
 Who thinks he's acted like a very brute
 In running off and leaving her no substitute.
 These I can view with equanimity ;
 But when a corporation rivals me

In poetry,
 I do not like it, and I mean to go
 On all occasions up two flights or so
 Of wood or granite steps to where a Co.
 Keeps poetry on tap, and thus to know
 What show
 Is left for me
 For immortality,
 Against the combination, don't you see ?
 And so it was upon this errand bent
 I went,
 And learned that this was what the fellows meant.
 Four lads they were, as brazen buttons bright,
 Gifted with more than ordinary sight.
 Born each one of them with wide-open eyes,
 Their visionary teeth of wondrous size
 (By visionary teeth of course I mean
 The molars optical that come between
 The wisdom teeth that lie back out of sight
 And those with which we generally bite).
 They'd looked about them, and they had discerned
 How men and women oftentimes have yearned
 In utter hopelessness to gather in
 The laurels that the poets strive to win.
 They'd seen, as you and I might see if we
 Would look about us with desire to see,
 That in each mortal breast ambition lies,
 As far beyond their reach oftentimes as skies
 Beyond the reach of earthworms are. On this
 They'd based their enterprise,
 And Fame's abyss,
 Too deep for some, they guaranteed to sound ;
 Take mediocrity — make it renowned.
 They sought subscribers. Dollars ten per year
 Would make appear,
 In dailies and in comic weeklies, verse
 By the subscriber signed ; and if his purse
 Was opened for a hundred, 't would result
 In poems that would guarantee a " cult "
 Like that of Browning ; so that plain John Binks
 Would find himself the source of lofty " thinks " ;
 And he whose soul
 Was fitted best for selling wood and coal,

Would find his name upon the honor roll
 Of poets for a year,
 On an expenditure by no means dear :
 Although these youths in wisdom great declined
 To guarantee his greatness to the mind
 Of dear old Boston ; for they'd oft observed
 How her strong-minded intellects are swerved
 Too easily from good things to the bad,
 If in the latter they can find a fad.
 Two hundred dollars would insure a book,
 And, further, these young fellows undertook
 To see that critics praised the said John Binks
 In terms that would elicit from the Sphinx
 A word or two of envy, and would send
 Lord Tennyson — the Queen's inspired friend —
 Into a mad, hysterical dismay
 For fear to Binks he must resign the bay.
 Nor was this all these men would undertake.
 The costliest of all their works, they'd make,
 For just one thousand dollars in hard cash,
 The writer of the veriest kind of trash
 A man immortal — one beside of whom
 E'en Shakspere'd tremble in his dusty tomb ;
 Who'd send John Milton's spook into a rage
 Such as he'd never known for all his age ;
 Who'd waken Byron from his last long sleep,
 And send him to the Hellespont to weep ;
 Would e'en make Horace, Roman good and true,
 For his immortal name feel rather blue.
 Why, friends, they guaranteed that blessed day
 To take e'en me in hand, if I would pay,
 And write my verses for me, so that I
 Could never fail of immortality.
 It made no difference to them what style
 Of verse it was man thought it worth his while
 To have his name put to ; they'd guarantee
 To make the poet as he wished to be.

They had, you see,
 A wholesome scorn
 For those who say the poet must be born,
 And were not afraid
 To show the world that poets can be made.
 They'd make him what he'd pay for : if his hope
 To turn an epic was, or simple trope,
 Or, as the case might be, to boom some soap,
 They'd do it for him, and to show how square
 They meant to be, how honest and how fair,
 They pointed to a notice overhead,
 Whereon in great astonishment I read :

NO BAY.
 NO PAY.

I asked for testimonials, great names
 They'd made for men, and possibly for dames ;
 The which they gave me, and you'd start to see
 Poets they had made — there were two or three
 Who've taken down the messages of birds,
 Whose names are sometimes titled Household Words.
 But, lest I smash some well-loved idols here,
 I'll not reveal the names that did appear.
 Suffice to say that many I saw there
 Were poets by whose verses we would swear,
 Whom we admire, indeed, whom we all love,
 And think they get their ideals from above,
 But who, in fact, this company have paid,
 And got their inspiration ready-made.

The revelation stunned me for a while,
 And all I did or could do was to smile.
 A ghastly grin it was ! It hurt me much
 To think that brainless Mr. Binks and such
 Could get the name on the instalment plan

That life's whole work scarce brings the poorer man
Whose father, dying, leaves him — oh, how blest! —
A legacy of good advice: *Go West,*
And, if you can, get rich; if not, don't cry,
But come back to the East again, and die.
And then again I thought, and, thinking, saw
How grand a germ lay in the scheme. The straw
At which a drowning man might clutch, it held.
The writing on the wall appeared, and spelled
In burning letters such a golden plan
To make a millionaire of starving man,
That for a week I seemed to friends and wife
About to take up with the madman's life.
And my idea was: Do what they did
In poetry; their prices underbid;
Make of the poet-culture but a branch
Of one grand corporation, broad and stanch,
 Of which the aim

Should be to deal in universal fame;
To which might come the man with money blest;
With hopeless aspirations much oppressed,
In any field of life, no matter what!
To take the brainless, put him on the spot
On pinnacle to which his heart aspires,
To light for him at any point Fame's fires;
To say to all who have a money-chest,
You pay the charges, and we'll do the rest.
Write sermons for the vicar, charges small,
Unless he hears a profitable call;
Perhaps to ask besides the usual fee
A small percentage on his salary,
Which, if the sermons take, may be increased —
Which is but just if we have made the priest.
Write plays and operas and essays bright
For those who've neither time nor brains to write;
Get all our wealthy senators in line,
And make each one an orator; assign
A branch to work the lower house likewise,
And so help stupid congressmen to rise.
This plan would surely help the ship of state,
And make some legislators seeming great,
And give the lie to them who've often said
The greatness of this land is mostly dead.
Another branch! The most felicitous
I think it will appear to those of us
Who, while we're brave and so forth, are so shy
That often we're afraid our fate to try;
So overcome with modesty that we
Don't speak to her we've traveled far to see
The words she'd r-a-ally love to hear us say

 About a certain day
Concerning which papa must be addressed —
A bashfulness that sometimes has distressed
The disposition sweet that can't confess
Unasked that on her lips doth linger "Yes."
This branch will lighten lovers' woes,
Will call upon his sweetheart, and propose.
Consideration, small if maid is fair;
No charge perhaps, perhaps a lock of hair.
But if an irate dad we have to see,
Of course we'll have to charge a larger fee,
To cover damages which may result
From contact with a human catapult —
Unless the king on his paternal throne
Is parleyed with by means of telephone.
In fact, do everything that can be done
For every fellow-citizen, excluding none,
Who has ambition to do what he can't,
And who for fame in hopelessness doth pant.
This was the scheme that came to me that day,
Relief most welcome in my great dismay.
It can be worked. 'T is possible to make
A profitable venture on small stake.
All that it needs is brains, a little brass,
Of funds enough for rent, a boy, and gas,
And postage stamps, a girl to write in type.

The shares are ready, and the time is ripe.
The fruit is on the tree awaiting him
Who'll come and boldly pluck it from the limb.
No influence is needed; not a bribe
To any one is payable. Subscribe!
Such is the plan, such its intrinsic worth,
Who comes in now in ten years owns the earth.

John Kendrick Bangs.

A Struggle for Life.

"I GUESS you never heard me speak of my brother John, did ye?" inquired Moses Crabtree, as he stopped rowing for a moment, and looked inquiringly toward the passenger he was "setting across" to Crabtree's Point.

"No," answered that person; "this is my first visit to Skilling's Harbor."

"Yes; I reckon 't is, come to think on it," responded the old man, reflectively. "An' I don't remember as I've ever mentioned Ambrose Jewett to you, neither, hev I?"

"No," again replied his passenger.

"Ambrose he was considerabul of a traveler — kinder funny I ain't spoke 'bout him before," continued the old man; "he goes captain of a schooner that runs reg'lar 'tween here an' Boston. He's in Boston a good deal; still, he's natur'ly kinder quiet, an' I dunno as he's ever got much acquainted with the folks there. You never happened to see him, I don't s'pose?"

"Well, I did n't s'pose 't was likely. He's a curious critter, Ambrose is, but as well-meanin', boy an' man, as ever I knew. Ye can't see bottom here, can ye?" he asked abruptly, looking anxiously at his passenger.

"No," was the reply; "it looks like pretty deep water along here."

"Well, sir, I expect it looked pretty deep water to Ambrose Jewett the day he 'n' my brother John got upset 'long here. They were some younger 'n they be now, Ambrose bein' about fifteen, an' John younger. They wuz a-crossin' from the village to the Point; they had a good-sized sail, an' some way or ruther they managed to get upset. John could n't swim, an' the poor feller knew he wuz goin' to be drownded. But Ambrose managed to get him on his shoulders, an' wuz a-doin' his best to get ashore with him when he begun to weaken. Well, the two boys see that they could n't get to land. Every stroke told on Ambrose, an' John see as 't wa'n't no use fur both of 'em to be drownded, an' says he, 'I b'lieve, Am., if 't wa'n't fur me you could get ashore. I'm jest a-drownding both of us,' says John, 'an' I'm goin' to let go.' Ambrose jest groaned. 'Don't ye look back,' says John, 'after I say good-bye, fur you'd be a-tryin' to help me, an' 't ain't no use. You jest swim fur all you're wuth, an' God bless ye, Am.,' says he, 'an' good-bye.' An' then he let go.

"Well, sir, Am. says he felt 'bout as bad as he ever calculates to when John slipped off; but he kept a-swimmin'. In a few strokes he heard a voice back of him a-callin', 'Am.! Am.!' an' he says that then he felt worse than ever; he knew poor John was a-strugglin' fur his life, an' Ambrose says he reckons a pirate never felt more conscience-struck 'an he did that min-

ute. In a minute he heard John again. 'Put your feet down an' walk,' says John; an' Ambrose heard a splashin' behind, an' then he looked round. An', sir, there wuz John a-walkin' toward him with the water not up to his arms. Yes, sir; those boys had 'most scared an' drowned themselves to death in water not up to their shoulders. Well, they walked ashore, an' 't was quite a spell 'fore they ever told 'bout it.

"T wuz n't nothin' to be 'shamed of, as I can see, only they did n't incline to talk 'bout it. 'T was right here where they landed," concluded Moses, as he gave a final stroke that brought the boat high and dry on the beach.

Alice Turner.

The Ballade of the Spoons.

SENT WITH TWO LACQUERED RUSSIAN SPOONS
TO A WOODEN WEDDING.

WHEN loving, honest hearts are wed,
The year is always May;
The days trip by with airy tread;
With song and roundelay
From dawn to dusk the hours are gay;
All moons are honeymoons.
Then is it strange you should to-day
Be still a pair of spoons?

Five years above you blithe have sped.
Dawn's flush or twilight's gray
What need you heed? The light that 's shed
Upon your path alway
Is brighter than the morning's ray,
Or than the tropic noons.
Then—while the light of Love shall stay—
Be still a pair of spoons!

Though "Love hath wings" (as bards have said),
"T is not to fly away;
Whenever thorns your path bespread
The wings shall help essay!

Still to your ears may Memory play
The tender old love-tunes,
And to life's end may you, I pray,
Be still—a pair of spoons!

L'ENVOI.

Friends, take the gift that here we lay;
The rhymes your laureate croons;
And one fond wish: May you for aye
Be still a pair of spoons!

Alice Williams Brotherton.

Observations.

BAD luck is the only kind that comes to people that trust in luck.

MOST persons are willing to do away with vices—of other people.

THE man who thinks the world owes him a living is always in a hurry to levy on the debt.

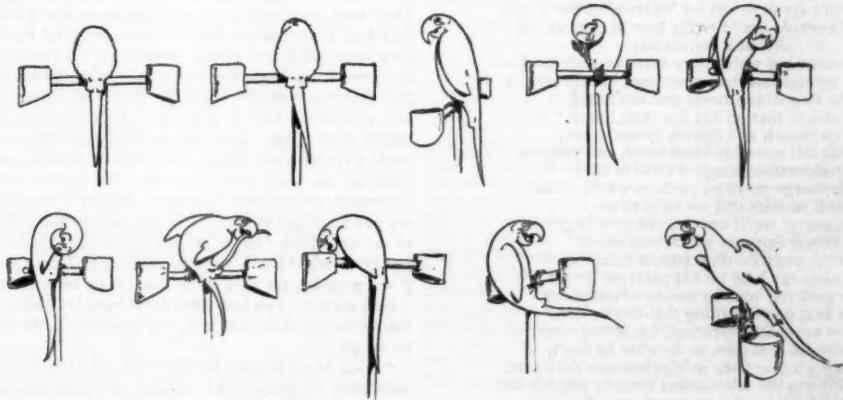
A LOAD of sorrow does n't wear one so much as a swarm of annoyances.

It has been said that a fool may ask a question that a wise man cannot answer; yet both may be better for the question.

AN action may be so clothed as to change its proper effect on people: with most of us a sugar-coated vice seems preferable to a pepper-coated virtue.

FEW persons understand the cause of their own failures. Judging other affairs as they do their own, they could n't tell why a barrel is empty when it has a hole in the bottom.

C. O. Stevens.







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(SEE "OPEN LETTERS," 7)

SURREY — COAST OF STRETTA.

OWNED BY JAMES W. ELLSWORTH.

ENGRAVED BY W. MILLER.